AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

B 400618

MAR. 20

modern screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE •

talk of hollywood

OLDER WIVES— YOUNG HUSBANDS

ecial!

IT'S LOVE FOR ANN BLYTH!

rita hayworth

FEB 12 1953
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
FEB 26 1953
Copy

Now An Exciting New Camay Fragrance

yours for added loveliness . . . only in Camay!



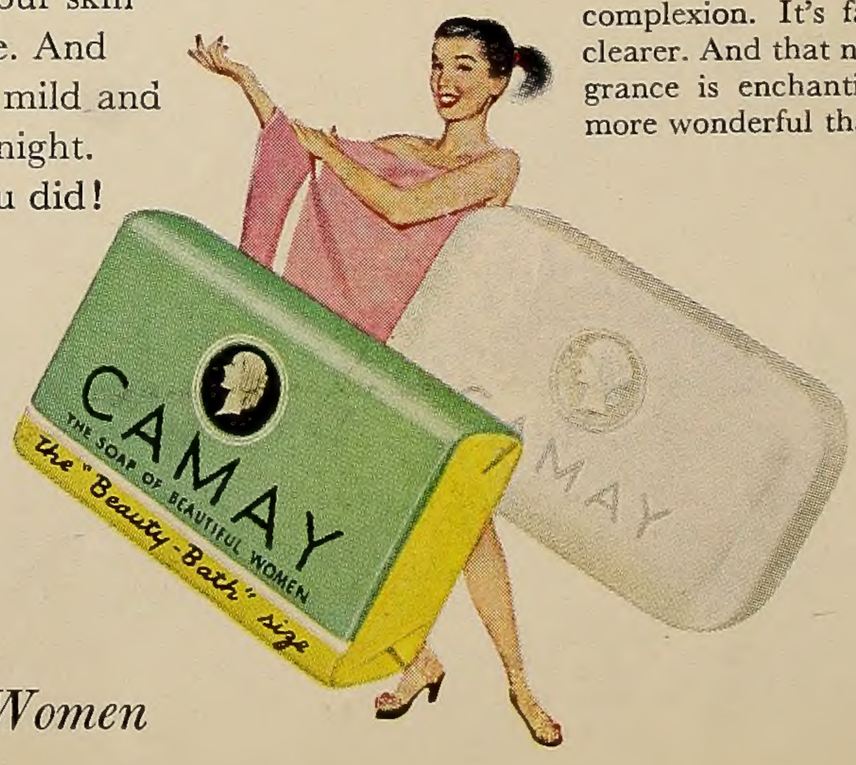
. . . and a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion is yours with your *first cake* of Camay!

There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight. Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE, Mrs. Cye Perkins, says, "The change to Camay and regular care made a world of difference in my complexion. It's far fresher and clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is enchanting! Camay is more wonderful than ever!"

Such fragrant glamor for your bath!

There's just nothing like a Camay Beauty Bath to leave you feeling so fresh, so fragrant . . . to give you *extra* assurance of personal loveliness. Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size for economy *and* glamor.



CAMAY—*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

FEB 12 1953

For cleaner teeth...fresher breath... fewer cavities...better taste... use the New Ipana®

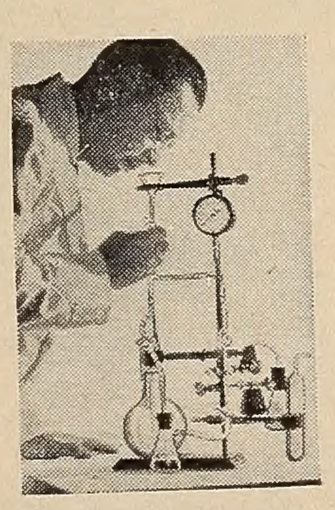


Families like this made new Ipana their 2 to 1 choice when they tried it at home. Yes, little children, big children—grown-ups, too—really go for Ipana's new, refreshing flavor and the way it gives twice as much lively foam.

SCIENTISTS PROVED NEW IPANA KEEPS TEETH, BREATH CLEANER



Teeth 54% Cleaner—in one day. New Ipana's cleaning ability was proved by university scientists. They found that brushing with new Ipana in the morning and after meals for one day got teeth 54% cleaner than they were when the test started.



Bad Breath Stopped. New Ipana was tested on people with bad breath starting in the mouth. Using an odor-measuring osmometer, the scientists found that new Ipana stopped the unpleasant mouth odor *even after 4 hours*—in every single case.

Famous Ipana now gives you two new, scientific, cleansing agents.

Now get all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene in a creamy-white, non-staining tooth paste . . . the *new* Ipana.

Ipana's two new, scientific, cleansing agents clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. Its active, cleansing foam penetrates where even water cannot reach.

And new Ipana tastes better, too. It really refreshes your mouth.

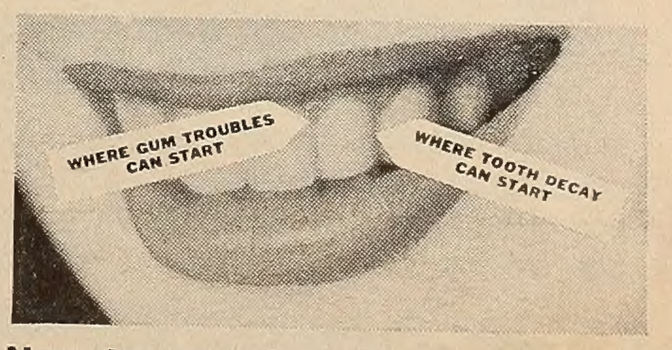
New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay

Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. So use the new Ipana Tooth Paste regularly after eating.

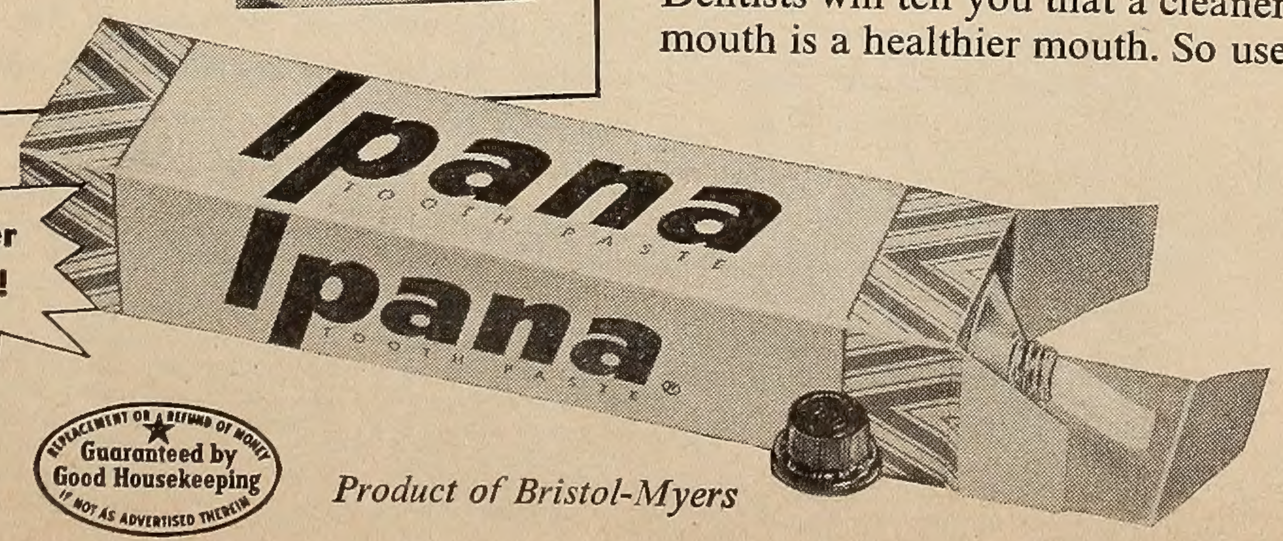
First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

Second, brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

For teeth and gums—as well as breath—get new Ipana in the yellow-and-red carton.



New Ipana's cleansing foam penetrates to hard-to-reach trouble spots . . . helps keep your whole mouth healthier.



Now better than ever!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

March 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

stories

ALDO'S DREAM (Aldo Ray) ..... by Alice Hoffman 16

RETURN ENGAGEMENT (Mario Lanza) ..... by Arthur L. Charles 27

RITA'S NEW LOVE (Rita Hayworth) ..... by Marsha Saunders 28

OLDER WIVES—YOUNG HUSBANDS ..... by Thelma McGill 30

BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA (Rock Hudson) ..... by Lou Pollock 32

IT'S LOVE FOR ANN BLYTH ..... by Jim Newton 34

THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN (Scott Brady) ..... by Jack Wade 36

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC (Loretta Young) ..... by Marva Peterson 38

I SING FOR ST. JUDE ..... by Danny Thomas 41

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LOVE" (Lana Turner) ..... by Jim Henaghan 43

HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS (Farley Granger) ..... by Mike Connolly 45

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS (Leslie Caron) ..... by Susan Trent 47

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD 49

BIG STAR—BIG HEAD? (Dale Robertson) ..... by Consuelo Anderson 51

departments

THE INSIDE STORY 4

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6

MOVIE REVIEWS ..... by Florence Epstein 20

MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT 24

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ..... by Piper Laurie, star columnist for March 80

introducing an intimate new feature!

TV TALK ..... by Paul Denis 88

On the Cover: Color Picture of Rita Hayworth by Columbia

Other picture credits on page 66

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

SUZANNE EPPES, story editor
CAROL PLAINE, associate editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 46, No. 4, March, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $2.00 one year; $3.50 two years, $5.00 three years; Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $6.00; Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.

YOU CAN SEE AT A GLANCE...
IT'S THE LAND OF ROMANCE!

M·G·M's Marvelous Made-in-Mexico Musical!

Sultry beauties . . . Latin lovers . . . fiestas and
fandangoes . . . flaming feuds . . . tropic magic!
Grab your sombrero and let's go .

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Sombrero

RICARDO MONTALBAN · PIER ANGELI · VITTORIO GASSMAN

CYD CHARISSE · YVONNE deCARLO

WITH
RICK JASON · NINA FOCH · KURT KASZNAR · WALTER HAMPDEN · THOMAS GOMEZ · JOSÉ GRECO

SCREEN PLAY BY
JOSEFINA NIGGLI AND NORMAN FOSTER

BASED ON THE NOVEL "A MEXICAN VILLAGE" BY JOSEFINA NIGGLI

DIRECTED BY NORMAN FOSTER PRODUCED BY JACK CUMMINGS AN M-G-M PICTURE

HEAR
the hits on the
M-G-M Records!



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

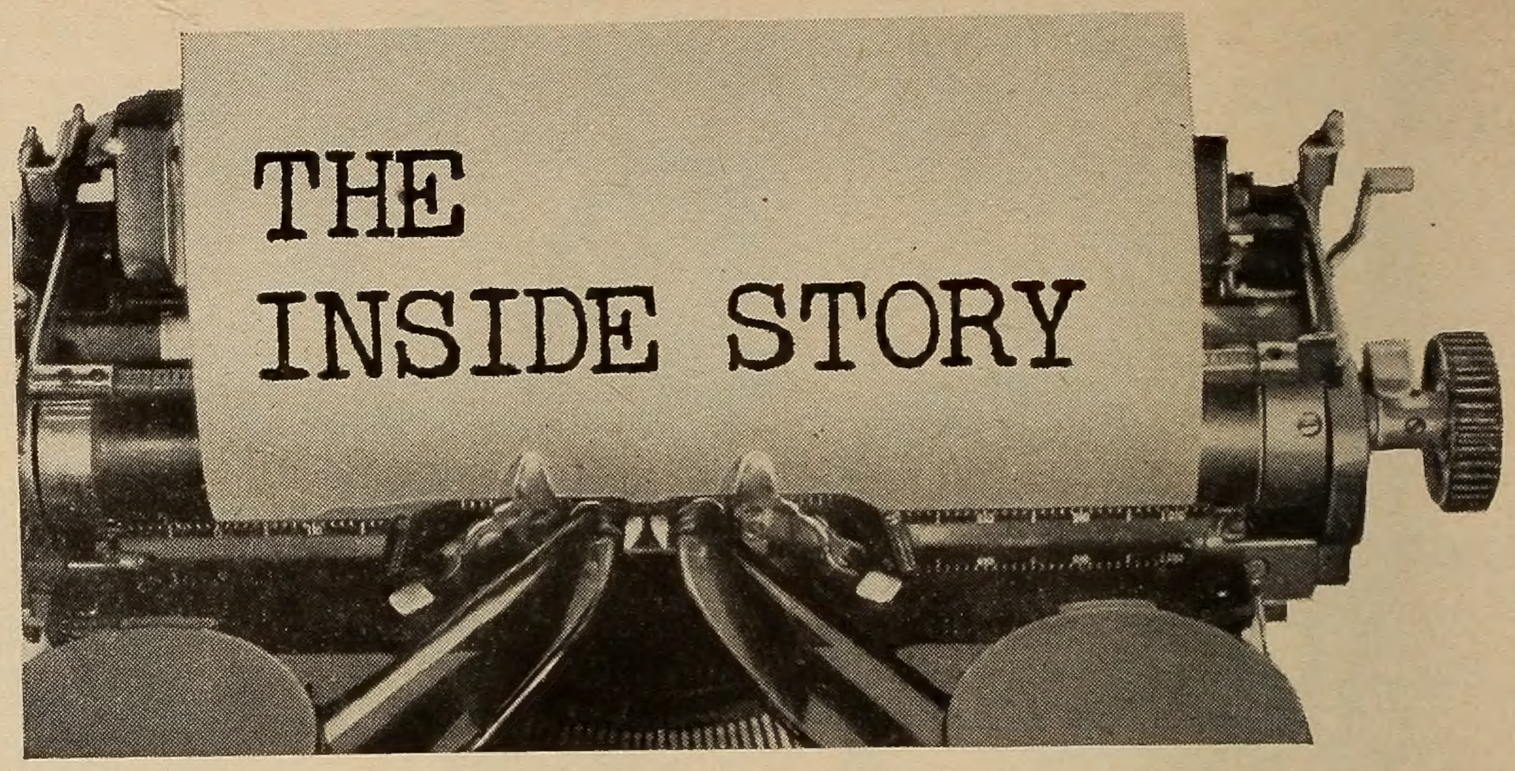
• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Bill Lundigan's wife, Rena, is the daughter of the late singer, Helen Morgan?—B. S., Jackson, Miss.

A. *False.*

Q. I've been told by people who were in Africa with him that as a big-game hunter Stewart Granger cannot hit the red side of a barn. Is this true?
—B. Y., Birmingham, Eng.

A. *According to several professional guides in Nairobi, Granger is not a particularly good shot.*

Q. Does Lana Turner plan to quit the movies and live in Europe?
—H. Y., Hempstead, N. Y.

A. *Lana hopes to make movies in Europe after she finishes* Latin Lovers.

Q. What was the real relationship between Johnny Hyde of the William Morris Agency and Marilyn Monroe?
—T. E., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Hyde was her agent and sponsor, Marilyn his client and protegée.*

Q. What is the inside story of the feud between Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in the filming of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?* —T. I., Tallahassee, Fla.

A. *There was no feud.*

Q. I've been advised by a Hollywood friend that Farley Granger who hates publicity has hired a press agent. Is this true? —B. T., Elkins, W. Va.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Now that Jane Russell is no longer under contract to RKO, can she pose for pictures with her two adopted children? —G. T., Silver Creek, Ga.

A. *Jane is still under contract to Howard Hughes who does not condone such family portraits.*

Q. Doesn't Ginger Rogers' third husband, Jack Briggs, work as a television announcer in California, and not as a liquor salesman?
—A. A., San Diego, Cal.

A. *Yes. Briggs is one of the top announcers at KFMB-TV, San Diego.*

Q. Why at the end of every program does Jimmy Durante say, "Goodnight, Mrs. Kalabash, wherever you may be"?
—J. F., Frackville, Pa.

A. *A remembrance to his departed wife whom he jokingly called that name.*

Q. Is it true that Debbie Reynolds broke her engagement to Bob Wagner because she caught him in the back seat of his car with an older woman? If not what is the real reason?
—B. E., Burlington, N. C.

A. *Bob Wagner wants to play the field; he was never engaged to Debbie Reynolds.*

Q. Can you tell me approximately how much money Elizabeth Taylor has earned during her motion picture career?
—C. G., Burlington, Iowa

A. *Approximately $450,000.*

Q. What is Sterling Hayden's real name? Didn't he have four children by actress Madeleine Carroll?
—A. S., Mt. Holly, N. C.

A. *Hayden's real name is John Hamilton. He had no children by Miss Carroll; four by his second wife, Betty De Noon.*

Q. Has Shelley Winters been dating other men while her husband works in Italy? —V. F., Monroe, La.

A. *No dating, just dining.*

Q. Is it true that *Mogambo* with Ava Gardner and Clark Gable is a remake of *Red Dust* with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable? When did Gable star in the original, and who wrote the new version? —H. G., New York, N. Y.

A. Mogambo *is a remake of* Red Dust *in which Gable starred in 1932. John Lee Mahin is the author of both old and new versions.*

Q. Is it true that Charlton Heston recently had his nose re-modeled?
—O. F., Urbana, Ill.

A. *Not Heston—his wife.*

From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney's vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of "Come On-A My House" and "Botch-A-Me," records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focussed the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing "The Stars Are Singing," Rosemary's first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She's a treat for your ears and she's *very* easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in "Here Comes The Groom," won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she's gay, too. In "The Stars Are Singing," it's a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of "Papa Poldi," a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we've come to expect. And he's in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there's one character in this show that doesn't have much of a speaking part, but he'll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world's laziest and funniest—dog!

For good measure, there's a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered 'round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say "no can do"... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when "The Stars Are Singing" comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I've another fun picture to report on—"Pleasure Island." Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on "Pleasure Island"—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It's a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

* * *

Next month I'll be ready to give you the details on "Pony Express," starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It's a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation's history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon.





LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

ANN BLYTH'S MARRIAGE PLANS . . . PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH: ETHEL MERMAN'S FAREWELL FLING . . . THE

WHILE Ann Blyth has officially made no wedding plans to marry Dr. James McNulty, they'll marry after she finishes *Rose Marie*, her first picture at MGM on her new and wonderful contract.

I talked to Ann the day after she sent word to me of her coming marriage, and I've never heard a girl sound so radiantly happy.

I had suspected that she and Dr. Jim were in love, and said that nothing would surprise me less than if they got married.

We were together at the Screen Producers' Guild party, and I saw Dr. Jim surreptitiously take her hand and Ann blushed to the roots of her hair.

At that time I whispered to her, "Are you engaged?" She said, "He hasn't asked me yet." It was a month later that Dr. Jim slipped a diamond engagement ring on her finger, and Ann told me her happy news.

Ann has gone out on dates with boys, of course, as any young girl does, but she has never been silly or gaga. In fact, when Dr. Jim put his arm over the back of her chair, and held her hand, I knew this was it. Ann, who has always had the reputation of being very standoffish, was beaming.

The marriage of these two young people is so wonderful, because both are of the same faith, and they start off in the right way, with a religious ceremony.

Dr. Jim, who is a successful young obstetrician, is the brother of Dennis Day.



Ann Blyth dreamily waltzes in the arms of her fiance, Dr. James McNulty. To learn how Ann met, and became engaged to Jim, see page 34.

THE many stars who turned out for the "farewell" party agent George Rosenberg gave honoring Ethel Merman at Romanoff's proved as much as anything just how popular zestful Ethel is with the movie crowd.

The Queen of Broadway musicals was a "doll" all during the making of *Call Me Madame* at 20th and had everybody singing her praises. That isn't always the case with these Broadway imports, either.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, ablaze with jools, plus George Sanders, sat at our table. When someone said he was surprised that Zsa Zsa would set foot in Romanoff's after his Imperial Highness, Mike, had called her a "phoney," she said:

"I don't care what Mike calls me—I'll still love him." Pretty nice for a girl who's supposed to be a firecracker.

Ethel, the one and only Merman, was done to the teeth in red (seems to be the favorite color this season). Of course, everyone insisted that she give with a few numbers and she did.

She asked Gordon MacRae to sing "You're Just In Love" with her—and poor Gordon was game; even though he didn't know the number, he tried. Van Johnson, who knows it backwards and forwards, was left sitting on the sidelines.

THIS party officially ended the long-lasting feud between sisters Joan Fontaine and Olivia deHavilland. Just as Joan arrived at the party, escorted by Collier Young, she met Olivia leaving the outside dining room at Romanoff's. The two girls clasped hands, and the next Sunday, Olivia took her son Benjy to Joan's house, and they had a nice talk.

While perhaps they'll never be as close as some sisters, at least they've started on the way to soothe the hurt that had been in each of their hearts for so long.

Getting back to Ethel's party—Joan Crawford attracted attention, as usual, for an unusual reason: Her hair was almost "crew-cut" short, uncurled, and slicked straight back from her face. Joan can get away with anything, of course, but I really do like her with a more becoming and softer coiffure.

Another oddity: Richard Greene came "stag"—an awful waste of escort when there are so many dateless gals in this town.

AFTER everything had more or less calmed down with Mario Lanza, Mrs. Lanza got in a face-slapping incident with a parking lot boy. The boy came to me with a long tale of woe about how Mrs. Lanza slapped him and got him discharged.

As I suspected—there were two sides to the story. There always are.

Mario's wife admitted that she was highly nervous (it was just a few days before the birth of the Lanza son), but she said the boy was very rude and taunting and kept talking about "rich movie stars who drive Cadillacs."

The manager of the parking lot says that the incident with Mrs. Lanza was NOT responsible for the boy's losing his job. Says he had many complaints from others—and this was just the final straw.

Be that as it may, Mario, himself, is in a very fine humor. He is delighted over the birth of his first son, Mario, Jr. (they have two little girls).

He's still at odds with MGM as this is written—but I think it won't be too long before even that long-drawn-out hassle is settled and Mario is back making movies at the home studio.

THE worried look on young Carleton Carpenter's face had all of his friends wondering.

The reason back of the whole thing was that he had taken a suspension, and he feared that he might never get a good part on the MGM lot again. He also thought *Dobie Gillis* would go to some other actor, and he wanted it badly.

But young Carp reckoned without his popularity and the esteem in which he's held by his studio. He was taken off suspension as suddenly as he was put on, and given this job he wanted so much.

The teenage cuties are gnashing their teeth because Bob Wagner continues to date Barbara Stanwyck.

One movie starlet who would like very much to be dating Bob herself, said: "Whatever does he see in HER? She's been *naturally* gray-headed for years!!"

WHEN Ava Gardner was so ill with dysentery in a London hospital, after picking up a germ in Africa, she cabled Frank Sinatra, "HAVE LOST TEN POUNDS IN TEN DAYS. WHAT'S LEFT OF ME LOVES YOU."

NEWS

FONTAINE-De HAVILLAND FEUD ENDS

I LIKE Liz Taylor, and I know she didn't mean it the way it sounded, but I wish she hadn't said when she went to court to pick up the $45,000 saved out of her salary during the years she was a minor:

"The bonds have been ready to pick up for two years. But I've been so busy I haven't had time to come downtown to get them."

Oh, Liz—that's a lot of money to be TOO BUSY to collect.

RED SKELTON had been reading about Christine Jorgenson (the GI who had his sex changed from male to female via operation and hormones), just before he was wheeled in for his own "upside-down stomach" surgery at St. John's Hospital.

Cracked red-headed Red, "If I come out of this Arlene Dahl, tell Fernando Lamas *first.*"

That Red could wisecrack at all is a wonder. He had just weathered the unhappiest week of his life. On the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork, he had gone off the deep end, left home and Georgia and the children, and called newspapermen that he was divorcing Georgia.

Among a blast of statements I am sure he is sorry he ever made, Red said that Georgia locked him out of her room and the children's rooms and that she didn't want to be in love with him any longer.

"I am so in love it's pitiful," he wailed from the hotel room he had taken.

Georgia was deeply hurt—but she proved what a fine wife she is by being the first at his bedside when he was stricken ill on the set of *The Great Diamond Robbery* and rushed to the hospital.

I hope, and so do all Red's friends, that this enforced rest will be just what he needs to get his health back and to once again be the good father and devoted husband he always is—when he is himself.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I know Shelley Winters is miserably unhappy, lonely, frequently ill and down in the dumps about being separated from Vittorio Gassman while awaiting the birth of her baby. But, honestly, Shell shouldn't go around in public wearing faded blue jeans (which she keeps fastened in front with a safety pin) and Hawaiian print blouses. On second thought, I feel awfully sorry for Shelley no matter what she wears. . . .

I doubt if Ava Gardner will ever stick out those necessary 18 months in Europe for tax reduction purposes. She's too homesick. . . .

No one, not even the press agents, will convince me that Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell are palsy-walsy and dear chums

Thanks for the Memory

■ Next time you hear old ski-nose take a chorus of his theme song, try to remember the first time you heard it. It was introduced and sung by a new face on your screen. *The Big Broadcast Of 1938* marked Bob Hope's debut. In 15 years it has echoed all over the world, in Army camps, hospitals, on battlefronts—anywhere Bob's infectious good humor could make tired men and women laugh a little. Few entertainers have given so much of themselves to help others, few have become world-wide institutions in the process. In recognition of Bob Hope's 15 years of growing greatness, the Entertainment World has given over the week of February 22 as Bob Hope Week, to be topped on February 27 with a testimonial dinner for Bob at the Friars' Club. Celebrities everywhere join the little people to say, "Thanks, Bob—thanks for the memory!"



Bob's face, now a landmark, first appeared in Paramount's *Big Broadcast Of 1938*. He sang "Thanks for the Memory" with Shirley Ross.



During World War II, Bob was never too busy to tour army hospitals or entertain at the front. G.I.'s all over the world thank and love him.



In 15 years, Bob's never turned down a worthy cause, has played hundreds of benefits. Pals like Lamour and Colonna often join him.



Good-natured rivalry between Bing Crosby, Pittsburgh Pirate, and Cleveland Indian Bob is part of their deep and lasting friendship.



A crowning moment for Bob was returning to his native England for a Command Performance in 1947 and presentation to the Queen.



A broken arm can't stop Bob from signing autographs, or anything he can for the fans who, he maintains, have done so much for him.

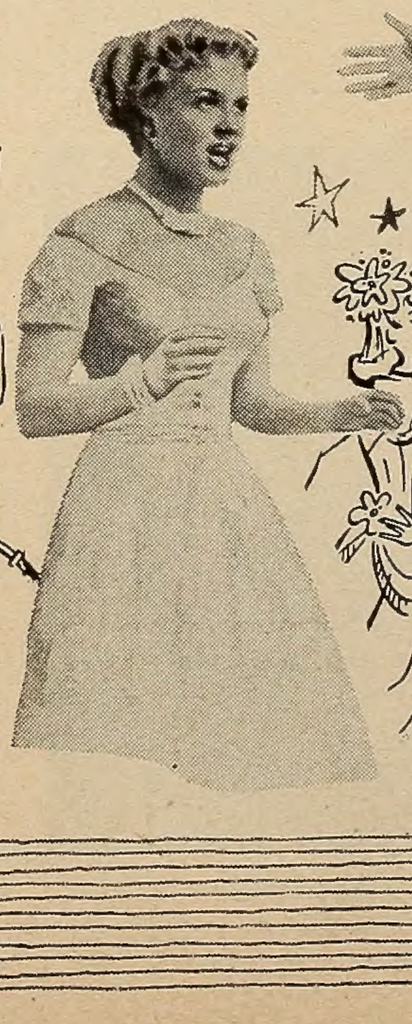
The New Landmark in Motion Picture

WARNER BROS.'
JUBILANT
PRODUCTION OF

THE JAZZ SINGER

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR









Entertainment!



"This is a mother's best present —you're home from Korea!"

"Next year I'll be up there, honey and then I'll be back for you!"

"I can't be the same as you, Pop— my singing is in my heart!"

"You made it Jerry - we always knew you would!"

IT'S JOY SET TO THE MUSIC OF

- LOVER
- JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS
- THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL DAY
- I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER
- I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
- BREEZING ALONG WITH THE BREEZE
- IF I COULD BE WITH YOU
- BIRTH OF THE BLUES

STARRING

DANNY THOMAS PEGGY LEE

WITH

MILDRED DUNNOCK ☆ EDUARD FRANZ

SCREEN PLAY BY

FRANK DAVIS & LEONARD STERN AND LEWIS MELTZER

BASED ON THE PLAY BY

SAMSON RAPHAELSON

PRODUCED BY

LOUIS F EDELMAN

MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LE ROY PRINZ

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ

"Soaping" dulls hair—
HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

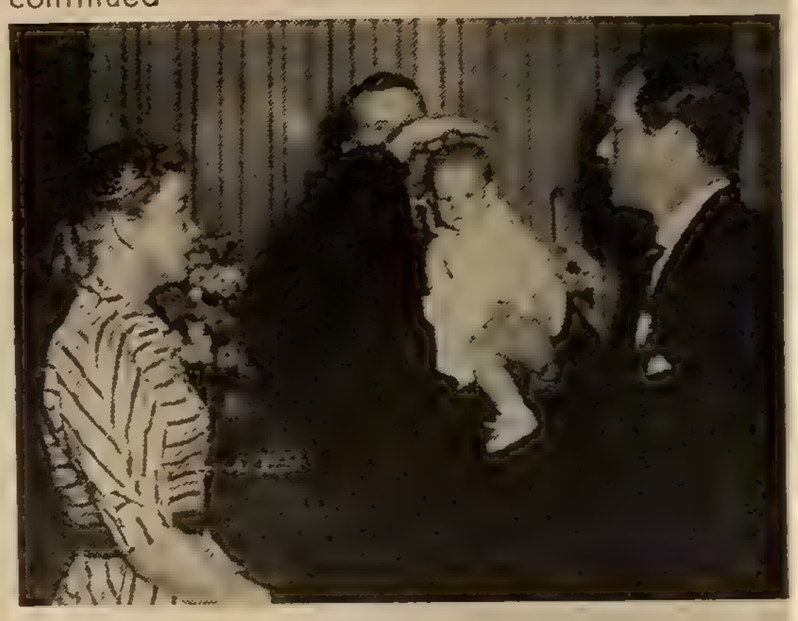
Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinsing needed. Halo *does not dry . . . does not irritate!*



Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued



Presenting Miss Bridget Duff. Rev. Mueller christened Ida Lupino and Howard Duff's baby girl with water a GI sent from the Holy Land.

making *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. At least, when I visited the set, I noticed that both girls retired to their portable dressing rooms between scenes. Most of their conversation is restricted to the lines they speak before the camera. . . .

I'll never understand WHY Anne Baxter consented to that smoking cigars in public publicity gag. She's heretofore always done things in the best of taste. . . . .

Does it mean anything to you that Lana Turner registered under the name of Mrs. Crane Shaw when she slipped into Reno and got her divorce from Bob Topping on the q.t.? (She was once married to Steve Crane and before him to Artie Shaw.)

CLOSE-UP OF DEBRA PAGET: She bites her nails—but is striving to cure this bad, nervous habit.

Her pet aversions are long telephone conversations and beans—any style.

Her wardrobe is the most expensive and chic of any of the teen-age stars, including three mink wraps, specially designed lingerie and dozens of hats.

She drives a lavendar Cadillac, just redecorated her bedroom in startling black-and-white, and her pearls are real.

Her mother and constant companion believes that Debbie should live and look like a MOVIE STAR—after she puts a proper amount of her salary towards savings, of course.

Debbie has everything a movie star has—except a boy-friend. It makes her furious when her mother is accused of "shooing" away beaux. "Mother wants me to have dates and marry when the right man comes along," insists Debra.

Her favorite movie stars are Betty Grable, Vivien Leigh, Ava Gardner and Susan Hayward; and the men, Ray Milland, Richard Widmark, Gary Cooper and Ty Power.

She isn't superstitious.

She eats steaks cooked medium, turnips, avocados; and drinks Coca-colas.

Her TV set is turned on full blast—even before breakfast.

She doesn't like showers. Takes two baths daily.

She doesn't care whether anyone believes it or not—SHE'S NEVER BEEN KISSED OFF SCREEN!

GLORIA and Jimmy Stewart started out to give a small party at home honoring their friends from Fort Worth, Texas, the F. Kirk Johnsons.

But they kept inviting and inviting until the house was out of (*Continued on page 12*)

The Screen Achievement of 1953...



Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS

RITA HAYWORTH
STEWART GRANGER

IN

SALOME

CO-STARRING

CHARLES LAUGHTON

WITH

JUDITH ANDERSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BASIL SYDNEY • MAURICE SCHWARTZ
ARNOLD MOSS • ALAN BADEL

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A BECKWORTH Corporation Production



Are you in the know?

When a girl changes schools, what's a good move?

☐ *Try stalking the stags* ☐ *Pick yourself a pal*

As "the new girl," you'll be noticed—but don't expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Slurp Special at the local fizz palace? Bimebye, you'll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies *first*—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the *comfort* you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!



Which "look" is best for lasses with glasses?

☐ *Uncluttered* ☐ *Dramatic* ☐ *Coquette*

If you've got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-filly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium brimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline- free. You'll see—those *flat pressed ends prevent* revealing outlines!



What to do about the Spaniel Type?

☐ *Rush away screaming* ☐ *Linger and learn*

Adoring Egbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don't get his message: you're too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Eggie? Better linger. You'll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about *poise* from Kotex and that *safety center*—(your extra protection). In all *3 absorbencies:* Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. **Have you tried *new* Delsey* toilet tissue**—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Overworked Red Skelton split with wife Georgia, and left his children Valentina and Richard before his stomach operation. But all's mending now.

the question and they took over the Bel-Air Country Club lock, stock and bar!

WHAT a party!

The decorations throughout carried out the holiday spirit of red and green and I'm sure it was no accident that Gloria's beautiful gown was in vivid red. She looked so lovely and so healthy—and if she seemed unusually attentive to two doctors present, Dr. Mark Rabwin and Dr. Leon Krohn, it is because they saved her life when she was so desperately ill following the birth of the Stewart twins.

Jimmy was a wonderful host and danced with all the gals—even me!

Joan Crawford came with director Nick Ray who used to be married to Gloria Grahame. Gloria isn't Joan's favorite actress, and vice versa, I might add.

I dined with the William Goetzes and Jack and Mary Benny, people I like very, very much. What a darling that Jack is.

June Allyson, who never looks more than 18, looked even younger with what I am sure is the shortest haircut in town. She and Dick Powell came to our table and talked a long, long time.

Among other guests having a trés gay time were Gracie Allen, Janet Gaynor, Adrian, and Loretta Young who wore sombre black lace.

WILL Robert Taylor EVER marry again? I think these quotes, direct from Bob, will be of great interest to Ursula Thiess and several other beauties he's been dating recently.

Says Bob, "Sure, I'd like to get married. I'd hate to think I was going to keep on NOT being married. That's a grim future to face. But take a look around at the available girls in town.

"Most of them I've known a number of years. Some are not my type. I know I'm not theirs. They seem to think I'm in training to become a permanent rolling stone!

"Besides, by and large, they are career girls. That comes first. So where do I find the girl?"

How about someone outside the industry, a non-professional?

"That's a good thought," he smiled, "but how do I meet one? As you know, any time I'm not in Hollywood, I like to hunt and fish—and there are very few girls around hunting and fishing."

Of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, for 11 years regarded as one of Hollywood's finest, he says, "It was one of those things. Who's to know who's to blame. I'm sorry it broke up. Barbara and I see each other occasionally, maybe dinner once a month or so.

"I have nothing against women, bless 'em.

"I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

"Several scenes in 'I Confess' called for rain," Anne Baxter explained. "But the weather was so lovely, we had to make our own rain. After being drenched by the studio hose, I prayed for some 'gentle rain from heaven'!



"When it finally rained, I worked outdoors in sopping wet clothes for days! My skin just couldn't take it without soothing Jergens Lotion. It kept my face and hands beautifully soft.



"Making these windy ferry-boat scenes chapped my skin raw, but Jergens Lotion rescued me again—and so quickly—'cause it's absorbed instantly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other hand. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the 'Jergens hand' as it will over a lazy, oily skin care.



"For close-ups, my skin was always soft and properly romantic, thanks to Jergens Lotion!" No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!



Use Jergens regularly on your skin. You'll see why more women buy Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you <u>care</u> for your hands!

Now Available in Canada



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion.
And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin
cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.
It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather
gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness
to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!
Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day,
its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often
aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors
know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued



Rubbernecks Aly Khan and Gene Tierney toured over Europe together this fall, saw the film festival in Venice. For news of Rita see page 28.

I just haven't found the right one for me."

Dost think the gentleman doth protest too much??????

At the end of their marriage Anne Baxter and John Hodiak released this statement to me: "Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word divorce. Above everything else we wanted our marriage to be a success. We have denied the many rumors in the past month, both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our difficulties to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heartsick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts and understanding, basic incompatabilities have made our life together impossible."

The Letter Box: T/Sgt. William M. Fuhmann, A-F 12250762, 3537th Maintenance Sqdn., Box 207, Mather Field, Calif., writes: "What's the matter, Louella? Don't you like Lizabeth Scott? You never mention her name." Oh, yes, I do, Bill—whenever Liz is newsworthy. It's obvious YOU like her, and I think it would be nice if she wrote to you.

Sonny Lou Milligan, Bethlehem, Pa., says, "Girls who pan Marilyn Monroe are just jealous of her—I know because I'm a girl. But I don't suppose Marilyn cares whether women like her or not." Oh, yes, she does. Marilyn very much wants to have women friends and fans.

Here are some boys in the service who would like to correspond with American girls:

Cpl. John F. Wright, 12119106, Hq. "Co" 1st Btn. 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Infantry Division, APO 6, % Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Some boys with the Forward Observers Team, who can be reached at the following address: HEM, 3rd Btn.—11th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif.:

Sgt. John Larsen
Cpl. Edward P. Menchen
Sgt. Robert Luyck
Pfc. Willie Williams
Cpl. Thomas Percy Fitzgerald
Cpl. Richard Norton
Cpl. Charles Marcel
Cpl. Ken Wagner
Cpl. Herbert Tucker
Cpl. Cecil Ditsworth

Good luck, boys. I hope you all get some mail. And that's all for now. See you next month.

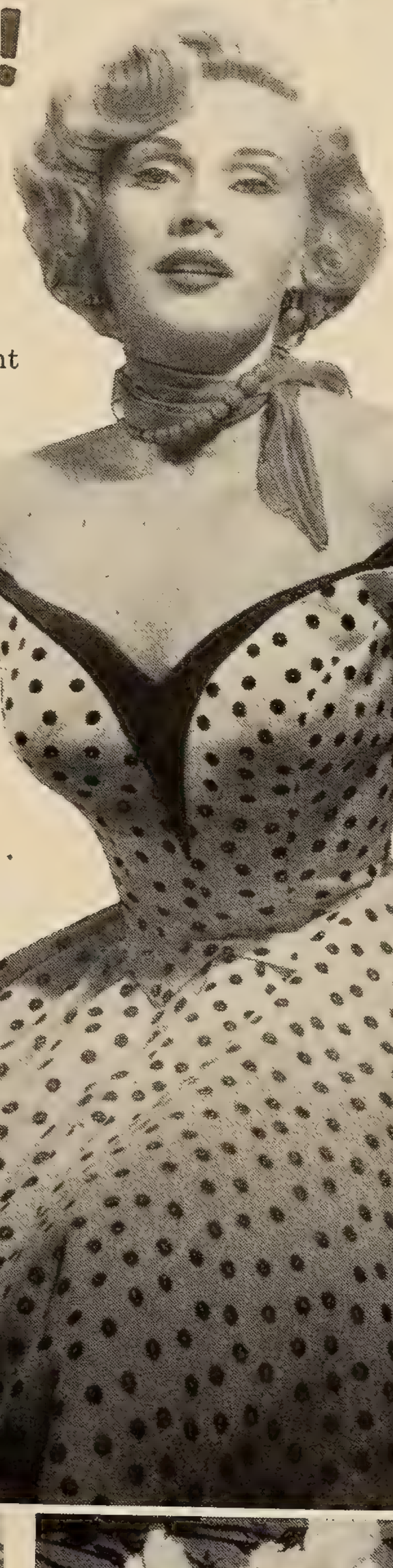
How You Can Lose Weight

-and Eat All You Want!



"It happened to me," says

Zsa Zsa Gabor



No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

Slim the Way the Stars Slim

"If you are overweight,
Ayds can do wonderful things
for your figure."
Zsa Zsa Gabor



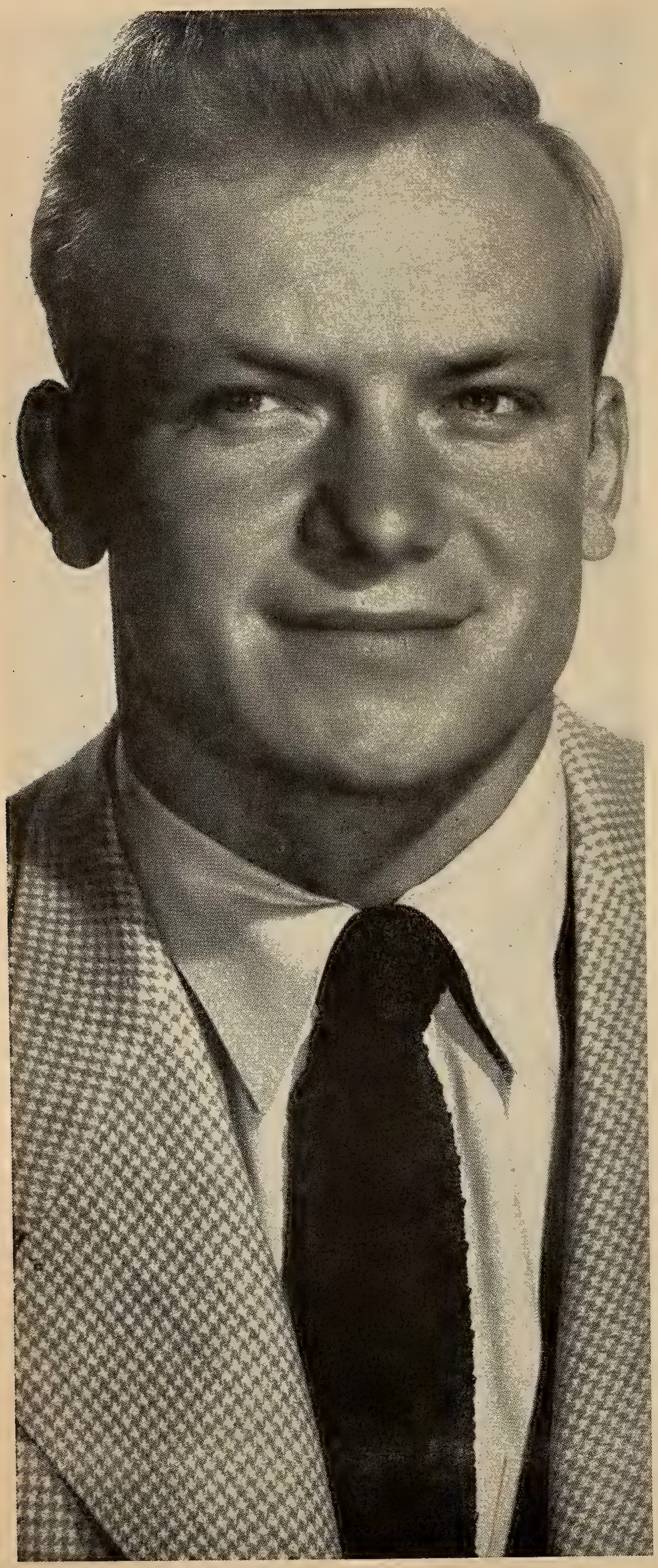
Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely figure. "Ayds helps you to reduce," says Zsa Zsa. "I know, it happened to me!"



Zsa Zsa with daughter Francesca. "I recommend Ayds to any woman who wants to keep looking youthful," she says



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you!



At last it can be told—the story of the Hollywood "find" who lost his love and now quietly searches for happiness.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

ALDO'S DREAM

■Up in Crockett, California last November, a small, brown-haired girl looked up at the blond giant who stood before her.

"Hello, Aldo," she said, and her voice was gentle. "Are you happy down there? Have you found what you're looking for?"

He smiled down at her. "I'm still searching," he said. Then he put a big hand on her shoulder and said, "You're very sweet."

It was a scene that would have answered a lot of questions that had been buzzing around Hollywood for a year—in fact, ever since Aldo Ray hit town. People knew he was divorced, or to be more explicit, sitting out the year's interlocutory period which is necessary by California law before a divorce becomes final.

The average Hollywoodites who sue or are sued for divorce follow a well-worn pattern. They announce the divorce decision to the studio and the press on Monday, and on Tuesday night are seen around town with somebody new. This inevitably starts a chain reaction of dates, all of which are suspected of being serious romances, and none of which mean very much. There seems to be a compulsion to be a gay divorcée, and Hollywood has come to look upon such shenanigans as accepted behavior.

It also (*Continued on page 18*)



once I had blonde hair...



then I turned drab and mousey...



Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE.

now-**Richard Hudnut**

Light and Bright has brought back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix

"It's simpler than setting your hair!"



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Light and Bright

by RICHARD HUDNUT is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, **1.50** *plus tax.*

RICHARD HUDNUT *of Fifth Avenue*

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle

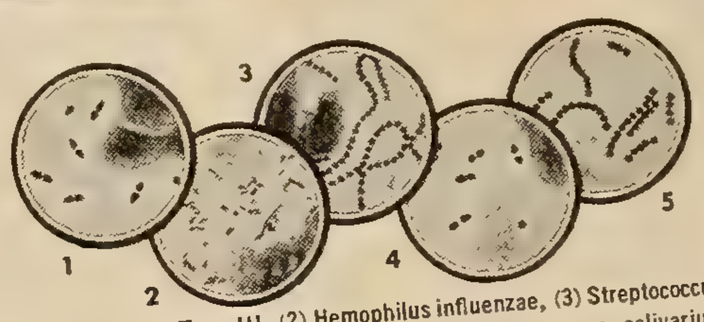
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

YES, used thoroughly and often, Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, *St. Louis 6, Missouri.*

Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy—"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for time and station

aldo's dream

(Continued from page 16) condones the practice of the separated couple talking about each other in carefully couched phrases. Things like, "I wouldn't want to say it was *her* fault," or, "Well, *I* tried, but he wouldn't cooperate."

Aldo Ray was different. He didn't talk to anyone about his marriage. He simply said that he had married a girl from his home town when they were both quite young, that they hadn't made a go of it, and that now it was all over. He refused to make further comment, and he also declined to mention her name. The simple fact of the matter is that Aldo was behaving like a gentleman. He felt that his estranged wife was entitled to live her own life and to be spared the fuss and bother of publicity that would have showered her had he divulged the story in more detail.

It took more than a little courage to do this, for in his position Aldo was wide open to the pat criticism of actors who hit the big time and are then divorced from their childhood sweethearts. It was natural for people to suppose that his head had grown in proportion to his income and that he no longer felt the marriage was a suitable one. These things were whispered as a matter of course. They were even taken for granted, as are many of the similar cases in Hollywood. This is unfortunate, for a great number of such divorces are the result of a schism that had come long before success. This was the case with Aldo Ray.

He wasn't seen very much at the bright spots. He rented a little house in Malibu, facing the ocean, and he hibernated there for more than six months, making the long drive every day into Columbia Studio. When he did stay in town for an evening he was either stag or with a group of friends. There wasn't much for the press to bite into, and they were puzzled. Aldo's actions are easily explainable. His divorce was not final until November 16th of last year, and he felt that until that time he had no right to be seen publicly with another girl.

This story will tell, for the first time, the things about which Hollywood has wondered for so long.

ALDO grew up in a big, boisterous, warm-hearted family. His parents, Silvio and Maria DaRe, were born in Italy but came to America before they started their family of six sons and one daughter. It was a good home for a boy to grow in, and despite the happiness of the elder DaRes and the love that poured from them over their children, Aldo was a typical boy in that he regarded females as creatures to be left simpering over their dolls while he went out and kicked a football.

He was 15 when he first kissed a girl, and still remembers the shock with which he realized that he *wanted* to kiss her. He gave her a hasty smack and then turned and fled down the street. It set off the chemical reaction which catapulted him into a string of average, schoolboy puppy loves. The school at Crockett was unified with that of Rodeo, a town four miles away. As it happened during Aldo's high school years, the Crockett school was predominantly male and the Rodeo school mostly female, with the result that the Crockett boys could be seen any afternoon after school driving their jalopies the four-mile stretch to Rodeo.

The girls of both Rodeo and Crockett were crestfallen when Aldo, after graduating from high school, joined the Navy and volunteered as a *(Continued on page 52)*

a Bright, New Outlook for Dull, Dry Skin

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

How often have you been depressed at the sight of rough flakes on your skin? Skin that holds make-up in grainy blotches...looks dull and adds years to your face!

Gloom won't chase dry skin away. But, here's *how you can* put a fresh glow on your face, no matter how dry your skin is now! For as little as twenty-five cents, you'll find the best dry skin care *money can buy*—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!



And, here's why I recommend Woodbury Dry Skin Cream: While most dry skin creams contain lanolin and other softening ingredients, some creams simply deposit them on the *surface* of your skin. But, Woodbury contains Penaten, a penetrating ingredient that carries the rich, softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin.

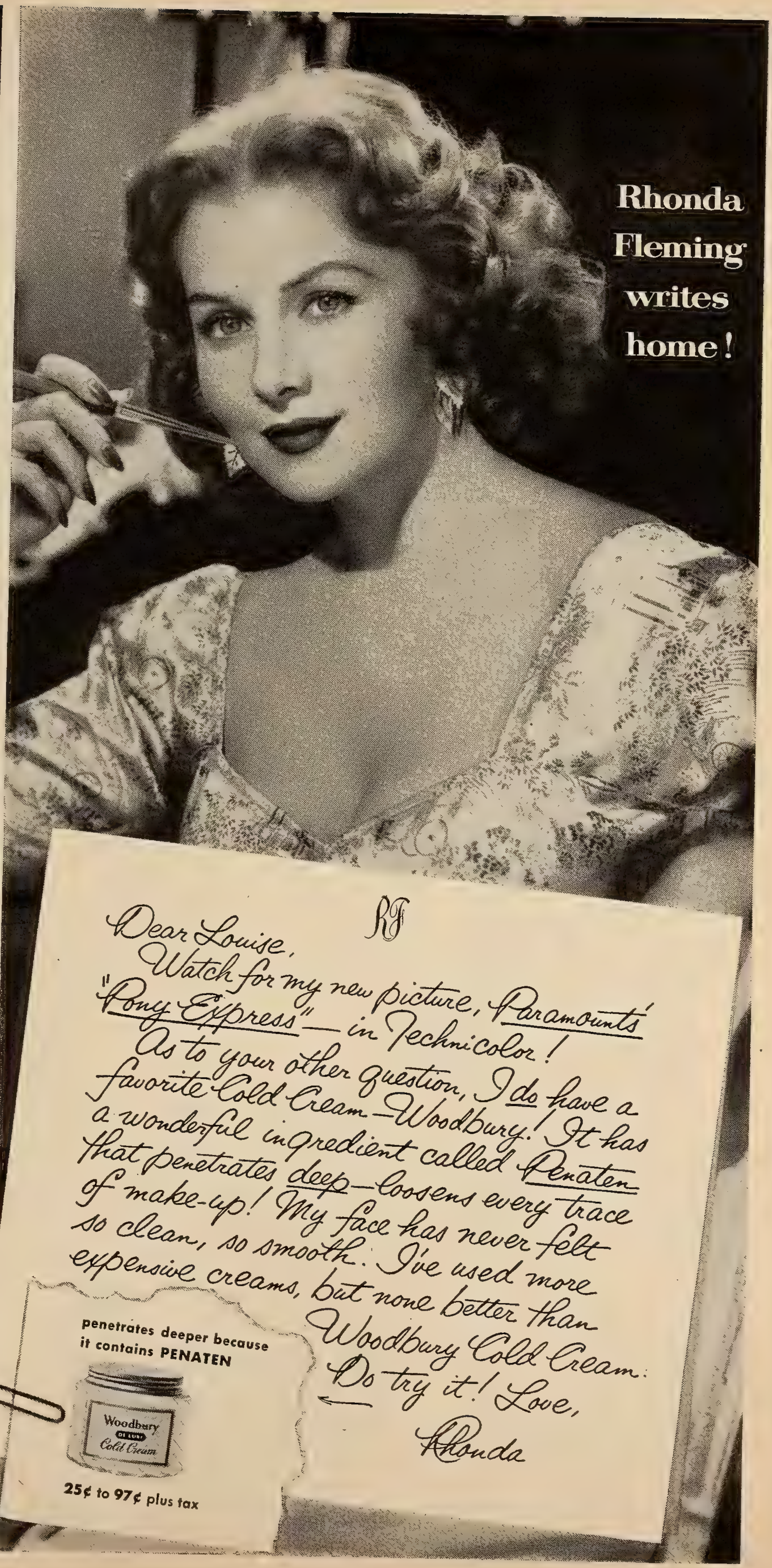
Penaten helps these oils penetrate so quickly, five minutes' care is all you need! But use it every day! You'll be rewarded with a fresh, youthful bloom you never dreamed possible.

Here's a simple routine to follow:



With fingertips, smooth the cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes . . . tissue off . . . and look in your mirror. I promise you the loveliest surprise you've seen in years. Try it tonight. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream comes in sizes from 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.





NOW...

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR

4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a *greaseless* treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick . . . and it *works*.



Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS *against a heavy make-up:* Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



Gambler Ty Power plays for high stakes as Piper Laurie, Julia Adams, look on.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

■ In New Orleans in the 1850's life was cheap and reckless. Gents dropped like flies on the field of honor and ladies eloped with anyone just to spite their lovers. Universal goes to town on these dime novel emotions. They've put Ty Power in Technicolor, given him all the nobler virtues and made him a gambler—the only honest gambler on the Mississippi. And they've cast two lovely blossoms at his feet, namely, Piper Laurie and Julia Adams. The plot gets thicker than the river bottom. Ty comes to New Orleans to build a fancy casino. One look and he's smitten with Piper, a southern belle who'd gladly run a letter opener through his heart. He gambles with Piper's brother (John Baer) who pays off with her diamond necklace. (When Ty tries to give back the necklace Piper rears like a thoroughbred.) He gambles with Julia Adams' brother who pays off with his company's funds and regretfully shoots himself. Meanwhile the romantic triangles pile up. Julia loves Ty, Ty loves Piper, Piper's brother loves Julia, etc. A couple of duels are arranged to straighten things out, but they only make things worse. Piper runs off to marry a banker who shortly runs off with the bank, and Ty's left with gentle Julia. A lot more happens before the final clinch, but see it for yourself.
Cast: Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie, Julia Adams.—Universal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

First thing to remember is, this is *not* the life of Hans Christian Andersen. It's the story of his faith in people and because, as the main character, he is a simple, humble teller of tales, the story itself is fragile. Hans (Danny Kaye) is a cobbler who doesn't work very hard. He likes to gather children around him and tell them fairy tales. The children forget to go to school and Hans becomes something of a nuisance. So he hikes to Copenhagen, the big city, with his apprentice (Joey Walsh). There he falls in love with a ballerina (Jeanmaire) who is married to the ballet director (Farley Granger). Hans writes a fairytale for her. It's really a love letter. She turns it into a ballet called, "The Little Mermaid," and soon Hans becomes famous. That's all. Except for the delicate colors, the beautiful scenery, the stories Hans tells and the ballets which have a wonderful dream-like quality about them.
Cast: Danny Kaye, Joey Walsh, Jeanmaire, Farley Granger, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn.—Samuel Goldwyn.

THE LAWLESS BREED

Nobody ever shot more people dead than Rock Hudson. But he swears he did it all in self-defense. You see, he had an unhappy childhood. Dad used to beat him for playing with guns. Rock left home to make enough money to buy a ranch for Mary Castle. Too bad he has to get into a poker game and kill Gus Hanley. (Gus drew first.) That does it. Mary Castle gets it, too—from a posse that's hunting Rock down. Julia Adams, a girl he met in a saloon, helps him make a get-a-way in a buckboard. After many a year they settle down on an honest-to-goodness farm. Too bad the Texas Rangers are onto him at last, since he's made peace with himself and all. But they haul him away for 16 long years. That gives a person pause. Changes a person. He sure doesn't want his son to lead the life he led. So when Rock gets home first thing he does is stop Junior from shooting a man. Guess you can call that a happy ending.
Cast: Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Mary Castle, John McIntyre, Race Gentry.—Universal.

(Continued on page 22)





IT
PAYS
TO BE
A

FAST WOMAN

"In my business you have to be fast. I'm not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I'm a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it's as smooth as an ad in Harper's Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9 - for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it's dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you'll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a sheep. It is nature's hair conditioner.

And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It's marvelous what it does!

That's why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you'll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.

Charles Antell

***Famous lanolin* FORMULA 9 *and* SHAMPOO**

Formula 9—89¢ and larger sizes, plus tax. Shampoo—59¢ and larger sizes. Supervalue combinations of Formula 9 and Shampoo —$1.35, $2 and $3 plus tax. Formula 9 also in liquid cream form for those who prefer it—98¢ plus tax. (Slightly higher in Canada.)



339

© 1953, Charles Antell, Inc.

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now . . . follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think . . . with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones* and *satinizes* your skin. *And all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther *facial habit* for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose

FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous Compact

50¢

Plus Tax

(Slightly Higher in Canada)



All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

This was a beautiful novel, a wonderful play and now—an excellent movie. It is the story of a 12-year-old girl who feels she doesn't belong. Everyone has someone else to love and to share life with, but not Frankie. Until now. Now her brother, a soldier, is going to be married and Frankie falls in love with the idea of the wedding. She decides that she will belong to the newlyweds who'll take her with them on their honeymoon and keep her ever after. Her two best (and only) friends—younger cousin John Henry, and a warm-hearted and wise Negro maid can't control Frankie's emotional carryings-on. But they try to; they try to understand her, and in the trying the whole turbulent world of this girl on the edge of growing up is revealed. All its wild, tender, sweet and frantic feelings rush out to grip and hold you entranced. The maid, Berenice, is played to perfection by Ethel Waters. Twenty-six-year-old Julie Harris is astonishingly convincing as 12-year-old Frankie. And Brandon De Wilde (as John Henry) holds his own in this movie which never strays far from the original conception of novelist Carson McCullers.

Cast: Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, Brandon De Wilde, James Edwards, Harry Bolden.—Columbia.

ROAD TO BALI

All the "Roads" Crosby and Hope ever take lead to a sarong filled with Lamour. Only this time it's in Technicolor. That's the picture—who needs a plot? Well, Bing and Bob are a couple of girl-crazy hoofers proposing marriage to everyone in Australia. When everyone accepts it's time to get out of town. They go by train—Bing inside, Bob on the rods. Pretty soon they jump off the train and roll into a herd of sheep. "We're poor little lambs who have lost our way," the boys sing. "Baa-baa-baa" sing the sheep. Next thing you know they have beards (the boys, not the sheep) and are signing up for a job with Murvyn Vye. He's evil, wants them to dive for buried treasure that doesn't even belong to him. Vye takes them to this island paradise where they meet the Princess (Dot Lamour) and a court of gorgeous girls. But the fun can't last. Hope has to dive for the treasure and there's a squid down there waiting to blot him out. There's more. There's a shipwreck, a headhunter's ball, a volcano (erupting), a love-happy gorilla. There's Humphrey Bogart coming out of the swamps with The African Queen. Crazy! Man!

Cast: Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Murvyn Vye.—Paramount.

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

For a long time John Shields' name was powerful in Hollywood. It was the name of a young genius of a producer (Kirk Douglas) who fought his way to the top over his father's dead body. (His father was a one-time great who died bankrupt and hated.) But Shields is on the way out now unless his friends help him. His friends think they have a lot of good reasons to let him rot. You see why in flashbacks. Barry Sullivan, a famous director, takes it from the beginning, when he and Kirk had nothing but ideas and energy, up to the time that partnership dissolved. Lana Turner picks up the thread. She's a big actress now, but when Kirk found her she was a dead movie idol's daughter heading straight for the alcoholic ward. He pushed her to the top, but he pushed her his own way.

And there's plenty Dick Powell can't forget. He's a Pulitzer Prize novelist. In a way Kirk was responsible, but he was also responsible for the one big tragedy in Dick's life. The three stories blend into a picture of a ruthless, magnetic man burning for glory. You see Hollywood from the inside, and much of the glamor and excitement of that town is in this picture.

Cast: Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, Dick Powell, Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame.—MGM.

CONNIE

Even MGM's sorry for teachers. Teachers are not only unsung, they're underpaid. Van Johnson, poetry instructor in a small university town, lives on codfish balls. Connie (V.J.'s wife) doesn't care if he doesn't care, even though she's pregnant and craves lambchops. But V.J.'s father (Louis Calhern) is enraged. He's one of the richest men in Texas—made it on beef—and it kills him that his son won't come live on the ranch and be his heir. Teaching's for women who can't find husbands is his philosophy. Anyway, Van's up for a promotion. May get it, too, if he can feed the Dean (Gene Lockhart) better than his rival can. Only time the Dean gains weight is when a job's open. Poppa comes to town shortly before the crucial supper at Van's house and every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it (they're saving the food for later). Oh, Pop's got all kinds of plans to lure his son home, and a big enough bankroll to carry them out. By this time Connie (that's Janet Leigh, incidentally) is pretty hungry and falls in with her father-in-law. Despite its obsession with the digestive system this picture's pretty funny. Thanks to Louis Calhern who walks away with it. And Walter Slezak, a butcher, who helps him.

Cast: Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Louis Calhern, Walter Slezak, Gene Lockhart.—MGM.

MY COUSIN RACHEL

The place is a lonely castle in Cornwall; the mood is ominous. Against a background of English storms and raging emotions a story of love, and possibly murder unfolds. All his life Richard Burton worshipped his cousin and foster-father (John Sutton) who is forced to go to Italy for his health. Burton never sees him again. Only letters tell what may have happened. Sutton had met "our cousin Rachel," married her and then accused her of poisoning him. Burton swears to avenge his cousin's death. Unaware of his suspicions, Rachel (Olivia de Havilland) pays a visit to Cornwall. Burton is startled by her beauty and quiet charm. He falls wildly in love with her, wants to give her the estate, the family jewels, money. His friends warn him to be more cautious—Rachel's past is shady, her actions contradictory. She leads him on, then abuses him, accepts everything he gives but never commits herself. Burton's health breaks under the strain, and once recovered he turns on her with all the fury of a tortured heart. Is she trying to poison him? Is she a murderess and a golddigger or does she really love him? Suspense mounts to a feverish pitch and ends in violence in this ambitious adaptation of Daphne Du Maurier's novel.

Cast: Olivia de Havilland, Richard Burton, George Dolenz, Audrey Dalton, Ronald Squire. —20th Century-Fox.



Outsells them all because it Excels them all!

lovely, long-wearing CUTEX

- **Spillpruf Cutex** wears much longer because it's the only polish with Enamelon —a "miracle" ingredient that gives *lasting non-chip wear!*
- **Original Spillpruf bottle** can't spill! Protects nice things; **15¢** *plus tax.*
- **Stay Fast Indelible Lipstick** stays on till you take it off. Never smears!
- **"Moisturizing Action"** in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips softer, smoother. **29¢** *plus tax.* Both in a beautiful range of this season's loveliest colors!



Spillpruf CUTEX

IT'S THE BEST . . . YET COSTS LESS!



Tampax Sets You Free

from many monthly annoyances

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size, for it is many times smaller than the external "pad" commonly used for monthly sanitary protection.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Next you realize that Tampax needs no pins or belts—no supporting harness of any kind.... Tampax is worn *internally*, as designed by its doctor-inventor.

While wearing Tampax in this way (internally) you need have no fear of odor and of course there is no chafing either. Also, your mind is at rest concerning possible bulges and edge-lines, even with the smoothest dress or skirt.

Tampax is very simple to use....Made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, it comes to you in dainty slender applicators to make insertion easy and convenient....And disposal is just as easy.

Relax physically and mentally—with Tampax. You do not even feel it while wearing it....Sold at drug and notion counters in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply will go into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Every year along about this time I stick my neck way out and try to forecast the top Academy Award contenders of the year. So here goes and may the best gal and guy win! . . . Rivals for the coveted femme Oscars, as I see 'em, will be Shirley Booth for *Come Back, Little Sheba;* Ethel Waters and Julie Harris, *Member Of The Wedding;* Olivia deHavilland, *My Cousin Rachel;* Bette Davis, *The Star,* and Joan Crawford, *Sudden Fear* . . . Male contenders would appear to be Richard Burton for *Rachel;* Kirk Douglas, *The Bad And The Beautiful;* Gregory Peck, *Snows Of Kilimanjaro;* Jose Ferrer, *Moulin Rouge,* and Danny Thomas, *The Jazz Singer.*



Booth

Real reason behind John Wayne's flitting about town is not his Chata, it's said—but a new, unrequited heartbeat! The gal says no soap on account of religious differences, and political ones too. She's only 25 and wants a guy, home and kids. So Duke seems to be moving fast to make believe it never happened at all! . . . Depends on who you are when you talk to Pier Angeli as to what you call her. Studio friends call her Pier; friends say Anna Marie.



Angeli

But her very own *amore tesoro* (that's genuine Italian for "Kirk Douglas"!) whispers softly, "Amarella!" . . . Mona Freeman is learning to speak Persian for a "Voice Of America" interview-broadcast with linguist Jamshed Sheybani . . . Wait'll you get an eyeful and earful of Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe singing and dancing "When The Wild, Wild Women Go Swimmin' In Bimini Bay" in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—a songsational song-&-dance number! . . . Unhappiest-Hollywood-marriage-story: Anne Baxter and John Hodiak . . . Most-likely-actor-and-actress to be nominated most uncooperative *again* by the Hollywood Women's Press Club: Rita Hayworth and Mario Lanza!

FINANCIAL PAGE:



Gabor

Frank Sinatra bought a $15,000 diamond bracelet for Ava Gardner that consists of 174 diamonds . . . Ava, some "know-it-all's" report, got a cash settlement of $80,000 from Mickey Rooney in the not too long ago . . . But, as an added sidelight, the Mick's other two ex-wives must be holding their breath—because it's a cinch if he and his new bride welcome a child he'll ask for alimony reductions . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's salary is up to $3,000 a week, thanks to her work in *Moulin Rouge.* She started a mere year and five pictures ago for $200 a week . . . Hollywood is down to its last two yachts. Stars just can't afford them any more—with the exception of Errol Flynn, who still has the "Zaca" and Humphrey Bogart, who has the "Santana." But that's about all.



Lamarr

Hedy Lamarr bought the Yucca Street apartment building where she once hung her hat . . . Alan Ladd's deal for making a picture in Europe is $200,000 cash, deposited in a bank in this country, against 10 percent of the gross—meaning that he is guaranteed $200,000 and 10 percent of everything over that amount made at the boxoffice . . . And this is what Johnnie Ray claims he makes (figger it out for yourself!): "Dough Ray Me Star So Ah See Dough!" . . . Patricia Knight now averages $75,000 a year from her share of ex-husband Cornel Wilde's Texas oil wells . . . There are two Annies in *Blue Gardenia.* One of them—Baxter—gets $75,000 for her chore; the other—Sothern—gets $40,000 . . . In addition to doing movies, television and radio, Red Skelton was laying plans to act as a greeter in the nightclub of the hotel (*Continued on page 76*)

ou tour the World... the BEAUTY WORLD in just a few steps around WOOLWORTH'S cosmetic counters... says SUSAN SMART†



lworth's
pping Reporter

I hate to miss beauty aids that could help me look lovelier. That's why I shop Woolworth's. Just once around the counter and I've seen every type of beauty aid imaginable from . . . well, timely cosmetics that keep me glamorous whatever the weather to the newest in powder puffs. At Woolworth's I find the best-loved brands . . . in every size from small trial ones to big money-saving economy sizes. It's so complete . . . so varied . . . no wonder I call it my Beauty World! Come with me and see . . .



There's PACQUINS HAND CREAM on the counter to remind me I need Pacquins' soothing care. Purple label for normal skin . . . red for extra-dry. 25c, 49c, 98c*

Again, Helene Curtis SUAVE. When winds blow, where would I be without it! Just a touch of Suave gives hair a *soft* cared-for look all day. 50c, $1*

Love the way Woolworth's groups hair aids. I want NOREEN SUPER COLOR RINSE. Noreen blends glamour into hair! You brighten, darken, change at will. It shampoos out! 30c*

Speaking of shampoos, have you tried WHITE RAIN? It's like washing hair in softest rainwater. This new gentle *lotion* shampoo pampers hair . . . leaves it cloud-soft, sunshine bright! 30c, 60c, $1

For a far better wave, New TONI TRIO gives a home permanent custom-made for you. *Regular* for normal, *Super* for hard-to-wave, *Very Gentle* for easy-to-wave hair. Refills $1.50*

Thrills me to find toiletries worth up to 59c in Woolworth's closeout assortment. Lotions, toilet waters, creams, powders, many wonderful items from divisions of LANDER CO. all priced at 19c* each.

G. With HAZEL BISHOP No Smear Lipstick on your dressing table, you seldom need carry one. Once on, it stays lovely through dining, drinking, romance. $1.10*

H. For a lastingly fresh mouth, here's PEPSODENT TOOTHPASTE . . . White or the new Chlorophyll. Patented Oral Detergent brings a clean mouth taste for hours. *White* 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c, *Chlorophyll* 43c; 69c

J. Mustn't forget HEED DEODORANT to protect my warm clothes . . . and *me*. Heed's super-fine spray really *covers* . . . checks perspiration safely, surely, daintily, 25c, 39c, 59c*

K. While I'm on daintiness, I'll pick up FRESHIES MINTS. Protect against food, drink, smoking odors. Nature's deodorant, *chlorophyll*, sweetens my breath in *seconds*. 10c

L. Have you tried LADY ESTHER'S 1-minute home facial? Do! Buy 4-Purpose Cream at Woolworth's. It cleanses, softens, helps nature refine pores. Grand as a powder base. 29c, 55c, 83c*

M. I keep my finger on fashion with Woolworth's HELEN NEUSHAEFER shades. *Doubly* pretty because exclusive Plasteen keeps nails jewel-clear, resists chipping. 10c*

"Shop Woolworth's First
For Everything In Cosmetics"

*plus tax

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



Beautiful little girls have it... so can you!

Do you wish you had a complexion as flower-fresh as little Arlene's? Well, wishing won't help—but *acting* will! Why not borrow Arlene's beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory? More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for your skin and baby's than all other brands of soap put together!



Beautiful cover girls have it... so can you!

"I love to experiment with hats and hairdos," confesses magazine cover girl, Diane Whitton. "But I don't experiment with my complexion. I've found *no* soap suits my skin like pure, mild Ivory!" And remember—what Ivory does for Diane's dazzling complexion, it can do for yours!



You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!

Yes, a smoother, lovelier complexion can be yours as soon as that! And so *easily!* Here's all you have to do—just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, that's all! Then, in only seven days, your skin will look clearer, softer, younger. You'll have *That Ivory Look!*



99 44/100% pure

...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

Mario and Metro have made up. It's not moonlight and roses yet . . . but Lanza's promised to come out singing, not swinging, on his . . .

Return Engagement

by Arthur L. Charles

■ As you read this article, Mario Lanza, if he has not already, is preparing to return to work and the unprecedented campaign of vilification aimed at him and his family is beginning to taper off.

Rarely has any one entertainer, no matter how heinous the crime—been the target of as much vicious calumny as this erratic, emotionally immature but undeniably great tenor.

One is prompted to ask this all-important question: was Mario Lanza a braggart, a neurotic, a selfish ham *before* he declined to make *The Student Prince* last year, or did all these character deficiencies suddenly spring up *after* he refused to star in the film?

While Mario was making *That Midnight Kiss, Toast Of New Orleans* and *The Great Caruso,* he was depicted as a fine, upstanding, righteous American blessed with a voice such as is bestowed only once in a generation. Stories of his generosity, his gratitude, his kindness were circulated with great frequency, and for the most part, these stories were true.

Mario *did* buy his parents a home in the Pacific Palisades, furnish it, and equip it with a swimming pool. Mario *did* fly an afflicted little girl to Hollywood from New Jersey and infuse her with the will to live. Mario *did* contribute to the financial support of an abandoned waif. He *did* insist upon jobs for such friends as George London, Nicky Brodsky, and Ray Sinatra. He *did* carry on his payroll a group of human leeches and hangers-on out of the simple compassion of his heart.

And yet, once Loew's, Inc., the holding company which owns Metro Goldwyn Mayer, filed a $5,000,000 suit against him, all these examples (*Continued on page 70*)



The Princess calls him "Pepe"; all Europe names him her new romance. But Pepe's ex-girl-friend calls him names that aren't so tender in this MODERN SCREEN scoop!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

RITA'S NEW LOVE

■ When the Queen Elizabeth, pride of the British commercial fleet, sailed into New York harbor last December 13th, the reporters who covered the waterfront climbed into the Coast Guard cutter that heads down the Bay.

As the cutter drew alongside the Elizabeth, the liner's accommodation ladder was lowered, and the accredited pilot of New York harbor as well as the reporters and photographers, clambered aboard.

As soon as the newsmen hit the deck they asked one question: "Where is Rita Hayworth?" Their notebooks were wide open, but they were none too hopeful.

Ever since her marriage and subsequent breakup with Aly Khan, the voluptuous hair-dyed screen siren has been a difficult personage to interview, and on this occasion, after two and a half months in Europe, Rita ran true to form.

One reporter asked if Rita planned to apply for the Nevada divorce from Aly immediately after she reached the West Coast.

Rita raised her right shoulder protectively. "Immediately, no."

"Eventually?" the reporter asked.

Rita smiled. "Possibly."

"Depending on what?" the reporter continued.

"On myself."

"We understand," another newsman said, "that you and Aly Khan didn't get along too well during the last visit. Isn't that so?"

Margarita Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles Khan said no, (*Continued on page 56*)





Ginger Rogers, 42, is in love with 24-year-old Jacques de Bergerac. But if she marries him, will she ever be sure it's *she* the dashing French lawyer loves, not her fame?

Jane Wyman and Fred Karger are very happy in their new marriage. But how long can his love live in the spotlight of her great popularity and earning power?



Many Hollywood wives fight a bitter battle the public never knows about . . . their implacable enemy is Time.

BY THELMA McGILL

■ Two hundred years ago a wise old codger named Benjamin Franklin, advised young men to marry older women on the grounds that "an older woman is more experienced, industrious, and appreciative of a younger husband."

A few years before he married his fourth wife, Lady Sylvia Ashley, Clark Gable paraphrased Franklin by saying, "Give me a mature, fully-developed, worldly woman every time. The sweet young things have their place, of course, and every man to his taste, but when it comes to settling down, I prefer to do it with a sophisticated woman who's been around."

Gable, whose first two wives were, respectively, 17 and 11 years his senior, is not the only actor who believes in marrying an older wife. Desi Arnaz, Tyrone Power, Alan Ladd, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Rogers, Richard Ney, Gary Merrill, Robert Taylor, and many others have all tried the experiment at one time or another.

Similarly, Ginger Rogers, Norma Shearer,

IS A MARRIAGE ALWAYS DOOMED TO



When Bette Davis married Gary Merrill, his career got a big boost. This, plus the fact he's the boss at home, keeps them happy together.

OLDER WIVES-YOUNG HUSBANDS

Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Rosalind Russell, Lucille Ball, Annabella, Greer Garson, and Joan Crawford have all maintained that love knows no age differential, that what counts most in marriage is love, that a youthful husband keeps his wife youthful.

Recently, Ginger Rogers aged 42, fell in love with a young Frenchman, Jacques de Bergerac, aged 24. These two were seen all over Paris together, at the famous restaurants "Tour d'Argent" and "Coq Hardi," walking hand in hand on the Champs Elysées, sipping champagne at the world renowned "Cafe de la Paix."

When Ginger returned to Hollywood to star with Bill Holden in *Forever Female* over at Paramount, I ran into her on the lot one day and asked about the new love in her life. "He's just a dear friend," she insisted. "It looks like an entangling alliance to me," I pressed. Ginger smiled and would say no more.

So what happened? Jacques de Bergerac flew into Hollywood in pursuit of his sweetheart, and Ginger not only confessed the existence of a full-fledged romance between them, but she took Jacques around to meet her agent, Paul Small.

"Paul," she said, "look at this man. Don't you think he can make a go of it here?"

Small is a brother-in-law to Dore Schary who runs MGM. He took Jacques over to Culver City, introduced him to Billy Grady, the Metro casting director, walked him around the Thalberg building, dropped in to see several influential executives, Eddie Mannix and Benny Thau, to name two of them. They took optical inventory of Monsieur de Bergerac—his 6-feet-2-inches, his 188 lbs., his handsome face, his brown hair. The next thing anyone knew, Bergerac was under contract to the studio; and Gertrude Fogler, the voice coach, had been assigned to teach him intelligible English.

When the news broke around Hollywood that Ginger's new sweetheart had been signed to a contract at Metro, a studio which had been releasing many of its younger players such as Peter Lawford, Ralph Meeker, Dawn Addams, Monica Lewis, and others, one of Ginger's non-admirers said cattily, "There was a time when Rogers could attract a man with her beauty. Now she has to wield her influence."

That isn't true at all. Despite the fact that she will never see 40 again, Ginger Rogers Culpepper Ayres Briggs is still a magnetic, curvaceous eyeful. There is no doubt, however, but that she went to bat for her young lover. That seems to be the fashion today. Look at Shelley Winters. She took Vittorio Gassman, a fine Italian actor virtually unheard of in this country, and within 90 days made him a celebrity. She not only introduced him to the Hollywood bigwigs as one of the world's great actors, but she hired the Circle Theatre in Hollywood (*Continued on page 64*)

END IN RENO WHEN THE WIFE IS OLDER THAN THE HUSBAND? NO! SAY THESE HAPPY COUPLES AND PROVE IT.



Six years older than her husband, Lucille Ball feels this difference saved their marriage! Her greater maturity stabilized his impetuousness!



Patti Lewis' age has helped her cope with Jerry's insecure, rather neurotic personality. A younger girl would not have had this wisdom.



Buddy Rogers and older Mary Pickford are a perfect example of how two show people of *equal* fame and fortune can be together.



HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ROCK HUDSON WAS AROUND . . .

BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA

by Louis Pollock



"A beautiful hunk of man" is how his many fans describe this six-foot-three newcomer. Rock's grateful for their adulation, and for their constructive criticism (like "cut your hair" and "stand up straight") also.



Time out for relaxing is a real luxury to Rock, who achieved some sort of distinction at Universal-International studio by working for five months straight without a single day off, right after he first signed his contract.



A small, sun-drenched house atop one of the Hollywood Hills is Rock's bachelor haven. He enjoys living alone, but admits that marriage is on his mind, sort of. He's considered one of Hollywood's best catches.



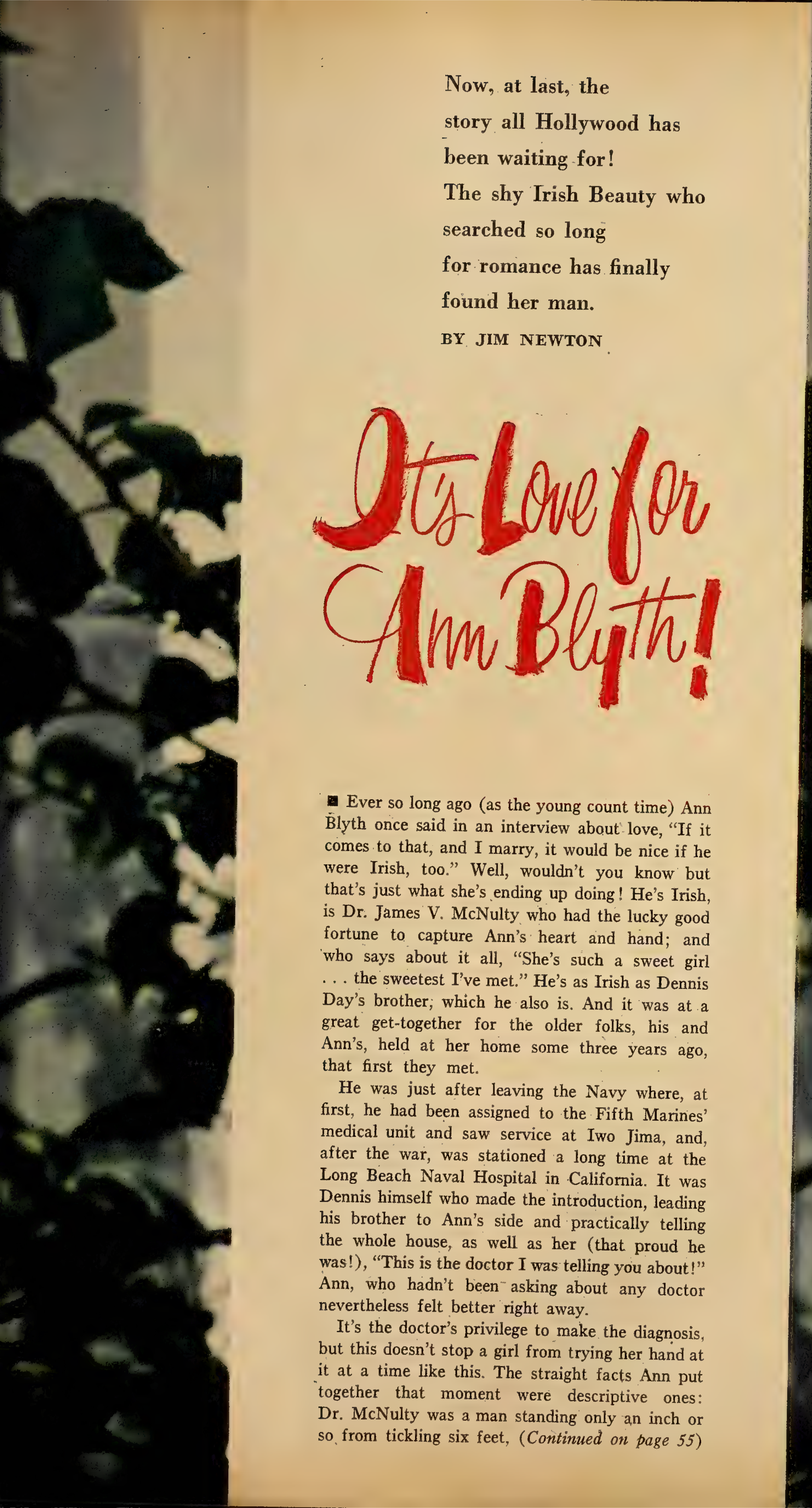
Rock's come a long way from the $60-a-week truck driver he used to be but, despite his growing screen popularity, he's still not too sure of himself. Socially, he is more at ease with old friends than new acquaintances.

BUT WHEN FANS BEGAN TO WHOOP AND HOLLER, IT TOOK A LOOK—AND SAW WHAT THE SHOUTING WAS ABOUT!

■ Winnetka, Illinois is a picturesque, lakefront Chicago suburb with prosperous vistas of wooded estates on which a lot of important Chicago business men raise their families. But eight or nine years ago, as far as the high-school daughters of these tycoons were concerned, the town's most natural wonder was the son of a local automobile mechanic—six-feet-three of dark, bashful boy named Roy Fitzgerald. They weren't, as the pithy saying goes, just flapping their lips. Roy has come through. He started out slowly enough when he left Winnetka, becoming, in time, no more than a $55-a-month member of the U. S. Navy, specializing in shipboard laundering; and later just a $60-a-week truck driver who whistled at girls while he worked. But today? Meet a 27-year-old shaggy-haired film star, renamed Rock Hudson, who gets $1100 a week just for being what the girls of his birthplace were inspired by in the first place—himself.

For his first two years in Hollywood he was one of dozens of frustrated youngsters who are *of* pictures but rarely *in* them . . . all remarkably good looking kids who secretly pray for a break and outwardly smile cynically about their chances. For a time he was better (*Continued on page 79*)





Now, at last, the
story all Hollywood has
been waiting for!
The shy Irish Beauty who
searched so long
for romance has finally
found her man.

BY JIM NEWTON

It's Love for Ann Blyth!

■ Ever so long ago (as the young count time) Ann Blyth once said in an interview about love, "If it comes to that, and I marry, it would be nice if he were Irish, too." Well, wouldn't you know but that's just what she's ending up doing! He's Irish, is Dr. James V. McNulty who had the lucky good fortune to capture Ann's heart and hand; and who says about it all, "She's such a sweet girl . . . the sweetest I've met." He's as Irish as Dennis Day's brother, which he also is. And it was at a great get-together for the older folks, his and Ann's, held at her home some three years ago, that first they met.

He was just after leaving the Navy where, at first, he had been assigned to the Fifth Marines' medical unit and saw service at Iwo Jima, and, after the war, was stationed a long time at the Long Beach Naval Hospital in California. It was Dennis himself who made the introduction, leading his brother to Ann's side and practically telling the whole house, as well as her (that proud he was!), "This is the doctor I was telling you about!" Ann, who hadn't been asking about any doctor nevertheless felt better right away.

It's the doctor's privilege to make the diagnosis, but this doesn't stop a girl from trying her hand at it at a time like this. The straight facts Ann put together that moment were descriptive ones: Dr. McNulty was a man standing only an inch or so from tickling six feet, (*Continued on page 55*)



WHETHER IT'S A JOB OR A WOMAN YOU'RE AFTER, YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT FIGHTING

the FIGHTING IRISHMAN

by Jack Wade

■ There may be better places for meeting single girls, such as church socials, school dances, and Community Chest drives, but in Hollywood and the surrounding environs, one of the most popular of the boy-meets-girl spots is the beach at Santa Monica.

One summer Sunday a few years ago, a refugee from Brooklyn, born Gerald Tierney—he has since taken the more euphonious name of Scott Brady—was lolling about the sands, flexing his well-proportioned muscles, surveying the beach for a little female companionship.

About 25 yards from where he sat, Brady suddenly spied one of the most fetching, tantalizing assortments of feminine curves ever collected in one body. The possessor of these physical charms was a tall, beautiful brunette who lay stretched languorously on the sand, resting easily on one elbow, looking up at the young man who sat beside her.

Brady, who has been slightly girl-crazy from the moment of his birth, rubbed his eyes and took another look. This was no mirage; this was a real flesh-and-blood female.

In a minute the young actor was on his feet. With a



Scott thinks Dorothy's got a better figure than *anybody!* Four years ago he met her on the beach at Santa Monica. She was a bigger star than Scott, then, but he's catching up now.



"Marry me, marry me, marry me" Scott keeps asking Dottie, but she can't make up her mind. Scott dates countless other girls when Dorothy's out of town, but swears he loves only her.

Friends are divided on the success of a Brady-Malone merger. Although they're both 27, both Catholic, and both very much in love, they don't have the same background or interests.

WHEN THE GONG RINGS, SAYS SCOTT BRADY!

careful carelessness he began edging closer and closer to the girl. Ten yards away, he noticed that her male companion was a friend of his, Joe Gray. In a minute he had succeeded in wangling himself an introduction.

"Do you live in Los Angeles?" the bathing beauty asked Scott, "or are you just visiting."

Brady grinned. "I live here," he said. *Gosh! She was pretty.*

"What do you do?" the girl continued.

Scott decided to use the modesty approach. "Just work in a lumberyard," he said. *Baby! What a shape!*

Joe Gray interrupted just as Scott hoped he would. "He's just kidding," Joe told the girl. "He's a movie star."

The brunette's blue eyes widened with expectancy. "Are you really?" she demanded. "Really a movie star?"

"You could call me that," Scott admitted. "But I've only been in a couple of pictures." *Look at the legs on this babe!*

"Please," the dark-haired girl insisted. "Tell me. What were they?"

"Nothin' much," Scott said (*Continued on page 85*)



The charm of the past is recaptured in Loretta Young's home. Precious heirlooms and antiques from many lands whisper of enchanted times and places.

BY MARVA PETERSON

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC

Grey-green walls and blue-green carpets create a cool, placid retreat from the blazing sun that toasts the beachhouse all the year round.





The ocean's only half-a-minute away, but Loretta's beachhouse, true to Hollywood tradition, has its own swimming pool. The patio, sheltered from the wind, is used as an extra room for outdoor entertaining.



A connoisseur of antiques, Loretta believes in making her priceless possessions "earn their keep." She uses her Chinese tea cannisters as lamp bases, and the armoire against the wall serves as a bar.



A modern, glass tiled table in the dining room is surrounded by traditionally styled chairs. The row of low candles was Loretta's own idea; it provides romantic lighting without interfering with conversation.



This modern painting in the hallway started Loretta thinking. While still leaning towards antiques, she now admits old and new *can* mix.

■ Peek into one Hollywood basement and you'll find a vast moist bed of mushrooms. Prowl through another and you'll come across cages full of fat chinchillas. There are vaults full of oil stocks and acres covered with champion livestock. Hollywood stars and starlets alike are busy setting up sidelines to keep them off the breadlines in case they lose their figures or their fan mail. Or else looking forward to the day they can retire and "do something else."

Not Loretta Young. She's been a favorite star for years and years, and thanks be, looks as if she'll go as far into the future as in the past. She's never going to quit. She'll never do "something else." She's already doing something "besides."

There's many a happy householder in Hollywood and vicinity that can thank Loretta for their handsome hearth. Around movie-town the talented Mrs. Tom Lewis is looked upon as real-estate agent, interior decorator, and wholesale mover. Sometimes her friends tease her about it. As a matter of fact she got a real work-out at a dinner party at Rosalind Russell's not long ago.

In the course of the evening the conversational gears were shifted into the subject of real estate. "What are the best neighborhoods out here?" the George Ewings, old friends of Roz from Connecticut, asked. "How are the taxes? Which district has the best schools?" The questions came in fast flurries. Finally (*Continued on next page*)



In Hollywood, it's no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young so they can come home with one or two new decorating ideas. Her porch is a typical mixture of antique and contemporary things.



Loretta and her husband Tom Lewis have lived in five different homes during the last eight years. Soon they'll move into a duplex apartment on Sunset Blvd.



Loretta Young isn't looking forward to retiring and "doing something else." Her profitable hobby, interior decorating, keeps her busy when she's in between screen assignments.

Mrs. Ewing summed up her curiosity in one sentence.

"Roz," she asked her hostess, "if you had the entire county of Los Angeles to choose from, where would *you* live?"

"Don't ask me," Roz smiled. "Ask Loretta. She's lived on practically every street in town."

The visitors turned toward doe-eyed Loretta. Loretta Young smiled and looked at her husband, Tom, for a little support.

"Go ahead," Lewis said. "Tell them. You're certainly qualified."

"I admit we've moved around a bit since we were married," Loretta began. "But really, every street in town, that's . . ."

"Five times in eight years," Tom Lewis said.

"Then what do you think is the best location," the Ewings insisted, "for people with children?"

Loretta thought for a few moments. In the 20 years since she'd moved from her mother's boarding house on Green and Fourth, she'd lived in at least a dozen different homes.

"It depends on what your family likes to do," the actress said presently. "San Fernando and the valley are wonderful if you want to keep horses and live in a ranch-type house. Pasadena is a solid community and very accessible to downtown Los Angeles. The Pacific Palisades are dramatic and Beverly Hills has fine schools . . . so there you are."

"Where do *you* live?" Mrs. Ewing asked.

"Right now," Loretta (*Continued on page 84*)

I sing for St. Jude

by Danny Thomas



The Thomas family link hands in happiness—Danny, Rosemarie, Margaret, Theresa and Tony.

MY BEST SONG SOUNDS ONLY IN MY HEART. GOD ALONE HEARS, BUT ALL MEN JOIN THE CHORUS.

■ Sometimes when I am getting so I think I know all the answers, when arrogance sells me the idea I'm master of all I survey, and all this on the basis of material justification only—meaning I have got hold of a little money, maybe—I hit the bench in church with my knees and a great equalization takes place. Humbleness, which is the only truth we should live in, grips me, and I wince remembering what a peacock I tried to be. I know in my heart that I don't really want anything special. I was a poor boy born into a rich heritage of love and mercy and that is the core of my happiness . . . not anything I acquired later.

I realize today that it was my mother who first showed me what in life had meaning and what was secondary. She used to tell me stories about her home country of Lebanon in which the characters were weighed by only one criterion—they either had hearts and souls or they didn't. She never wasted a word on whether they were rich, poor, powerful or weak. It became clear that this was unimportant, and it has remained clear to me except when ego temporarily clouds my vision. Hers were old fashioned stories and maybe not the kind modern child psychiatrists would approve. But judge for yourself. My favorite was about the murderer who knew that the safest place to hide from the mob was in the home and at the feet of the dead man's father.

"This is the way it is in Lebanon," she would say, "and never has the father failed in his duty to protect because this is the supreme test."

"What test?" I asked the first (*Continued on page 67*)

No thrush should dare
to sing; nor any rose
to bloom. A lover's kiss
is false—if Lana truly
means this bitter phrase.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LOVE!"



■ On the fringe of Hollywood—out where the Sunset Strip begins—there is a small cafe, not much bigger than the average living room, that is called by the odd name of My Own Place. It is the headquarters, office, and bandstand for an enterprising young disk jockey named Larry Finley who sits in the window of the little restaurant until four o'clock in the morning spinning records and commenting on the arrival and departure of the famous. A lot of celebrities patronize My Own Place, for it is the last place a stay-out-later can get into after the saloons and night clubs close at two a.m.

On this particular night the place was jumping as usual at three o'clock. A producer sat near the doorway telling a couple of newspapermen what a great picture he had just made. An actor and a director plotted a future scene on a calico table cloth. And over in a far corner a blonde girl in a mink coat sat and sipped coffee and chatted quietly with a young French actor new to Hollywood. A magazine writer watched them for a few minutes then walked over to their table. He said hello to the girl and then waited for an introduction to the man.

Nobody introduced him; the girl just smiled in amusement and the writer just smiled back at her. It was a game. The girl was (*Continued on page 53*)

Lana has a mighty warm smile for Lex Barker; but since the Lamas fiasco, this baby is cold inside.



prizon: He must report soon to the Coast Guard.

the first or second edition?" Then her piquant little face really did sadden. "Geordie," she appealed, softening the name with a whisper of a French accent, "dear, why do they say these things? How do they dare print things that are untrue?" She moved around the table in her graceful way, to sit on his lap. "Geordie?"

He took her tousled little head in his hands. "I don't know, honey. Maybe they get their kicks that way. Maybe they gotta turn a fast buck. Maybe . . . . Gee, baby, I don't know. It happens all the time. They don't pick just on us."

George Hormel is right in part. It is true that gossip writers have to make a dollar like anyone else. And they certainly don't confine their speculations only to the Hormels. But what George didn't point out is that whatever has to do with himself and Leslie Caron is news. Couple a gamin-like ballerina from Paris, with a 24-year-old hepcat musician whose grandfather happened to found a meat-packing company (*Continued on page 75*)

They're splitting up, say the papers. "*Je t'adore*" whispers Leslie. It's a divorce says the radio. "*Boy, I love you, baby*" says her man!

BY SUSAN TRENT

TWELVE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES JOIN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE AS MODERN SCREEN'S BOARD OF EXPERTS



MARILYN MONROE has traded her usual tousled look for this very sleek, carefully-waved new coiffure.



URSULA THIESS' short cut can be combed into many styles. Her favorites: upsweep and wind-blown bob.



ROSEMARY CLOONEY's simple blonde bob is a perennial favorite with college girls.



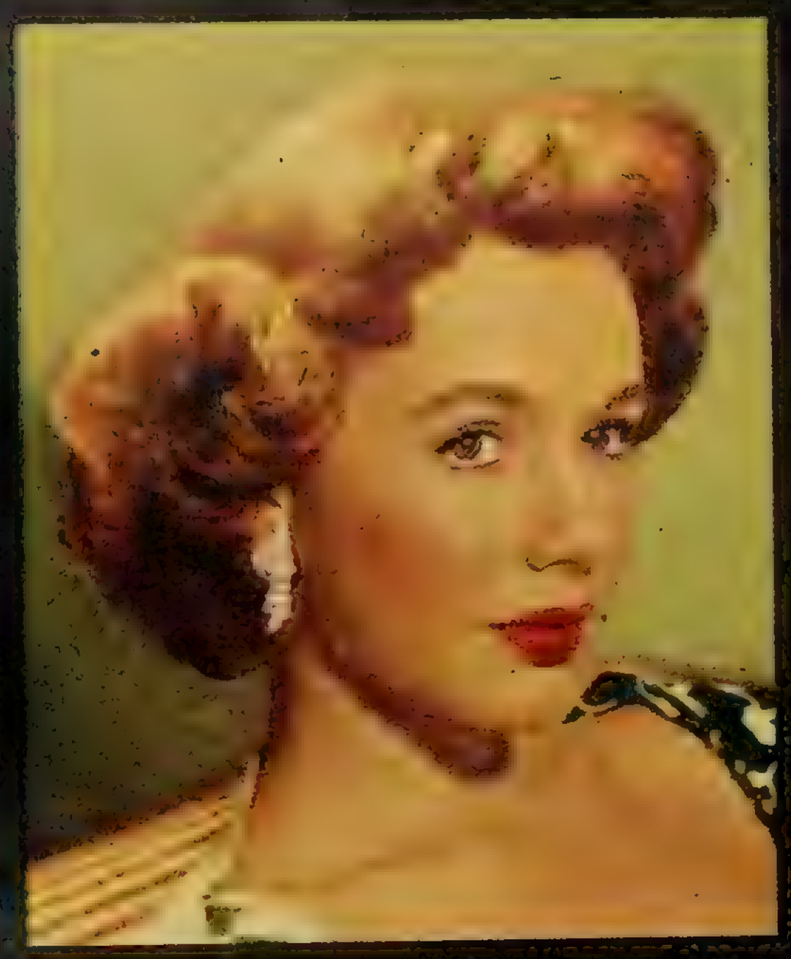
CYD CHARISSE chooses a casual middle-part. It doesn't get mussed while she practices dance steps.



JOYCE HOLDEN's naturally blonde hair isn't easily tamed. Lots of brushing helps to keep it in place.



DEBRA PAGET knows that many men find shoulder-length hair excitingly feminine.



PIPER LAURIE's hair is a color that would have delighted Titian. Constant shampooing highlights it.



PIER ANGELI's wavy tresses are something new. Before she came to the U.S.A. she had straight hair!

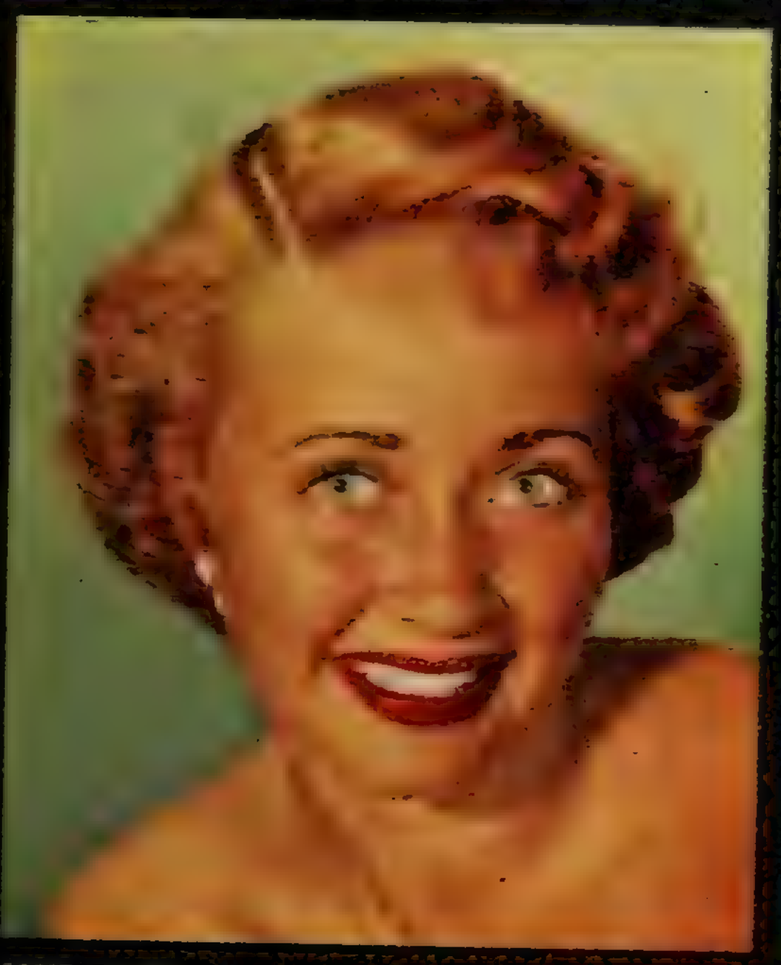


ANN SHERIDAN's elaborate pompadour is just perfect for this sophisticated actress.

SELECT THE YEAR'S BEST-TRESSED



GENE TIERNEY likes this style. It complements any costume her extremely varied social life requires.



JANE POWELL's quick, easy style is kind to her triple-role as a wife, a mother and a busy career girl.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT's worn the same bangs and short hairdo since her movie debut, looks lovely in them.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD

■ There's an old cliché that tells us that a woman is beautiful from "the top of her head to the tip of her toes." Now, MODERN SCREEN is a firm believer in starting at the top, so for the third year it has invited nine beauty experts to select 12 more Hollywood stars to join the royal 24 whose "crowing glories" have already been pronounced "The Most Beautiful Hair In The World."

This year's delectable dozen are: Gene Tierney, Ann Sheridan, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, Claudette Colbert, Joyce Holden, Jane Powell, Piper Laurie, Debra Paget, Pier Angeli, Rosemary Clooney, and Ursula Thiess. Some of these top-notchers are old favorites, some brand new arrivals, but they all have one thing in common—a lovely head on their shoulders.

But it wasn't always necessarily so. Some of these shining examples weren't natural-born Goldilocks. They've worked hard to make head-lines. They care for their natural gifts, they experiment on improvements, and they never forget or neglect their hair.

Styling, actually, is the lesser problem. Often the cut is determined by an artist for a particular screen role. Sometimes, when an actress like Claudette Colbert, finds the perfect coiffure, she never allows it to be altered. Sometimes, as recently happened to Anne Baxter, a change for a particular movie creates a happy change of off-screen appearance, too. And many of the younger stars, Debra Paget and Piper Laurie among them, prefer to cut and curl their own.

As for up-keep—each girl has her own special theory: Marilyn Monroe uses brilliantine as protection against the sun; Pier Angeli is convinced that plenty of air keeps her hair healthy; Ursula Thiess never misses a scalp massage. But all of these stars, and those who have gone before, have two gospel rules. Beautiful hair must be clean, clean, clean . . . beautiful hair must be brushed, brushed, brushed. This is where true hair glamor starts for the most pampered star or the girl next door.

The judges who selected these stars were: Nellie Manley, Paramount; Helen Hunt, Columbia; Jean Reilly, Warners; Larry Germain, RKO; Irene Brooks, 20-Fox; Joan St. Oegger, Universal; Bill Tuttle, MGM; Perc Westmore, Westmore Salon; and Myron Nolt of the Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel.



Dale and Jackie's recent marital rift was caused by his inflated ego, said the columnists.

Has Dale Robertson "gone Hollywood"? Have the dazzling smiles of Fame and Fortune blinded him into snubbing old friends, and fighting with his wife?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

■ "Who's next," asked the Colonel of his aide.

"Sir, it's the Lieutenant with the shattered knee-cap. Dayle LyMoine Robertson, his name is," the Corporal spoke with some awe in his voice. "He's really had it rough, sir. The Lieutenant was with the 332nd Combat Engineers."

That was credential enough for the Colonel. For even safe at home at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the European exploits of that bunch of heros was well discussed.

"Knee-cap, hmmm. And with the 332nd. That calls for something special," and the Colonel began riffling through his mind for an assignment for Lt. Robertson that would keep him occupied—and happy—for the time he would linger in Fort Bragg before being discharged.

When Dale Robertson (as he spells his name now) was ushered in to the Commanding Officer's presence, the Colonel knew just how well he'd picked the task for the man. He saw a tall, ruggedly handsome soldier in front of him, and just knew that the guy had a way with the ladies.

That's what the Lieutenant needed for his mission. The choice and challenging assignment was to decorate the walls of the Officers' Club with a dozen or more life-size photographs of fetching females in assorted poses. The Colonel smiled as he gave the order; Dale grinned as he acknowledged it.

Ft. Bragg is located some 12 miles from the city of Fayetteville, and while that municipality boasts many beautiful women, there are precious few professional models within its environs who will pose in nature's garment even for so lofty a purpose (*Continued on page 60*)



"Sports are important to me," says Dale. "After working six days in a row, I like riding, golfing or hunting on Sunday." But Jackie, left alone with their baby, sometimes ponders which he likes better: sports, or his wife.

BIG STAR, BIG HEAD?

aldo's dream

(*Continued from page 18*) Frog Man. He came back on leave, more than a year later, and one afternoon an old schoolmate of his asked if he wanted to see the local basketball game that night.

"Sure," said Aldo. He'd been through a lot by then but he'd been away actually only a short time, and still knew all the kids on both teams.

"You want to bring a girl friend?" he said.

Aldo grinned. "Sure. And I know which one, if you can fix it for me."

He didn't know it then, but he was referring to his future wife. She was a senior in high school at the time, and he'd known her only casually before he went away. He'd seen her on the street that afternoon and she'd been so gay and friendly that he felt attracted to her right away.

They went to the game together and in the ensuing months he always phoned her for dates when he was home on liberty. He was discharged from the Navy the following spring, and before either of them realized it they were going steady. "She was so cute," says Aldo. "She was so much fun to be with. A real personality girl."

He worked all that summer as a warehouseman at the sugar refinery in Crockett and in the fall started at the University of California on a scholarship. He kept on working at night but found time for dates with his favorite girl. Then he switched to the junior college at Vallejo. It was nearer his home and they would let him play football there; they weren't so fussy about his trick knee. Just before he changed schools he had a blistering argument with his girl. "I can't remember what it was about," he says now. "I guess nobody ever can."

At any rate, Vallejo Junior College saw him going out with other girls and it also saw him as somewhat of a big wheel on the campus. He was a football hero, he got straight A's in all his studies, and he was president of the student body. Aldo Ray had never had it so good.

He was feeling pretty smug when he went back to Crockett and saw his girl again. It had been a long time and he was flushed with success. "Hello," he said, and she replied with a brief and rather cool greeting. He must have shown his surprise, for a worried little look went across her face then. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound that way. But you see—I'm engaged."

The big wheel of Vallejo Junior College felt his spokes collapsing. Everything had been going so great. He couldn't believe this. At first he thought it was only his pride that was hurt, but in the next few days he realized that it was really his heart. He couldn't stand losing her.

On Christmas Eve he saw her in church at the midnight mass. It was that night that he reached in his coat pocket and showed her the biggest and best engagement ring he'd been able to afford. All is fair in love and war, the saying goes, and some people add politics to that. Aldo was a born politician, and the summation of his strategy was that she broke the engagement a week later and married Aldo the following June.

He was 21 and she was 19, and both of them suffered doubting-pains before the ceremony. His fiancée in particular felt shaky about the whole venture and confided to her friends and family, as well as Aldo, that she didn't feel at all sure. They replied that the uncertainty was universal, that every prospective bride feels the same way. Besides, they pointed out, all the arrangements were made for a big wedding. She couldn't back out now. On Aldo's part, his old gang collectively was giving him the needle. "You're too young," they kept saying. But Aldo felt he knew what he was doing. He loved her and he wanted to be married, so he turned a deaf ear.

The wedding was wonderful. Fully 400 people were there, all people the bride and groom had known all their lives. It was old home week, and it was glamorous and exciting. They went to Del Mar on the California coast for their honeymoon and returned to Crockett to settle down to the business of being married. For a great many married couples this period comes as an anti-climax to the engagement and wedding. And it did with Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

They were both very busy. Aldo went to school during the day and worked at night as a stevedore for the refinery. His bride worked during the day, also at the refinery, and did her housewifely chores at night. They began to have small spats, none of which were serious, but with the disadvantage of youth both of them blew up every argument way out of proportion in their own minds. It never had anything to do with outsiders; the disagreements were always between themselves. They simply weren't adjusting.

Their apartment was small and dingy, and they thought it might help if they found a better place to live. It was the height of the housing shortage, but they did find a place that was more cheerful, another furnished apartment. Aldo began to think that things would work out better and then the night after their first anniversary he came home for "lunch," as the stevedores call their 9 P.M. meal, and found the house empty. No wife, no meal, no note. She came in shortly afterward and gave him her decision point blank. "Aldo, I think we had better not try any longer." She said she had wanted someone like her father, and that Aldo was not at all like him.

She left that night and went to live with her parents. For long months afterward Aldo pleaded with her to try again, to make a go of the marriage. It was during this time that Maria DaRe, Aldo's mother, gave birth to her seventh child, and the new baby was the pride of the household. Not long after, Aldo saw his wife walking along the main street of the town.

"Where are you headed for?" he asked.

"I'm going to get a soda at the drugstore," she said.

"How about changing your mind and coming over to my house?" He took her hand and held it. "My mother would like to see you, and so would my new brother."

They talked more seriously about their marriage that night than they had ever done. Aldo admitted the mistakes he had made and promised to do better if she would only try again. Both of them felt badly about the idea of divorce, particularly in view of their Catholic faith. Five days later they were back together again, this time in a new apartment with their own furniture. They were trying desperately, and hoped that the common bond of furnishing a home would help.

By this time Aldo, although still in his senior semester at school, was campaigning for the office of constable in Crockett. His wife told him he was too young, that he'd never be elected. Then, soon after their reconciliation, he was given the chance to play a bit part as a football player in Columbia's *Saturday's Hero*. The $200-a-week salary was a godsend. During the picture's filming Aldo either went up to Crockett for weekends or his wife came to Hollywood. The election took place after the picture was finished, and Aldo won in a landslide. He forgot all about Hollywood and devoted himself to his new duties, but things weren't going well at home. They were both still trying, but it was beginning to be obvious that it wasn't going to work. They were like two puppies trying to pull a dogcart in different directions.

It was decided that a divorce was the only answer and then they discovered they were going to have a baby. It posed a new problem. They had both wanted children and would have been deliriously happy about it had they felt their marriage was on solid ground. As it was, they put up a front to the whole town during the next long months. They were living a sham existence and neither of them was happy about it. A daughter was born to them on July 13, 1951, a baby who came into the world in unfortunate circumstances, for while her parents loved her dearly, they did not love each other. They knew, at the hospital, when they looked at each other over this tiny bundle, that it was all over. If a child, born of both of them, could not bring them together, then nothing could.

Marilyn Monroe walked into the 20th Century-Fox cafeteria one day wearing only a skirt and a red sweater—that's all. A studio official took a good look and admonished her about her attire. Marilyn gave him a smile and said: "What's the matter—don't you like red?"

Erskine Johnson in The World-Telegram

Things happened fast after that. The very day after his wife and baby had come home Aldo got a phone call from Max Arnow, the casting director at Columbia Studios. Would Aldo be interested in a bit role in a new picture they were going to make? He would. All the bills were paid and he gave his wife a lump sum of money, and then on September 1st he took one last look at his infant daughter and turned away.

In Hollywood, he went on to be the Horatio Alger boy. His success in *The Marrying Kind* was followed by important roles with Hepburn and Tracy in *Pat And Mike* and then Ray Milland and Jane Wyman in *Let's Do It Again*. He kept his nose to the grindstone and was not seen at the bright spots. It is quite possible that he was given advice to be a good boy and stay at home until the divorce was finalized, but it is also possible that Aldo made up his own mind concerning his behavior. In his capacity as a rookie in the industry he has been doused with advice from all sides in both high and low places. But with that political turn of mind he had listened to all the advice and followed only what he considered worthwhile.

He has said that he stayed out of "twosome" mentions in the gossip columns because he felt it was the right thing to do under the circumstances. There was the added fact that he necessarily had to spend the better part of his free time in learning to use the tools of his trade. Aldo's explosive success in Hollywood has been nothing short of phenomenal. In his first year he appeared in strong roles with five Academy Award winners, and it has been no mean chore to turn out performances worthy of the company of these veterans.

Aldo now lives in a modest apartment in the San Fernando Valley. He takes care of the place himself, doing his own cooking, cleaning, and mending. As the eldest

of the DaRe family he long ago learned how to take care of a house, and while he considers it no hardship he admits that he does not like living alone. He feels that marriage is the way to live, and that a happy marriage is the epitome of good living.

He is frank to admit he would like to be married again, and feels that a wife is indispensable to a man's happiness and success. He likes to quote an old Chinese proverb that says in effect, "The reason women are never successful in business is because they don't have wives to help them."

He feels that the failure of his first marriage has taught him a great deal and that should he marry again he would know how to be a better husband. He has never claimed that he was the fair-haired partner where the marriage difficulties were concerned and on the contrary has realized his own mistakes. He feels quite strongly about the type of girl he will marry in the future. She must, above all, have faith in him and his ability. She must be his helpmate in his career as well as his home life, by the simple expedient of believing in him. He would like a girl who is positive, who can say "I believe this because—" and give a reason for it. He wants an intelligent girl who is not necessarily pretty. "I'd rather have her be cute," he says. "I don't like women in slacks, but neither do I like them all dolled up all the time. They strike me as being too haughty that way, and not earthy enough." What he means is that he likes a girl who is natural and without affected manners. He notices first about a girl her manner of speaking. If her voice comes out shrill or nasal, or through a wad of chewing gum, he mentally turns his back on her. On the other hand, he can't feel attracted to the type who confine themselves to studied cultural tones in an effort to impress others. "Too much cul-chure I can't take," he says.

He wants a happy medium. "I hope the girl I marry will like to live on a ranch. There's so much security in owning land. You always have chickens and eggs and a couple of porkers, and I think the secure feeling you'd get from a life like that would make for a solid marriage. And I hope she'll like a house with a lot of fireplaces." He wants a second marriage to be a lasting one. "Nobody gets married with the idea of getting divorced later. I couldn't take a second divorce. I'd do my darndest. I'd hate having to leave her to go on tour. I think if I had to be away a long time from a girl I loved I'd just die."

This is Aldo Ray talking of dreams. There is no girl as yet in his life, and even after the divorce was final he didn't rush into a dating spree. He points out that the actresses with whom he has come in contact don't give him much choice. They fall into two separate classes; one group is well established in the business and happily married, and the other consists of the younger starlets who grow hysterically unhappy unless they're flying around town all the time. "I'm no playboy," says Aldo. "I like a girl who says, 'Let's go—let's have fun,' but I don't like the idea of having to see and be seen in the right places. That's their idea of living it up. Me, I don't care where I am as long as I'm having a good time with the girl I'm with."

He has entertained in his apartment—the Southern California football team of which his brother is a member. He has entertained in a restaurant—his brother's friends on the team. There hasn't yet been a romance for the gossip columns, but Aldo is the marrying kind, and in all probability there will be one before long.

Last November, when he went up to Crockett to watch one of his kid brothers play in a football game, he also saw his ex-wife and baby daughter. It was the first time since he left in the fall of 1951, and by this time the baby was 16 months old. He lost his heart to her and told his friends back in Hollywood, "I wish that everybody in the world could have a baby just like her."

Sitting there talking with his ex-wife and playing with his daughter, it seemed to Aldo that he had never been away—but that was only for the nostalgic moment. Things have tumbled into and out of his life in rapid succession; his two lives, although so totally different, seem to overlap. It has been a deeply unsettling experience, and it will take time to clear his mind and heart of the confusion that lies there now. As Aldo told the girl who had shared three years of his life, "I'm still searching."

END

"there's no such thing as love"

(*Continued from page 42*) Lana Turner and she never introduced a new escort. Find out who he was if you cared, but she never tells.

"Well," said the writer after a pause, "tell me this much. Is it love?"

The smile left Lana's face. Her eyes chilled just a little and then she hid them with lowered lashes. "There's no such thing as love," she said.

"You're kidding," said the writer, for there was something in Lana Turner's tone that gave the simple statement a deep meaning.

Lana looked up, her eyes steady now, something almost like defiance in them. "I'm not kidding," she said.

The writer went back to his table to his own coffee and sat and looked into the cup for a long time. This was quite a thing. It was like Louella Parsons saying, "There is no Hollywood." Or Harry Truman saying, "There is no White House." After awhile Lana left. She stood up, wrapped her mink coat closely about her and walked ahead of her date to the door. Just about every eye in the room was on her; she was very beautiful. After she was gone the writer thought about her a good deal more, and finally came to the conclusion that maybe she was right. Maybe there is no such thing as love—*for Lana Turner.*

Everybody who has any interest in the movies at all knows all about Lana Turner and her loves. They've been publicized better than any other Hollywood commodity. Even her minor loves and the relationships that were just friendships that looked like love. As a matter of fact, it's hard to think about Lana and not think of love at the same time. That might be because Lana is probably the most glamorous of all the stars, the sexiest, the lustiest, the one who looks most like a movie star off-screen; the one who looks most like a femme fatale. And she looks, with those liquid blue eyes and mouth ready for smiling or pouting, like the one who could feel the deepest emotion, particularly love.

Well, she is. And that's why it might be true that there is no such thing as love for Lana Turner anymore.

The past year for Lana Turner has been a bitter one. It has been filled with uncertainty, peeks at happiness and disillusionment, maybe despair. During the past 12 months Lana has lost one husband, sweated out a divorce in anticipation of another, and lost him, too. But it would take more than just these things to bring a gleam of bitterness to Lana Turner's eyes. It has been an accumulation of disappointments over a period of 15 years, starting with puppy loves and running through numerous stabs at something permanent and three marriages. She is now 31. If, as they say, youth is the time for love, it has passed Lana Turner by and she didn't get a prize.

This writer has been around during those 15 years of romance. All of them. He's seen Mickey Rooney chase her around the school house at MGM; and Lana, laughing and flushed of face out-running him. He's seen her stare coolly at a Texas millionaire across a crowded room and cut off his enthusiasm without saying a word or averting her eyes. I was in the crew of reporters who took notes at the announcement of her first Hollywood engagement, to her longtime friend Greg Bautzer. And when she was not yet 20 I stood a foot from her in an NBC studio as she told an astonished Artie Shaw that he was once again an educated bachelor. I saw her weep when she got an annulment of her marriage to Steve Crane; and laugh when she got her first public kiss from Bob Topping.

I saw Lana Turner when she was the gayest girl that ever hit a Hollywood night club. The places didn't begin to perk until Lana arrived. And I saw her sitting alone and forlorn at Mocambo one night—the night she left Bob Topping—surrounded by chairs piled on tables, not a spark of fun or joy left in her. Once I got a punch in the nose from a star because he didn't like the way I wrote about a date they'd had at the same night club. I know about it all, and have seen most of it, but I'd say the last year has taken the greatest toll—and Fernando Lamas was the toughest guy to lose. And I could believe that Lana Turner will never again fall in love.

One night ten years ago Lana Turner sat at a ringside table at the Hollywood Palladium with an agent and looked out across the dance floor at a sea of bobbing heads undulating to the rhythm of a famous orchestra. As the dancers passed most of them stared at the stunning star and then moved on, making room for another batch of glancers. Most of the men envied the agent she was sitting with, and all of the girls envied Lana, for she was famous, rich and very beautiful. And Lana watched them in the artificial twilight of the room and noticed the way they held each other and clung together and shared a Saturday night.

"Lucky," she whispered to herself.

"What's that?" asked the agent.

"I said they're lucky," said Lana. "I wish I was in the middle out there with —a guy. Some nice guy of mine."

She hadn't long passed her twenty-first birthday but she was already sadly aware that she'd never have exactly what the rest of the girls of her age had. At least she thought she never could have. Being a movie star, Lana Turner thought that night, has its disadvantages, the main one being the fact that a movie star was the idol of too many men. It wasn't possible for a movie star to dance in the middle of that big floor with just *one* guy.

Today, you might be able to blame Lana Turner's opinion of love on her attitude that night. I chose to lay the blame

at the feet of the men in her life. They, not Hollywood, not fame, not vicious circumstance are to blame.

Take the first one. Mickey Rooney. The Mick, as he was called in those days, was no handsome knight on a white charger, but he thought he was. He raced after the girls like a shaggy toy poodle chasing a pack of great Danes. When Lana Turner came to MGM Mickey was just another pupil in her class room, but he was also the biggest box-office draw in the movies. A girl couldn't discount that, and so when Mickey began to pay her ardent court it was flattering. She will admit today that she liked him—and it can be safely estimated that the reason he didn't get anywhere is that he was over-eager. Maybe if he'd slowed down a bit and hadn't acted like a pyromaniac at a four-alarm fire they'd have gotten along.

During this early stage of Lana Turner's love life there were other men. Maybe a better word would be boys. Lana was just learning that life can be full and she was out on the town very nearly every night and used to show up at school with hangovers. The lads and immature men who took her out either sat and drooled or clung and panted, depending on their nerve. And pretty soon Lana wasn't able to figure out just exactly what love was—a state of being, or a sport without rules.

She was about 18 when she first thought she was really in love. The man was Greg Bautzer, her attorney, and, as she herself speaks of him today, the most elusive man in America. Greg was handsome, headed for success and sophisticated. His calm attitude made the other men she had known look like vacuum cleaner salesmen who had been told they were fired if they didn't sell a sweeper before nightfall. This very charm was the cause of the break-up between them a year or so later. Lana, like any woman in love, wanted the fellow of her choice to be ardent. Greg wasn't. She wanted him to talk of marriage once in a while. Greg wouldn't. As a matter of fact, he'd likely run if the word was said. Getting engaged was fine, but that was it.

Lana Turner was carrying around Greg Bautzer's engagement ring when she got married for the first time. Although she has spoken about it a good deal, Lana has never to this day been able to think of a good reason for this first marriage—to Artie Shaw. She says she was not in love with him—and this is believable, because she eloped with him the first night they went out together, right after dinner. It is a matter of record that she didn't kiss him until the justice in Las Vegas told her to.

Just how many of the men she dated she loved, only Lana Turner knows. And she won't tell. But it isn't hard to figure out. I'd say she was in love with Victor Mature. It certainly looked like it. But Mature was in love with Rita Hayworth. He dated Lana plenty, but he didn't want to marry her. Lana was not living only to marry again, but she felt there had to be some other fulfillment to steady dating besides a good time and a kiss goodnight on the door step. That's about all she got from Mature. The thing that made her cancel the whole arrangement was the strong suspicion that he was late-dating after he drove away from her front door. This is a tragic belief to any girl, let alone Lana Turner, movie star and 20-year-old divorcée.

I would say that Lana was in love with Tony Martin. But he was in love with Alice Faye. Tony was as handsome a lad as ever got into the movies. When he danced with a girl he sang the songs that were making him famous, but he sang them softly into her ear. Even if he wasn't in love with the girl he sang to, she had every right to think he was. The man was a charmer who didn't know his own strength. What happened between them is, again, a secret that only Lana and Tony know, but they didn't last much longer than it took for the ink that made the headlines of their engagement to dry. They didn't speak for a long time after.

It was eight years ago, maybe nine, that Lana Turner met and married the man she says today was the real love of her life. Steve Crane. And Crane was terribly in love with her. Who knows, they might still be married today, except for the blow that came to Lana a few days after her marriage. A young woman from the middle west named Carol Kurtz gave a story to the newspapers that she, and not Lana Turner, was Steve Crane's wife—and she had the documents to bear her claim out. Something serious happened to Lana Turner's belief in love the day she read that story in the papers. She got an annulment; Crane got a divorce; they married again (some say only because she was going to bear Crane's child) and they lived together for a year or more. But something happened when that story broke that couldn't be healed—and again Lana Turner was a divorcée. A more bitter divorcée than she had been the first time.

QUIZZING THE STARS

What do you notice about a man when you first meet him? What attracts you? What is most important to you in a man's character?

AUDREY TOTTER: His smile. His sense of humor attracts me. The most important in his character is his good taste.

SHELLEY WINTERS: Whether he looks alert and intelligent. His personality attracts. Honorableness is most important.

If you'll take a look at the photographs of Lana Turner that have been made since that divorce you'll notice something in Lana's face that wasn't there before. Or possibly the lack of something that *had* been there before. The eagerness was gone from her eyes. And on her face was a mask of sophistication, a worldly expression that belonged to a woman who might say, "Nuts" if a man told her he loved her.

Lana Turner's marriage to Bob Topping was probably the only really adult romantic situation she had ever been in. It would be a little far-fetched to say it was a marriage of convenience, founded on such dull things as the desire for a home life and roots, but it wouldn't be ridiculous. Topping was a man of the world, a chap who had had his way with women for a long time and was ready to settle down to a respectable family existence. Lana certainly wanted that more than anything else. Yet they were in love, not madly, wildly, but with restraint. They had a love they could analyze and count upon, one that could be handled in time of stress. I don't believe either of them expected it would ever come to an end, mainly because they could inspect it and not ask the impossible of it.

But there came that night at Mocambo when Lana sat alone and knew she couldn't go on any longer, and so she instituted proceedings for a separation.

Fernando Lamas was the first actor (since Mickey Rooney) Lana worked with and liked. Lamas is a strange combination. He is a Latin, with all the charm the word implies, and he is as American as Steve Canyon. On-screen he is the classic South American lover. Off-screen he is a bundle of humor and casual grace. Which facet of this dual personality Lana liked is hard to say, but it is more than likely his off-screen self. They met while they were rehearsing for *The Merry Widow*. Set workers say they didn't get along at the beginning. That could be because Lana was not in the mood to hold hands with any man—and Lamas looks like a genuine hand-holder. But after a while they enjoyed working together. Later on they liked to spend evenings together.

When they fell in love they made no bones about it. They kept out of the limelight as much as possible at first, because Lana was not divorced and Fernando was in the same boat. It was all right, for they were both separated, but they didn't want too much publicity. Lana hasn't been a very demonstrative girl in public for years, so the reports that they had fallen in love had to be second hand. neither one of them denied it or made excuses, but they made no announcements.

However, those elusive people known as "intimates of both parties" say that they were in the clouds, and after a few months, not concerned with anything but getting divorces and marrying. Lana went to Nevada and established residence for a divorce. So did Fernando's wife. Mrs. Lamas got hers and the papers all carried stories that now Lana would pick up her decree and she and Fernando would tie the knot. But that didn't happen. There were a number of reasons given for Lana not getting her divorce. Most of them seemed to agree, though, that it had to do with a property settlement with Topping. Neither of them confirmed or denied this. But Lana didn't apply for that paper that would have made her eligible.

I saw Lana Turner on the last date she had with Fernando Lamas, and she certainly didn't look like a woman about to fling the ashes of a dead love in her boy friend's face. Nor did he look like a fellow searching for words to tell his doll to get lost. It was at the party Marion Davies gave for Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Ray. I sat at the next table and Lana and Fernando seemed quite happy with one another. Not delirious, but happy.

They have not spent an hour together since that night. Whatever it was that happened was serious, and it happened that night, after they left the party. Nobody seems to know exactly what the quarrel was, but it has put another scar on Lana Turner's heart and a different look in her eyes. That's so apparent that it is easy to say Fernando might have been her biggest love, and possibly her last.

Lana Turner will be a movie queen for a while yet. She has a beauty that will last, the same talent that made her an all-time movie great and an artistry in her work these days that can keep her working on sound stages until she's too old to hold a script. See *The Bad And The Beautiful* and you'll know that. That's what's in store for Lana Turner the actress. What about Lana Turner the woman?

Well, the writer in the all-night cafe where the Sunset Strip begins thought a lot about it over that final cup of coffee. Maybe it will always be like it was that night. A reporter will ask her if it's love, pointing to her date, and she'll say, "There's no such thing as love." And she won't smile after awhile, because she's not kidding.

And then she'll get up and wrap her mink coat about her and go home. And her date, a faceless man who can drive and tell the time, will follow her, a step or two to the rear. And maybe Lana Turner will go home or cry on her pillow. Or sometimes ponder she might have been better off if she'd not been so fleet of foot and had let Mickey Rooney catch her.

END

it's love for ann blyth!

(*Continued from page 35*) he had black hair, brown eyes (with a piece of the sun twinkling in them) and altogether made you think to yourself, "You'd know he was Dennis Day's brother for sure. There is such a strong family resemblance." Having thought it, Ann said it. They talked about it for a while and then they talked about themselves. The doctor (he didn't become "Jim" to her for quite a while, Ann being that formal and respectful!) said he was just getting his private practice under way and hoped to be a busy man. She wished him luck. He also said that just the same, busy or not, he hoped he would be able to see her again and she not only must have wished him luck again . . . but helped to make it true.

Not too often at first, because he soon became one of those doctors who are not in their office because they are wanted at the hospital, and not at the hospital because they are needed at the office. And, of course, no one needs be told that Ann has been one of the busiest girls in Hollywood. Not often at all for the first two years, if the truth be told. The doctor tried, and so did Ann, but when she wasn't working on a new picture the doctor was launching a new baby. This was the period during which Ann was seen one day with this boy and the other day with that one—"this boy" being a Roddy MacDowall or a Dick Contino, and "that one" a Lon McCallister or even Scott Brady. With the exception of Contino these boys were all fleeting dates, and her friendship with Contino was more that than the romance it was played up to be by the columnists.

But last summer the tangle of time and duty, which was keeping Ann and her doctor apart, began to unwind a bit. At least, whenever he could catch an evening off there was Ann, ready and waiting. For this they could not only thank their celestial stars, but also a star of a different type, this one of flesh, blood and temperament—too much of all three, as a matter of fact, his studio has complained. You're right! Mario Lanza.

When Signor Lanza decided he'd rather get demerits than be *The Student Prince* or M-G-M, Ann, who was to be his leading lady, found herself without assignment. Her salary contined but she had nothing to do. While Lanza raved and studio heads cussed she sat quietly by and stuffed her fingers in her ears like a little lady. After some days of this she was told she could wait at home. The situation then became one in which her own studio at the time, Universal-International, didn't care play any new role for Ann because he might be called back to MGM any moment if Lanza came back to work. U-I, having loaned Ann to MGM, planned to get paid for her availability even if *The Student Prince* was shelved—which it was. Ann had already been to Korea, no personal appearance tours were in the offing. For practically the first time in her career she was a lady of leisure . . . and that's when the doctor became "Jim" to her and she began thinking not only of being Ann with him, but *his* Ann!

Where did they go? Mostly to shows at first. And when they ran out of shows they lingered longer in dining places and now and then found an entertainment spot. Whenever there would be an industry shindig it would be on Jim's arm that Ann arrived and departed. And it was their manner, the way it bespoke the kind of close understanding young people can have when they "discover" each other, that first inspired their friends to say they were in love.

When Ann and Jim dance they don't dance Hollywood fashion in which you look around the room to see who else is there and are apparently oblivious of your partner. Their faces are smile to smile, and the smiles are warm and lasting. When they eat out they are quite apt to talk about the art of eating at home, and Jim knows Ann has a working knowledge of the kitchen. She has told him. She has made it plain that she doesn't like the modern kind of kitchen that resembles a sterile operating room in a hospital; she thinks it ought to be one of the warmest rooms in the house where you feel like sitting down and eating what you've cooked there.

Not long ago something happened which indicated that their attachment for each other was nearing the "possessive" stage, which everyone knows comes just before possession is made official at the altar. It didn't seem like much when it happened, but when you started to thinking about it . . . it was quite significant.

Jim took Ann to the Screen Producer's Guild banquet at the Biltmore Bowl and when they entered the hotel a flock of kids waving autograph books surrounded them. Ann signed autograph after autograph, lingering so long that Jim became impatient and finally called a halt. "Come on! Come on!" he said. Ann jumped! She flew to his side and down the stairs they went. The fans who were left behind looked at each other in amazement.

Red Skelton to Debra Paget: "The girl who swears she's never been kissed has a right to swear."

"Gee!" said one girl. "I've seen her with fellows a lot of times and they never dared talk like that if she wanted to go on signing."

"Maybe she wants him to," commented her friend with the air of a deep sage.

The two looked at each other and nodded. So that's the way it was, huh?

Is it that way? "It certainly is," reports Barney McDevitt who handles Dennis Day's public relations and is pretty well up on doings in the McNulty family. "The romance definitely looks serious."

Is it that way? Another McNulty brother (there are five altogether, plus a sister, and all married except Jim), is John, who manages Dennis' business affairs. He, with the caution of a figures-and-facts sort of fellow, is more guarded. "They've a warm friendship for each other and have had for some time," he says.

Well it's true that Jim is busy. He's so busy that he has never had time to get his own apartment since leaving the service, and he still lives in his parents' home. But he's not too busy for romance and he didn't sound at all flabbergasted when queried about Ann and himself the other day. The question appeared to do nothing to spoil the good humor he was in and his reply revealed no surprise at all that such a question should be put to him.

"Are you engaged?" he was asked. "Can you tell me about that?"

"I wouldn't say that," he came back. "Other people seem to know more than we do."

"Well, will you say that you and Ann will be married or engaged soon?" came the next question.

"I don't know," he said. Then he added, reflectively, "She's such a sweet girl."

When he was told that a lot of people think he and Ann would make a fine couple he smiled gratefully. And when he was asked if he thought he could win her he thought it over.

"I don't know whether I'll be that lucky or not," he answered at last. "You see, I'm an obstetrician and my work keeps me on the go. Then, she has her work, too, and opposing schedules like that don't permit us to see too much of each other. We don't get together too often—not as often as I'd like."

But this wasn't all. He had something else to add. Ann was still on his mind and he felt like talking about her. "She's a fine girl," he went on, "I've never heard anybody in Hollywood have a bad word to say about her . . . or even unkind."

Both Ann and Jim are Catholics. Jim's church was in Hollywood and Ann's in the valley near her home. But there is a change now, according to McDevitt. They're both going to Ann's now.

Jim was born in New York. He graduated from New York Medical College, going immediately into the Navy as a lieutenant (jg) and getting his internship while in the service. He is 34, ten years Ann's senior, which makes it perfect as far as her ideas about marriage ages are concerned.

It might not be in error to say that Ann has a partiality for doctors, especially if they are Irish. Shortly after she suffered a compound fracture of the back in a tobogganing accident in the mountains near San Bernadino four years ago she met and liked Dr. Robert Flynn, well known at the Queen of Angeles hospital in Los Angeles. She and Robert used to make up a dating foursome and the man of the other couple practiced medicine too—Dr. Robert Caldwell (he delivered Jane Powell's first baby). He is now married to Joan Leslie.

When the first column item broke about Ann and Jim some of the nurses at the Queen of Angeles hospital didn't get his name, and just understood that she was going with a "doctor." They were sure this could only mean Dr. Flynn. It was not until a "Queen" nurse met a "St. Vincent's" nurse and heard about Dr. Jim McNulty that they got *that* straight.

The staff at St Vincent's thinks Jim is the salt of the earth but they love to kid him about his romance. It generally comes in the form of congratulations, especially from the nurses, who are solid fans of his. "He's a honey!" said one. "Always the same—just smiles through any crisis," said another. "A jolly one," said a third.

One thing becomes certain when you see Ann these days—she is happier than she ever was before. You get no feeling of "Miss Lonely Heart," as she used to be called. If you ask her about the change, the reason she'll give is that now that she has been signed by MGM after having her option dropped at U-I, she is certain to get the kind of singing roles she has always wanted. She loved the opportunity for dramatic acting she got making *The World In His Arms* with Gregory Peck. But music comes first with Ann in her work. The announcement from her new studio about casting her in the musical, *Rose-Marie,* set her to dancing about the chances she'll have for singing.

A couple of months ago Ann was asked if she had given any thought to the type of man she liked best. "Yes, a man with quiet strength about him, if you know what I mean," she replied. "Probably one who is a success at whatever he does and liked by those who work with him. This last would mean a lot."

Did she know such a man already? Being Ann she smiled and took a bit of time before answering. "I know *a* man like that," she said, "but not necessarily *the* man."

But could he be? Ann looked at a distant corner of the room and nodded at it. And that was all she would do about that question. But it was apparent he could be. Everybody is pretty sure Jim *is*. **END**

rita's new love

(*Continued from page 28*) it wasn't true. "We got along very well, naturally," was the way she put it.

"In view of that," a reporter asked, "is a reconciliation between you and the Prince a distinct possibility?"

Rita didn't have to think a second. "I doubt that very much."

"Isn't your lawyer, Bartley Crum, in Paris right now trying to work out some sort of financial settlement?"

The Princess Khan nodded and made it very plain that she would never seek a divorce from her Mohammedan Romeo until he first made some satisfactory financial arrangement regarding the welfare of their cute, black-eyed, 3-year-old daughter, Yasmin.

"You understand," Rita explained, and there was the slightest touch of a British accent in her intonation, "that I'm not asking anything for myself, absolutely nothing. I feel it's simply my duty as a mother to consider our daughter's future."

The photographers' flash bulbs started popping off. "How about this Spanish nobleman you went around with?" another newsman asked. "Count Villapadierna, something like that?"

The color rose in Rita Hayworth's face. She posed for a few more photographs but declined to answer a single question concerning this dashing new noble Spanish admirer.

AND yet all over Paris and Madrid where they were seen and photographed together, Rita Hayworth and the Count of Villapadierna—full name: Jose Maria Padierna de Villapadierna y Avcilla, Erice y Aguado, the man known to cafe society in Paris as "Pepe" Villapadierna—, have been euphemistically termed "an item."

In many quarters, for example, gossip has it that when and if she secures her freedom, Rita will probably take the dashing 40-year-old count as her fourth mate.

One of the leading members of high aristocratic society in Paris told an employee of the French newspaper, *Samedi Sair*: "It was my impression that the Princess was scheduled to leave for New York late in November. The reason she did not leave Europe until some weeks later, I believe, is because she was very much taken with the companionship of 'Pepe.' He is a very charming man, a very magnetic personality, and very wealthy, too.

"I would never say the Princess and 'Pepe' are in love. They don't have to be. Aly Khan dines with other women, and after all, why shouldn't he? His wife is far away, they are estranged, and Gene Tierney is such a lovely person. I mean if he and the Princess cannot get along. If Rita leaves his flat and comes to the Rue Berri and takes a suite at the Lancaster Hotel, must she spend all her time with her secretary? Is she not entitled to a little masculine companionship? Of course, she is. And what a credit to her taste that she should pick out someone like 'Pepe' Villapadierna.

"He is a widower, you know, and very eligible. He had a most beautiful wife. I met her several times. She died in 1947. I don't want to be premature, but I think 'Pepe' and Rita would make a handsome couple. They both have Spanish blood, that hot, tempestuous Iberian temperament. But, of course, there are complications."

WHEN you talk to Count Villapadierna, you learn what some of these complications are.

To begin with, he is a very good friend of Aly Khan's. "Matter of fact," he says, "I first met the Princess when she was traveling with Prince Aly through Spain about four years ago. I believe they were on their way to Estoril in Portugal. They'd been recently married and this was in the way of a vacation.

"Prince Aly and I are both very much interested in horses. I'm a member of the Sociedad Hipica. I guess you'd call it the Equestrian Club. And of course, you know about Prince Aly's interest in horse flesh. Both the Prince and Princess are good friends of mine. I'm extremely fond of them both.

"I don't want to get mixed up in any connection with the Princess. Yes, I've seen her. I've escorted her to a few places, but surely, you can understand my position. I don't want any publicity in the connection.

"Yes, I'm single. I'm a widower. My wife passed away five years ago, but that makes no difference. I don't want any unfounded implications concerning the Princess and myself. She's a very charming, a very beautiful, a very brilliant woman, and I don't particularly care to jeopardize our friendship.

"You ask if there's any chance of my

One actress about another: "But she doesn't LOOK 49! Unless you get real close—like 20 feet."

visiting her in the United States. I've never been to the United States, and while I may visit there in the future, in fact, should like to visit there, it would be for the purpose of seeing the entire country and not just one person, if I make myself clear.

"Would I like to see the Princess again in any country? Now, look here, I don't mind giving out information concerning myself, but you place me in a most embarrassing position by constantly referring to your 'Miss Hayworth.' I've already told you that I spent some time with her on her recent trip in France and Spain. I've told you that I spent five years in England, that I'm a land-owner in Spain, yes, that's my occupation, and I've also told you that Prince Aly is one of my dear friends. I've known him a long time, our association is a pleasant one, and it would be ridiculous for me under the circumstances, to say anything connecting me with the Princess except that she and Aly are both good friends, and I shall always be glad to see them.

"You ask how old I am? I'm 40 years old. That's all I'm going to say. I appreciate your courtesy in talking to me. Do I go to the cinema? I go occasionally. Have I ever seen Miss Hayworth in the movies? Look here, I must say goodbye."

If divorce from Aly Khan is an eventual certainty, and even Rita admits it, then it is not unprofitable to mull over the possible identity of the man who will become Rita Hayworth's fourth husband.

In Count Villapadierna, Rita has found a man of character, understanding, wealth, reputation, and stability. But the Count whose title goes back to 1746, would never in a million years dream of giving up his European homestead for an existence in Hollywood where he would be regarded as little more than Rita's consort.

As for Rita, the actress has shown in the past a willingness to abandon Hollywood, her career, her old U. S. friends in favor of the man she loves, but having witnessed life on the Continent with its traditional double standard, one doubts if she would willingly try it again, no matter how respected the Count is.

It is possible, of course, that one day Rita might marry her "Pepe" and settle down with her two daughters, Rebecca and Yasmin, in Paris. The Count has always liked the city on the Seine, has often stayed away from Spain for long periods and conceivably could buy a chateau near Neuilly or Longchamps and commute from Madrid. All this is guess work, of course, because anyone who expects Rita to come out and say frankly, "I'm just wild about Count Villapadierna, I think he would make a wonderful husband. This guy is for me," just doesn't know Hayworth.

BOTH Rita and her Count are, and have been, consistently close-mouthed about their intriguing mutual love-life. That's why MODERN SCREEN, determined to get real facts, followed an old and proven formula: *Cherchez la femme!* They looked for and discovered a hitherto undisclosed character in this amorous drama—The Other Woman.

MODERN SCREEN found her happily ensconced in a suite in the St. Regis Hotel in New York, three blocks from the Plaza where Rita was staying upon her return from Europe.

French-born Fernanda Montel was the dashing Count's leading lady for four years until Rita entered the picture in Madrid. After calling it quits for good with Prince Aly Khan in Paris, the globe-trotting Rita sought comfort and companionship from Aly's close friend, the millionaire Spanish nobleman-sportsman.

Not willing to play a supporting role to any movie actress, Fernanda picked up her minks, her jewels and her singing career and stormed out of the blond, balding Count's life. She left Madrid where she has a home and flew to New York and a successful singing engagement at the swank Maisonette room. If the French chanteuse sang her torch songs with deeper sadness and more pathos and vibrancy than ever in her throaty voice, she had the Count to thank for inadvertently helping her in her work.

"He didn't leave me. I left him!" Fernanda's long-lashed blue eyes flashed fire as she unleashed her emotions about the no-ac-Count in her life now.

She certainly didn't look like a girl who had been jilted nor does she look like the kind of girl any discerning man would want to jilt. In her 30's, like Rita, she's tall, shapely and sophisticated. Flecks of silver were brushed into her upswept blond hair. Considered one of the best dressed women in Spain, she was exquisitely groomed and gowned in a sleek, chic black Paris frock.

"The Count likes his women well-dressed," she said. "I saw Rita on Fifth Avenue the other day and 'Pepe' wouldn't have liked the way she looked. She was hatless and wore mocassins."

Fernanda tsk-tsked at this. "A movie star should always look glamorous," she said.

LIKE any woman who has just written finis to a love affair, Fernanda wanted to talk about it and also her successor.

"It is funny," she said, "Pepe is Aly's close friend, and I met Pepe through a close friend of his four years ago. We were together ever since. I neglected my career for him because he likes his women to be with him all the time to go to the races, the resorts.

"I met Rita for the first time three years ago at a party the Aga Khan gave after the Grande Prix Race in Paris. The Count's horse won the Grande Prix this year," she said, "I was there with him." Then she added the feminine touch. "He hasn't won a race since I left him.

"Aly is a sweet person and fun to be with, but for me he would not be a good husband. He likes women too much.

"I think Rita gets satisfaction being with Aly's close friend. When she came to Madrid and the Count met her at the train

I left him. I was not sharing him. He and Rita went to Seville and Malaga where he has a home and I opened a singing engagement at the Rex Hotel in Madrid. The Count left Rita in Malaga and returned to Madrid. When I heard he was in the hotel and wanted to hear me sing, I told the manager, 'If that man comes inside, I will not sing.' They didn't let him in. I sang and he had to stand outside behind a curtain. I came to New York.

"I wouldn't marry him for a million dollars," she said, "and that is not, how you say, sour grapes. If he did it once, became interested in another woman, he would do it again. I'm through, finished, but he is not through with me.

"He called me up from Spain. I hang up on him. He cabled me. I did not answer. He had our friends write to explain."

To prove her words she went into her bedroom, and after much opening and closing of bureau drawers, returned with a fistful of papers. "See, here are the cables he sent me."

They were dated in November at the time Rita was in Spain.

"It's been a grey, grey, grey day since you left me," one said. "It is all a misunderstanding," said another. Still another wished her well on her opening at the Maisonette Room and the most wistful of all, saying, "We all miss you," was signed with the names of the dog and horse he had given her and his own added lastly, "your Count."

A long handwritten letter from their mutual friend, a Marquesa, pleaded in the count's behalf. "He asked me to write you," the latter read, "and tell you you are the only one that means anything to him. There were women before he met you, but none while he knew you. This 'thing' with Rita is just an adventure."

These words of protestation and affection were all balm to her wounds for no woman worthy of her sex likes to have the man she loves become interested in another. Four years of love cannot be forgotten in four days or even four months.

"I think Rita Hayworth would like to marry the Count. Why not? He's rich and attractive and Rita would be a Countess. She is not as big a star as she used to be. Then she wouldn't have to worry if she were married to the Count."

When asked if she thought the Count would marry Rita, Fernanda, whose command of English sometimes could not keep up with the rapidity of her thoughts, rushed to say, "Why wouldn't he marry her? He's a widower. She's famous and the Count likes publicity. That's his weakness. He has everything else. He's lost without a woman at his side. He likes to be seen with beautiful women."

THAT is the latest, most authentic word from the Continent! A strong conjecture that Rita will become the Countess Villapadierna within a few years.

In Hollywood, however, insiders are still betting on temple-gray Charley Feldman, chief of Famous Artists talent agency. Observers in the movie colony feel that only one factor prevents Rita from going more or less steadily or having some deep understanding concerning her marital future with Charley Feldman and that is her persistent feeling that Charley is still carrying a torch for his ex-wife, the former Jean Howard.

Rita does not want a husband who can't get other women out of his system. She has one in Aly Khan, and the chances are he will not duplicate the feat unless she has to.

What Rita is looking for is a husband who will provide a home and happiness for her and her children without making the trappings of motion picture glamor a prerequisite or an integral part of the marriage. She wants to lead the simple life, a life she has never known, a life of bliss and domesticity, because by nature Rita is a simple, stable young woman and not a sophisticated Continental social butterfly.

Last Spring, she pretty well put the finger on her trouble with Aly when she said, "Various factors, including my husband's extensive social obligations and far-flung interests, unfortunately make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

A psychologist has suggested the possibility that in each of her previous marriages Rita Hayworth was pursuing a father-image rather than a mate of her own choice. Each of her husbands has been a combination father-teacher-lover, an order not exactly to her liking and from which she has always rebelled.

An intimate of Count Villapadierna says, "One of the reasons Rita likes Pepe so much is that he treats her as an equal. There is never any condescension in his manner. He treats her as if she were born to the purple, as if she always had a title. Unlike Aly he has never seen her in her native bailiwick, that is, working for a living in Hollywood. To him she's always the glamor girl, the fabulous voluptuary. Every girl at one time or another dreams of being treated like a real Princess. It's a projection of the Cinderella neurosis. With Aly, Rita never feels like a Princess. She's the movie star he happened to marry, a show piece for his subjects. With Pepe, however, I think she has the feeling that she is being admired for herself, as a woman, a person, not a screen star."

Before she can return to Europe and her count, Rita, according to her contract at Columbia, must star in a musical version of *Rain*, the Somerset Maugham classic concerning the South Sea adventures of the prostitute, Sadie Thompson. The musical version of *Rain* was staged on Broadway with June Havoc several years ago and failed miserably, but Columbia producer Jerry Wald is convinced that with Rita in the lead, the film will make money.

Affair In Trinidad, Rita's first film since her marriage to Aly, was panned by the critics but did very well at the box office. It is possible that her second film, *Salome* in which she stars opposite Stewart Granger, will do equally well.

Rita has her own producing company, Beckworth Productions, which releases through Columbia, and each time one of her company's films makes money, she manages to keep a good share of it.

While she refuses to discuss her financial status, it is no secret that the screen siren was down to her last $50,000 when she returned to Hollywood last year. *Affair In Trinidad* should net her after taxes, another $250,000 which she can well use since none of her husbands pay her alimony, and she has a large household to support, including Domingo, her faithful housekeeper, Susanne, the French maid, two gardeners, a secretary, and her two daughters.

Rebecca, Rita's oldest daughter by her marriage to Orson Welles, hasn't seen her father in years and was a little broken up when her mother failed to return to Hollywood in time for her eighth birthday.

Rebecca's birthday was December 17th. Rita returned from Europe on December 13th. The little girl thought her mother would fly home and celebrate the occasion with her, but Rita phoned from the Plaza Hotel in New York and explained to her first-born that she had to remain in New York on business and would be home in time to spend Christmas vacation with her.

While in New York, Rita was seen in the company of Raymond Hakim and this gave rise to the rumor that she and the Egyptian-born movie producer had taken a liking to each other. The reason they dined in New York is that Hakim and his brother Andre own the motion picture rights to the life of Isadora Duncan, the great dancer, and the Hakims very much want Rita to star in the film version. Whether or not she will depends on whether the Hakims can get a script written that will meet with her approval.

HAS THE COUNT CHOSEN BETWEEN LOVELY RITA AND EXCITING FERNANDA?



Rita was Villapadierna's constant date all last summer, but neither will state future intentions.



For four years French singer Fernanda Montel was Count's amour. She says he wants her back.

CAREER-WISE, Rita at this moment, has probably reached her zenith, but the truth of the matter is that she would gladly sacrifice her career if she could only find a husband worthy of the sacrifice.

Her divorce from Aly not yet having been obtained, it is foolhardy to predict, but of all the men in her life, it is safe to say at this point that Count Pepe Villapadierna would probably make her the best husband. People who know him well say that faithfulness is his strong point.

Rita did not give him a month of her time because he happens to be an authority on horses. This relationship between the Princess and her "Pepe" bears close watching, for Volga Haworth Cansino's little girl has never been a female to lead a manless life, not since the tender age of 17, anyway.

END

he gets what he wants

(*Continued from page 44*) dandy—Farley will take all the credit. If not—well, okay, he made the mistakes himself and he's ready to shoulder *all* the blame.

This fetish and flair for independence is responsible for plunging the erstwhile King of the Bobbysoxers into one Yellowstone-geyser cauldron of hot water after another. Even back at the very beginning of things for Farley in 1944, when he was 19 years old and just starting his picture career, he had the knack for stirring up a rumpus.

The powers-that-be in Hollywood called him temperamental and uncooperative. They called him moody and intense, spoiled, selfish, they said he hated Hollywood, a town that had given him everything, and they said he didn't care what difficulties he caused. And you know what? They *still* say those things!

But there's one person in Hollywood who feels he truly understands the complex Granger mechanism—that person is Ted Loeff, his public relations counsel and friend of long standing.

Because of their intimate business association, Ted has had opportunity to watch and talk with Farley under a variety of circumstances—to study him at close range. As far as Ted is concerned, our boy knows how to live and let live, whether the riding is smooth or the bad-bump detours are many.

As Ted sees it, everyone is confused where Farley is concerned—except Farley himself. He says the boy knows what he wants and how to get it, and that his one-track mind is completely set on a successful career in movies and the legitimate theater. At the moment, Ted says, Farley regards his personal life as unimportant. He implicitly believes that when he reaches the pinnacle career-wise his personal life-pattern will straighten itself out. Then, and only then, will he take time for serious romance.

As he told Ted recently, "The world opened up for me one day not too long ago. I woke up to discover that a career is a job. You have to be like a businessman in the acting profession. You have to work at it, live it, breathe it. You can't do that and run around all night, as I used to do."

Which is indicative of the new Farley. He is *determined to make good!* Nothing else matters. To accomplish the success he wants above all else, Farley practises tremendous self-discipline. He believes that to keep himself at the peak of performance he must keep physically fit. He is careful of his diet, exercises at least an hour a day, and budgets his time closely, allowing few moments for night club and party tomfoolery.

INASMUCH as Farley admits his tastes are strongly influenced by those of his friends, it's interesting to note just who these friends are. Mostly they're directors, writers, actresses, musicians — sensitive, creative personalities. His own list of his closets friends include Millard Kaufman, the writer, and his wife, Laurie; actress Jo Carol Dennison; Kay Walsh, English actress brought here by MGM to play in *Young Bess;* actress Jorja Curtright Sheldon and her husband, Sidney, writer-director at MGM; director Vincente Minnelli; director Nick Ray; Norman Panama, writer-director-producer, and his wife, Marsha; Saul Chaplin, composer; Phil Gershe, Farley's agent, and Marvin Friedman, his business manager.

These people are a far cry from the bebop crowd Farley used to chase around with. Even Shelley Winters isn't on the list—so apparently the frenetic days are gone and done with—a closed chapter.

I lunched with Farley in his hilltop home in Hollywood on the very day he was placed on suspension by his boss, Sam Goldwyn, for turning down the starring role opposite Piper Laurie in U-I's *Golden Blade.* This part had been offered Farley on loanout. It wasn't the first time he had been on studio suspension and, Farley admits, it probably won't be his last.

"After all," he said as Arzie—dear, sorely-missed Arzie!—poured coffee for us and I cast a pleading look at her, only to be spurned, "I'm no idiot. If I don't think a script is right I turn it down. As far as *my* judgment is concerned, *Golden Blade* isn't for me, and I'll bet anything you want it turns out I'm right, because they've given the part to Rock Hudson! I don't think Rock and I are the same type at all, do you?"

I said no.

"Then again, maybe I'll be proved wrong," Farley said. "Who knows? All I'm sure of is that I can't lean on the decisions of others. I have to cut my own pattern!"

Now, whether you know it or not, this is an admirable trait in a town where everybody follows advice and, failing to secure what they think is the right counsel, turns to an astrologer. Here's the Granger reasoning:

It's the very bobbysoxers who have made his star shine brightly, Farley feels, who are also responsible for his fanatical fussing over scripts!

He said, "The bobbysoxers are wonderful kids and I challenge anybody to say they're not. Of all people, *I* should certainly think this about them because they're the ones who put me where I am today.

"But it's these same kids I'm thinking about when I holler about scripts. The young fans were attracted to me because I was young too, and accordingly they identified themselves with me. I don't think they were particularly interested in whether I could act. So—let's face it!—how long can a guy go on being young? Time rolls on for a bobbysoxers' pet just like it does for everyone else, and every year there are new, good-looking fellows like Tab Hunter or gosh knows who-all entering the acting ranks and then my bobbysoxers are off on a new idolatry rampage. I've no fault to find with this scheme of things at all. It's just as it should be. But gee whiz, a guy doesn't want to wind up being an *old* bobbysox idol!"

This, then, is the reason in back of Farley's intense desire to reach what he calls "the rest of my audience"—in other words, the older fans. He's convinced the only way to reach this adult element of your audiences is through good acting. And this means carefully chosen scripts.

FARLEY thinks it's only the bobbysoxers who are interested in the fact that his hair is dark and curly, his eyes a snapping brown, his smile an impish flicker that sends a gal into a livid, drooling *tizzy!*

"They don't care if I don't come through with a world-shaking performance," Farley sighs. "My acting ability is only secondary. But their older sisters and brothers and their mothers and dads? That's something else again. *They* are critical of a *performance,* period exclamation point!

"Funny thing about it all is that I didn't start out in pictures consciously catering to the bobbysoxers. In fact, I'm still bewildered that they liked me even a little bit in the heavy, dramatic roles I was playing. There was certainly nothing romantic about my part in *North Star,* in which I was blinded; about *Purple Heart,* in which my tongue was cut out; about *Rope,* in which I was a murderer. Not a romance in the lot!"

This is pretty good analyzing on the part of such a young actor. But then Farley has given the matter of his career in movies plenty of thought this past year. And he has reached the conclusion that in the final analysis *he alone* must protect it and make it last as long as possible!

No one can do it for him. "I have to know my own self—my mind—and feel what is good for me and what isn't, what I should do and what I shouldn't. I can't take even the words of the producers of my pictures as gospel!

"I'll tell you the only thing that's sure in this business," he continued, "and that is that nobody does his career a bit of good or adds a day to its life by making a wrong picture. An actor has to keep *trying* to have his name connected with good movies because most audiences never bother to take into consideration that a picture is bad because it was directed badly or because the script was poor. They simply say, 'I saw that Farley Granger movie and gee, he was lousy in it!' And that's when Farley Granger has to start checking over his accounts.

"So when you hear rumors about my 'temperament' it usually means only that I have rejected a script which, in my judgment, is bad for my career. As far as I'm concerned, I would much rather turn down a story I'm convinced is bad for me and accept the suspension and the loss of a tidy sum of money than refuse to be honest with myself and lose face eventually with my fans.

"One more point: I certainly don't believe in sitting around doing nothing else but waiting, waiting, waiting for that great part to come along. I'm not that unrealistic. I realize as well as the next actor that truly great roles are as scarce as Siamese twins. But my contention is that you have to keep trying not to bog down in mediocrity."

Most of Farley's Hollywood difficulties have stemmed from his passion for honesty and forthrightness, and in being honest and forthright with himself *first.* He *says* what he thinks and he tries to do what he thinks is right. Such convictions are not always conducive to the happiness of Hollywood's production heads and directors.

Yet despite all this talk of "temperament," a chat with Alfred Hitchcock, Vin-

you'll love
next month's
cover portrait
of **doris day . . .**
and you **must** read . . .
"hollywood's
strangest marriage,"
in the april
modern screen,
on sale **march 6**

"Captivating"

is the word for Mona Freeman's beauty. Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that's enchanting. Easy to see why directors cast Mona for "romantic young" roles!

"Here's my care for smoother skin ... Lux!"

says Mona Freeman

Do you want this lovelier skin-beauty for yourself? Then try this young star's daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!

Let Mona tell you that lovelier skin *can* be yours! "I find Lux care really makes a difference—just a few seconds for my daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling."

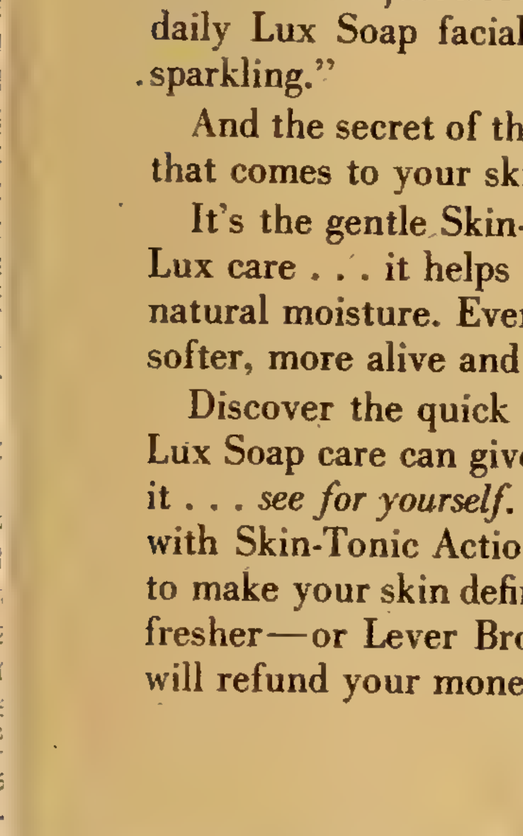
And the secret of this sparkling look that comes to your skin with Lux?

It's the gentle Skin-Tonic Action of Lux care . . . it helps your skin retain natural moisture. Even dry skin looks softer, more alive and luminous.

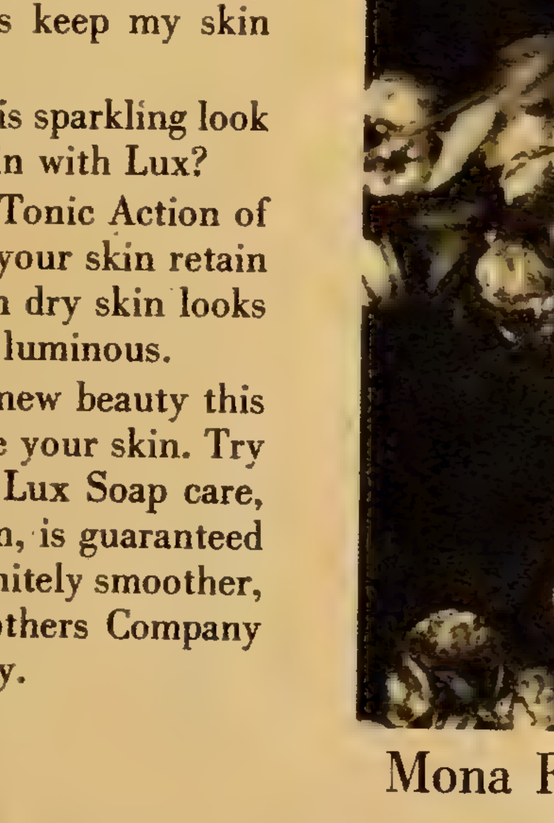
Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it . . . *see for yourself*. Lux Soap care, with Skin-Tonic Action, is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, fresher—or Lever Brothers Company will refund your money.

Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio's "ANGEL FACE"

ona's glamour sparkles—even f-screen. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds *any* girl's charm—that's why daily ux facials are a *must* for me!"



Mona selects fluffy blue hat. "Feminine colors are so flattering . . . especially to *fresh* skin." Here's *her* way to fresh, glowing skin . . .



"Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold, and my skin simply glows!"



Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this fragrant white soap that is Hollywood's favorite. You'll discover . . . life's lovely when you're Lux-lovely!



cente Minnelli, Nick Ray and any of the other directors with whom Farley Granger has worked during his Hollywood stay brings to light the fact that our boy's professional attitude is exemplary. These directors all try to borrow him for succeeding pictures. Hitchcock, for instance, who directed *Rope,* liked Farley's work so much that he got him back again for *Strangers on A Train.*

If Farley is direct in his approach to business problems, he is equally so where romance is concerned. He admits that eventually he hopes to marry and settle down and live happily ever after. But when I asked him *when*—that all-important question to which you fans await an answer with bated breath!—Farley said:

"I can't give you an honest answer to that question. And I can't understand how other young actors can give interviews in which they say they'll marry when they're 31 years old, or 35, or 39, or whenever! How can they know? How can anyone say he'll definitely wait five years to marry when *whammo!* he might meet someone tomorrow, fall madly in love and be married within the week? Who can say about a thing like that?"

This doesn't mean Farley doesn't have some definite ideas about romance. He does. For example:

"Nothing irks me more than to have some well-meaning person advise me to beat a steady path to the doors of all the little starlets in Hollywood, to keep the nightclub chairs warm, to go to all the parties—in other words, to make a big point of being seen by producers and directors so that they can spot me and say, 'Oh, there's Farley Granger sitting over at that table—he's just the type we need for our new picture!'

"I can't see it at all. Why should I have to put on an act to attract the attention of producers and directors? Why should any actor? After all, these men who make our movies are interested only in how I appear and act on film. As a result, it's my opinion that they can pass judgment on me much better by looking at the pictures I have already made than by watching me be myself in a nightclub or at a party."

Farley means that when he goes nightclubbing or partying it's because he feels in the mood for that sort of thing, not because he expects to get anything out of it businesswise. There's that honesty streak again!

And nobody's going to tell him whom to take to the nightclubs or parties, either!

"I used to have a lot of fun with Shelley Winters," he recalled—and somewhat pensively, I thought. "At the time nobody would believe that Shelley and I were seeing each other because we enjoyed each other's company. They coldly chalked it up to a desire for publicity because of *Behave Yourself,* the picture we were making. But we had been going together for two years before we made that picture!

"The columnists and the fan magazines said we were so different—that Shelley was the screaming-and-carrying-on type while I was calm and relaxed. They said we had nothing in common. But they were wrong. We really had a great deal in common, and we still do. And it's the same now as it was then: we're both serious about our careers in the same degree—and we go about furthering them in the same way.

"Shelley, in her own fashion, has great integrity as an actress. When she's not nervous and tense, she makes an uncommon amount of sense. I understand Shell and what makes her tick, and it never disturbed me during the filming of the picture when she would rant and rave at me. I knew it was simply because of anxiety about the picture and her tremendous desire to make her performance outstanding. I knew, too, that after gulping six doughnuts and four cups of coffee in the dressing room between takes Shell would calm down once again. Physical, that's Shell.

"Being Mrs. Vittorio Gassman has brought much happiness to Shell. She deserves it. We'll always be good friends."

Any current romantic interests? Our boy says:

"I haven't any, really. While making *Small Town Girl* I discovered what a lot of real fun Ann Miller is and I've been seeing her. You can't call it dating. If you write about it, just say I've been seeing her and enjoying every minute of it.

"It's almost ridiculous, the way columnists, reporters and press agents will ask, 'Who's your new romance, who's the someone *special* in your life now?'—and I reply 'Nobody at the moment.' Because they get such a stricken look, almost as if I'd slapped them.

"I just don't happen to be in love at the moment. Which makes me a pretty normal human being, the way I look at it although it doesn't seem to be the way things work in Hollywood. Seems to me that only a neurotic could be madly in love every second, the way the columnists want us to be!"

Farley's plans for the future are jam-packed in his mind. He has many goals set for himself—an outline for a lifetime of self-improvement and self-realization.

First of all, he is determined to mature as an actor, to leap over the hurdle of being considered a bobbysoxers' passing fancy, an offbeat character, and to be accepted instead as a man with real dramatic talent—an actor who can play a variety of roles and create countless characterizations of merit. He hopes eventually to be permitted to work in the legitimate theater and to leave his mark there as well.

He wants to travel. His one European trip—tourist class!—whetted his appetite for more. He likes to learn about people outside the limited Hollywood sphere. Traveling, Farley feels, is good for one's perspective.

And, most of all, but only when he feels he's ready for it, he wants to get married. Does that sound temperamental?

She'll be some gal, too, the one Farley picks, because Farley gets what he goes after. Didn't he take Arzie away from me?

EN

big star—big head?

(*Continued from page 50*) as raising the the morale of the military.

It took several weeks of diligent exploration and research, weeks in which he exercized his charming, winning ways with the opposite sex, but eventually Lieut. Robertson accomplished his mission; and the walls of the Officers' Club were covered with some of the most fetching and provocative blow-ups of the female figure ever recorded by camera.

Two officers who were stationed with Robertson at Ft. Bragg, recently visited the West Coast and were discussing, over a couple of beers, Dale's accomplishments as an interior decorator.

"I wonder why," the first officer said, "Robertson was chosen to line up the girls for those photographs?"

"Are you kidding?" the second officer demanded. "Even back then he looked like a Hollywood character. They say he's gone Hollywood now, but for my money he looked like a matinee idol six years ago."

Whether any actor's "ham" was discernibly latent in Dale Robertson six years ago is beside the point, which is that in the past six months, more and more of the film colony's neutral and objective observers have accused the square-shouldered Oklahoman with the grey-green eyes of going Hollywood.

When Dale quarreled with his wife Frederica (everyone calls her Jackie although she was christened in France as Frederica Jacqueline Wilson) and moved out of his little stucco palace in Reseda last October, one columnist opined, "Dale Robertson's gone the way of all flesh." "It figures," another said fatalistically. "The only thing about Robertson that success hasn't changed," added a third, "is his Oklahoma drawl."

Although Dale and Jackie have reconciled and are living in harmony, at least temporarily, there are relatively few people who now believe Dale's constant dictum: "I'm in Hollywood for only one reason. I want to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch. After that I'm clearin' out."

Observers refuse to believe that Dale is still the same simple single-purposed youngster who came out to Hollywood five years ago with a disdain of clothes, cars, night-life, and high-powered females.

"Of course he's changed," says an agent who knew Robertson in 1947. "A few weeks ago I saw him in Ciro's with his wife and mother, and I guess his uncle. I saw him three or four nights running. When I first knew him he wouldn't be caught dead in a night club. He spent his nights taking a course in motion picture production down at the University of Southern California. Also he didn't have very much money back then, just what his mother and aunts sent from Oklahoma. Now, 20th Century's just picked up his option. He's making a thousand bucks a week.

"I don't care what anyone says. It's impossible for a youngster to go from nothin a week to a thousand a week and still re main the same. This kid is feelin' his oat He's bought a new car, some new clothe started living it up a little. Nothing wron about that. What's wrong is that peopl thought Dale was a hick to begin with, country bumpkin who didn't know th score.

"That's all wrong. This kid was prett sharp even before he set one foot on sound stage. Maybe his accent and h manner fooled a lot of folks; but the never fooled me. I'll give you an exampl of how sharp this kid's been. Several yea ago before he got his break he was readin The Reader's Digest. He came across one those articles called 'The Most Unforget table Character I Ever Met.' Was about convict named Jim Duncan who'd institute a lot of prison reforms. Dale said to him self that he'd love to play the part of Ji Duncan. He figured that if he bought th screen rights to the article he might be ab to sell himself and the story as one pack age. That shows you how hep this kid wa knew all about package deals even the

"Well, he writes to The Reader's Dige and they tell him that the movie righ to the piece have been sold to a Canadia millionaire named Lee Brooks. You thin he gives up? Heck, no. He traces this L Brooks all over Canada and finally di covers that the guy is right here in Bever Hills, preparing to make a movie abo Jim Duncan.

"Hold on, and I'll show you how sma

this kid is. He realizes that he's got to meet this Lee Brooks, only he doesn't know anyone who knows him. He finds out that Brooks has a tailor in Beverly Hills named Armand Brummel. Every single day for a month, Dale goes to this tailor hoping to run into Brooks. After a while it gets so embarrassing he has to order a suit. Finally he meets Brooks in the tailor shop one day and strikes up a conversation. Know what Brooks says to the kid? 'Young fella,' he says, 'I'm making a motion picture about a character named Jim Duncan, and I think you're right for the part.' 'Me?' says Dale. 'Yes,' says Brooks. 'I was thinking about getting Burt Lancaster, but he's tied up. I think you'll do.'

"Not many people know it, but Dale signed a contract with Brooks for $450 a week, only the guy could never get any frozen funds out of Canada, and nothing ever came of the whole shebang. But that'll give you a small idea of what an operator Dale is, so don't you go believing all those stories about him being the yokel whose head was turned by success.

"Dale Robertson has always been as sharp as a razor blade, only in a nice, friendly, rural, horse-trading way."

That's one man's opinion about Dale Robertson. Listen to a young woman who writes personality pieces for many of the movie magazines.

"PUBLICITY-WISE," she says, "I think Dale is one of the most uncooperative young actors in Hollywood. I don't know if he's suffering from a swelled head or what, but he sure has some wrong ideas about this business. I got the impression after interviewing him that he thought he was doing me a very great favor.

"When he was relatively unknown he didn't mind sitting for interviews and answering questions, but now he's come to the peculiar conclusion that if the fans read too much about him they'll become tired of him. 'I've done my share of interviews for the year,' he told me. 'I'm just not gonna do any more. I went to New York and I can't tell you how many editors I saw. I saw everyone and his grandmother. I've talked myself out. I think you've got to be sensible about this publicity. People see you every time they open a magazine, and right away they're fed up with you.'

"As a result of this sort of thinking, Robertson is a very difficult young actor to contact. Ask anybody who works in the publicity department at his studio. They'll tell you he's a wonderful fellow, but just you try to make a date to see him. It's easier to see Eisenhower. I realize that being questioned day after day is no picnic, especially for someone with Robertson's laconic temperament. But Dale's a big boy. He should realize that it's part of the game, and he should be happy. The time for him to worry is when we stop asking for interviews. Someone should wise him up to the fact that only one thing has made him a star, and let's face it, as an actor he's—well—no threat to Spencer Tracy. He's a star primarily because of the public demand for his pleasing personality. If he won't cater to the ticket-buying public, no matter how outrageous its demands, they'll drop him in favor of someone else. There's nothing as fickle as the public. A little thing can turn it sour in a second.

"Look at Farley Granger. He's a great case in point. Farley was scooting along at swift pace until he got a little too big for his britches and decided to cut down on his interviews. Here's a kid who isn't married, who's got plenty of time, but he just can't be bothered. What happened? The bobby soxers started to desert him.

They put that $100 gleam in their hair with

Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Janie King, of E. St. Louis, Ill. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my scalp pink-clean... washes away dirt and grime in a twinkling... gleams my hair without a special rinse."



Lorraine Sansom, of New Brunswick, Can., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my hair whistle-clean . . . leaves it with sunny highlights."



Elizabeth Jane Lewis, Denver, Col., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair so soft...it's fun to use the same grown-up shampoo Mommy does."

Here are three winners in Wildroot's nationwide $100 Model Hunt. They aren't professional models—just three girls with beautiful hair who *keep* it beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. Discover a glowing $100 gleam in your hair, too. Begin using Lady Wildroot Shampoo made with Lanolin, today! Leaves hair radiantly clean ...sparkling with highlights...lovelier than you ever dreamed it could be. Watch how this *soapless* liquid cream shampoo whips to sudsy froth in seconds. Feel how silky soft it leaves your hair. Try Lady Wildroot Shampoo—and find the hidden gleam in *your* hair!

Lady Wildroot shampoo gleams as it cleans— cleans as it gleams

You can win $100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8 x 10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you $100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

You don't see Tony Curtis making it difficult for magazine writers. He knows how much we helped him. He admits it frankly, and that's why we give him and Janet a break every chance we get.

"As for Dale, he's the kind of actor who draws the line. He'll go so far and no farther, wants to protect his privacy and all of that. Public figures don't have any privacy and the sooner he learns that the better off he'll be. I know I sound like a bitter, frustrated woman, but I'm not really.

"It's just that I'm so disillusioned in some of these young actors. They come to you for publicity when they're on the way up and when they're on the way down. When they're in between, when they've finally reached a certain level, when they've just had an option picked up, they're all so darn busy you'd think they were running General Motors."

In all fairness to Robertson, it must be said that he has sat for more interviews and portraits in the past year than any other star on the 20th Century lot with the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe. He has made a dozen pictures in the past two years with practically no time off. He has participated in scads of benefits and charity functions. He has made shorts for the Red Feather community chest drives, organized ball games for charity, driven thousands of miles to exploit studio product. He has never turned down a script, argued with a director, or fought with the front office.

It so happens that at this moment he feels strongly that the press hasn't treated him too kindly, and in a way he's right.

"I got along with every single reporter," he says. "In every interview I did my level best. I posed for pictures, answered all their questions. cooperated in every way. Okay? What happened? A reporter calls up John Carroll one afternoon and finds out I'm staying there. He asks me what I'm doin' there, an' like a fool I tell him the truth. I tell him Jackie and I, we've had a quarrel. Next day it's blasted all over the papers. Next thing you know everyone's writin' that I've become big-headed, too good for my wife, all of that junk.

"Nobody writes that all married couples quarrel, that we'll probably be back together in a few days. Right away it's a big thing, and I'm the heavy. I was slaughtered. A few days later everything's okay. Jackie and I are back together, but by then the damage was done. I haven't changed. I'm workin' harder and earnin' more money, but this nonsense about my head gettin' bigger—well, that's what it is—nonsense. I've just had a few lucky breaks, and I know it."

Dale always had plenty of confidence. He was always certain that he could make a go of it in Hollywood, that one day he would become a full-fledged screen star. He was convinced from the very outset that "anyone can become a movie actor. It just takes effort." In his own success he's proven that point.

Dale never went to a drama school, never had any training in dramatics. He made the jump to Hollywood right from the Army.

When he succeeded in reaching the big time, he refused at first to alter his scale of living. He hired no press agent, moved into no large hotel, ran up no large clothing accounts, purchased no Cadillac convertible, organized no Santa Monica co-ed cult. Instead he continued to live in his G.I. house in Reseda (where he pays less than $60 a month rent and utilities included), stay out of night clubs, adhere to a strict regimen of work and more work. Whereupon people began to say, "Isn't Dale wonderful. Here's a simple guy from an Oklahoma farm with the hayseed still in his hair. He doesn't chase around after girls. He doesn't play the Peter Lawford circuit. He isn't a clothes horse. He hasn't changed one bit. Just wants to earn enough money to get back to the land. What a refreshing contrast!"

In short, Dale Robertson was assessed as a simple, honest, uncomplicated, rugged American—a young Gary Cooper from the backwoods, a chip off the old log cabin.

There were a few things wrong with that evaluation. First-off, Dale was never as a simple, honest, uncomplicated, rugged who didn't know him made out. Second, he wasn't a farm-boy at all. He was raised in Oklahoma City where he'd attended the Eugene Field Grade School, Roosevelt Junior High, and Classes High. He'd also been graduated from Oklahoma Military College at Claremore. Thirdly, insofar as women were concerned, he'd been unsuccessfully married at an early age. a divorce had followed; and he wasn't too anxious to try marriage again. Fourthly, his mother and two maiden aunts were staking him in Hollywood, sending him checks of $250-$350 each month, and his conservative expenditures were more of a necessity under the circumstances than his own personal predeliction.

In short, the movie colony was completely wrong about Dale by the time he achieved success. Now, when you are

Tom Jenk defines Hollywood as a place where when the false tinsel is removed, you'll find the real tinsel.

Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat

wrong in this plaster Athens, when you have judged incorrectly, you assuage your misjudgment by one of two methods: you either perpetuate the legend you've created as in the fiction of Gary Cooper (he's supposed to be a shy, diffident, bumbling, trusting rural backwoodsman, where in reality he is a shrewd, razor-sharp socialite) or you say, "My! But that Dale Robertson has gone Hollywood." The implication being that he has changed far beyond your original and incorrect evaluation.

As Dale himself realizes, this "going Hollywood" accusation began as a result of his temporary separation from his wife. Dale and Jackie were married after a courtship which lasted less than a month. They met at a party given by Andre Hakim, a studio producer, and a few dates later, on May 19th, 1951 they were married.

Whenever an engagement is consummated in marriage that quickly, the man and wife have to spend a good deal of time in getting to know each other. Unfortunately, Dale was hard at work, there was no time for a honeymoon, not even too much time to get really acquainted, and yet these two were married and living under the same roof.

Had Jackie gone with Dale, say for a year before they were married, she might have learned many revealing aspects of his background and character. For example, Dale is the child of divorced parents. He was raised by his mother and two aunts. One boy raised by three women is almost certain to be a little overdemanding, a little hard on his wife.

Jackie might also have learned that most of Dale's youth was devoted to athletics. As he himself says, "I've been athletic all my life. Sports are important to me."

When a husband works six days a week as Dale does, his wife naturally expects him to spend the seventh day at home. This is a normal expectation, only Jackie discovered after her marriage, that it was rarely fulfilled. Dale believes strongly that so long as he spends six nights a week at home, it's okay to devote Sundays to sports, with or without his mate.

He is also on record as saying that, "every husband should have one weekend off a month to go fishing or hunting."

Jackie Robertson has never complained about her marriage to Dale. But people who became aware of his great interest in athletics, his insistence upon devoting some time to himself started the rumor that Dale had gone Hollywood, that his poor little wife had become a golf widow, a baseball widow, a soft ball widow.

The basic truth, and Jackie has found it out, is that a man like Dale must be accepted on his own terms, that the essential fabric of his ways was already woven at the time of his marriage, that any attempt to change him must end in certain marital disaster, for Dale is one of those free souls who all his life has wanted to grow up to be the strong, silent man of the West, and now that he is in a position to actuate what was originally a dormant sublimation in his adolescence, there is no stopping him. He will buy his horses, train his dogs, go off on hunting trips, shoot his golf, hit his baseballs, and lead the healthy outdoor life. His spare time to him is his own and rarest possession.

Luckily for Jackie, she now has a little daughter, Rochelle, on whom to dote and spend her vast reservoir of energy; so that she no longer misses Dale so acutely, and the chances of a marital rupture over the question of time proportionment have become progressively slimmer.

Jackie, although she is only 20, is also realizing what her husband belatedly has come to accept—that the price of screen fame is responsibility, not only to the studio but to the public as well.

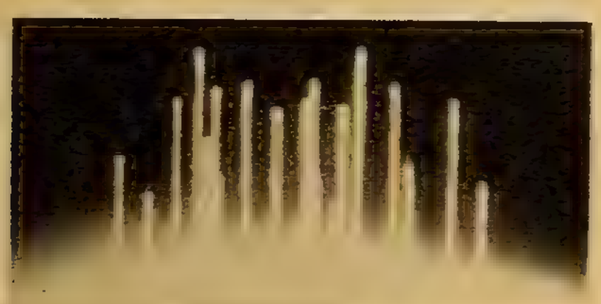
Dale Robertson's contract has another four years to run at which time he should be earning $5,000 a week. He has a business manager, Morgan Maree, who keeps him on a strict allowance of less than $20 a week spending money, but Dale still buys horses and has the bills sent to Morgan. He still insists that when his contract is finished, he'll retire to a horse ranch in Oklahoma. But somehow no one in Hollywood takes him seriously any more.

The armor of his unsusceptibility to temptation has been pierced. He has not gone Hollywood in the sense that he has forgotten old friends, become a yes-man or a play-boy, or started to cultivate the social game. There is not a snobbish bone in his whole body; he is still as honest, forthright, and outspoken as they come; and he still detests people who attempt to climb the social ladder lie by lie.

Perhaps that's why his attitude is so frequently misunderstood. He himself is too honest to pretend he doesn't like fame, adoration, and the admiration of the world. He won't play down his belief in his talent, or check-rein his imagination. He won't feign indifference to his handsome salary, and the comforts, respect and power it can buy.

Dale's got it good, and he knows it. Maybe he shows it too much—and is fair game for the sharpshooters of Hollywood. Remember, though, it was only two years ago that Dale Robertson was jet-propelled into stardom. It takes time to regain one's balance after such a skyrocketing experience. And many a kid who's got his growth too fast, has eventually grown up to his hands and feet, has filled out his shoulders, and in time faces the world a full-fledged man. END

New!



Scientific proof! Using precise Tracer Method technique (above), tests prove New Fresh superior in keeping underarms dry.



Trigère designed her gown of Alençon lace over silk taffeta. Her deodorant, Fresh, designed for gentler, surer protection.

...a Sensational Step Forward in deodorants!

gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It outperforms all the others in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Yet it is still as creamy soft, as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants! And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry . . . actually keeps you and your clothes safer!



Sure, yet gentle! Stops odor instantly, keeps underarms dry. Safe for fabrics. Use daily.

Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...

older wives—young husbands

(*Continued from page 31*) to give her boy a chance to prove it. Moreover when she starred at Metro in *My Man And I,* she saw to it that Vittorio met the right people, only those who might do him the most good. In this case, too, her industry resulted in a contract for her sweetheart. Vittorio, as you all know, married Shelley. Will Ginger Rogers marry her Jacques, a man young enough to be her son? Certainly, the Frenchman is willing, but Ginger has some doubts. Her intimates in Hollywood have even more. Their attitude is negative on two counts: first that the marriage will never come off; secondly that if the wedding does take place a divorce will soon follow.

She went through very much this same routine during World War II when after six dates, she married Bonita Granville's former boyfriend, Jack Briggs. An RKO actor stationed with the Marines in San Diego, Briggs was 24 at the time Ginger decided she simply must have this handsome hunk of masculinity in marriage. She was almost ten years older than Jack, and many friends warned against the marriage, pointing out that once the physical passion subsided, these two might prove incompatible. But Ginger wouldn't listen. She and Jack were married in January, 1943. It lasted six years.

Briggs, who is 6 feet 1, weighs 190 lbs., has dark brown hair, brown eyes—Ginger goes in for the tall, dark, and handsome type—had little luck in his screen career once the war was over. He acted in *My Forbidden Past* with Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum and was then released.

Despite Ginger's influence few other jobs were offered to him, and the marriage began coming apart at the seams. Following the divorce, Ginger started to date Greg Bautzer who knows how to avoid marriage as a fox avoids the hounds.

Today Jack Briggs lives in San Diego, works in radio and TV, and hasn't the slightest desire of returning to Hollywood or marrying an actress ten years his senior, no matter how great her wealth or influence. With Jacques de Bergerac, however, it's another story. The French have different ideas about wealth, marriage, influence, and the role of a woman.

How long such a marriage would survive few persons care to predict. When there is a differential in age of at least 15 years, the chances don't seem too good. Greer Garson is qualified to testify on that point. During the war she married Richard Ney who played her son in *Mrs. Miniver.* She was at least 15 years older than Ney at the time, but she was very much in love with him. He was in the Navy; there was her great fear that she might lose him forever; so the only recourse, she felt, was immediate marriage.

WHEN an actress who has arrived marries a young actor who hasn't, when the actress is in effect the family breadwinner and her husband the consort, such marriages have no staying power. The young husband resents the old wife for her success, for the loss of his own self-respect, and whatever love or mutual admiration there was in the beginning makes a quick exit.

Greer Garson was smart enough to see the folly of her marital ways; and for her third try she made it a point to take as a husband a successful rancher millionaire who is older than she is, Buddy Fogelson. Greer is officially listed as being 44. Fogelson is in his 50's.

One of the reasons Joan Crawford, who is also 44, is chary about another marriage—it would be her fourth—is that there are few eligible men around Hollywood in the 45 to 55 age-bracket. Joan's third husband, Phil Terry, was three years younger than Joan and another case in point where the younger husband lacked the older wife's drive, ambition, and positive sense of achievement. When Joan married Phil he was a young actor trying to climb the rungs of the success ladder. A competent actor, he did extremely well opposite Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend,* but after that, he found good parts progressively scarce.

Joan used her contacts in an effort to get him work, but Terry simply didn't have what it takes. Crawford, who is self-reliant, independent, and basically domineering, the result of her self-made success, is not a particularly easy woman to live with.

Terry felt it was unmanly to play second fiddle in the lavish Crawford household. There was only one answer, divorce.

Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling found the same answer to their marital dilemma. Ann is 42. Sterling is around 37. In 1944 when they got married, Ann felt strongly that the age differential would make absolutely no difference in the success or failure of their marriage. The same old pattern went into effect. Ann was an established success. Her husband was not. She earned five times as much money as he did. Sterling tried to get a big break. No luck. When they went to previews, the fans recognized Ann, identified him as only her husband. Such slights hurt a man's vanity. He hates to be less successful than his wife. Such a set-up is essentially antagonistic to the male ego. Two years ago Sothern and Sterling called it quits.

A HOLLYWOOD society matron who has been in the movie colony since Cecil B. DeMille first arrived almost 40 years ago, told me recently that there has never been a successful marriage between an established screen actress who was older than her unestablished husband.

"Let Ginger Rogers marry this de Bergerac fellow," the matron said, "it won't last very long. Unfortunately, I feel the same way about Jane Wyman's marriage to Fred Karger. I know Freddie fairly well. That is, I've seen him around various functions leading his little orchestra from time to time. I think he's a year or two younger than Jane, although I may be wrong. Compared to her he's relatively unknown. Here we have an actress at the peak of her powers marrying a kind but average musician. The discrepancy in accomplishment is too great. Why Jane married Freddie so quickly I don't know. I've been told that it's a question of rebound from the Bautzer affair. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't, but I just don't think it is the last marriage for either of them.

"I have never seen marriages in Hollywood where the woman is a good deal older than the man. Take Norma Shearer as an example. She claims she was 38 when her husband, Marty Arrouge, was 29. I happen to know that Norma was born in Canada in 1904. This makes her 48 years old. Actually, she looks less than 40. I believe she looks so well because she has a young husband. Marty was a ski instructor when she married him. He had no acting aspirations whatever. He was content to marry Norma and share her millions. They travel all over the world together. They are very simpatico. I know nothing about their money arrangements, but there is no career rivalry to bedevil their relationship.

"That's where these older actresses make a big mistake. They marry young actors who want to reach the heights. They believe that these young men are more tractable than husbands of their own age or older. They feel that they can use these young boys. On the other hand the young boys feel they can use the older actress. There is no love in such a match, only utility.

"If women like Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern and others of that group want to preserve the illusion of youth by marrying young men, they should choose men who have no show business aspirations or who are finished with such aspirations.

"Look at Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford. Mary must be 60. Buddy is approaching 50. Why do these two get on so famously? There is no career rivalry. These two have had their share of fame. Mary looks wonderful because Buddy's youth stimulates her. She can't afford to get fat and frowzy.

"Rosalind Russell is older than her husband Freddie Brisson. But Freddie isn't any actor. He doesn't mind walking in the shadow of Rosalind's limelight. He acts as her producer, her general manager. She has the talent, and he oversees it. He doesn't mind occupying a subsidiary role in the setup. Most men do. They will put up with it only as long as they have to. Certainly that was true of Clark Gable and his first two wives. He married Josephine Dillon, the drama coach, when he was down on his luck. When things picked up he went over to Ria Langham. Ria occupied a position of prominence in Houston. It didn't matter to Clark that these women were older, much older than he was. As soon as success came his way, he pulled out of these marriages. Of course, Ria made him pay plenty. After all she'd given up an awful lot to become his wife; but when an older woman who has only money marries an ambitious young man who hasn't any, she must expect to be discarded when his ship comes in."

IN Hollywood there have occasionally been great passion-ridden, tempestuous love affairs in which the love element was so overpowering, so pervasive, so dominant that the relative ages of the partners were scarcely given a second thought at the time of marriage.

There have been four such affairs: Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and Sue Carol, Jerry Lewis and Patti Palmer, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Barbara is five years older than Taylor, Sue is two years older than Allan, Patti

Absent Minded Rex

Rex Harrison plays tennis on a court that belongs to his friend Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Occasionally his wife is confronted by a bewildered husband who remarks that he seems to have lost a lot of trousers somewhere. She knows just where to look for them. Sighing, she drives to the Fairbanks home. After tennis, Rex, Doug, Jr., and their athletically inclined friends retire to a steam bath Fairbanks has built near his court, and when Harrison finishes parboiling himself, he is likely to climb absent-mindedly into a pair of flannels belonging to Fairbanks. His wife has fetched home whole armloads of his trousers, as well as shirts and sweaters.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

is two years older than Jerry, and Lucille is six years older than Desi; and in three of these four marriages, it is the wife's age advantage which has given the marriage a degree of stability, security, and understanding which otherwise might be lacking.

The one exception to this statement is the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage. I believe the failure of that marriage may be attributed directly to the age differential. Taylor was in his 20's when he began going steadily with Barbara. At the time she was still married although separated from her first husband, Frank Fay. Her life with Fay, she later testified in court, had been extremely miserable. She had tried to prevent him from seeing their adopted son, Dion. She had accused him of boozing it up and manhandling her from time to time, and the only ray of light in her existence had been with Taylor.

WHEN her divorce from Fay was granted, Barbara rode off with young Taylor and was married. It was an ideal love match. No one said anything about Barbara's age, but the truth of the matter was that Taylor had never had his fling. He was too young, too inexperienced for Barbara.

After the war and still a young man, he became an aviation enthusiast. Barbara refused to go flying with him. She preferred to remain in Hollywood and work. Although she has looked and continues to look much younger than her age, she adopted the philosophy of a middle-aged woman, the stay-at-home behavior pattern which Taylor rebelled against.

Each time the opportunity presented itself for him to make a film overseas he grabbed at it. He's made more films abroad for MGM than practically any other actor on the lot. While Taylor was in Rome, starring in *Quo Vadis*, I began hearing many stories about him and the Italian actress, Lia de Leo, who is currently threatening to sue Taylor for breach of promise. Barbara Stanwyck heard the same rumors. By then it was too late. Taylor had decided to have his fling before he grew too old, a fling denied him in his youth. He asked Barbara for his freedom, and being the kind of generous, understanding woman she is, she granted it readily. Taylor gave up his rights to their $100,000 home which she quickly sold, and promised her 15% of his gross earnings until her death or remarriage. He then began playing the field which is what he is currently doing with Ursula Thiess, Pat Tiernan, Yvonne de Carlo, Ludmilla Tcherina, Jean MacDonald, and whatever female talent comes into his ken.

Had Bob Taylor played the field extensively before his marriage to Stanwyck, had he dated dozens of girls instead of concentrating on Barbara and his work, the chances are that he would never have had the desire for a freedom he now finds singularly unrewarding. In Barbara Stanwyck he married a woman whose rate of growth because of the age factor was much faster than his.

IN some cases this is a good thing. Take the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz marriage. Everyone predicted that this one would last a fast 90 days. Not only was Lucille six years older than her Latin lover, she was eminently successful, and he was not, at least in motion pictures. In order to make a living, Desi had to be out on the road most of the time. Conscious of her age, Lucille used to imagine what most wives imagine when their husbands are on the road. It wasn't long before Desi and Lucille separated. It was then



Marilyn Monroe

discovers the world's most glamorous make-up . . . from the

WESTMORES of HOLLYWOOD



The men who make the stars more beautiful: Perc Westmore, dean of Hollywood make-up artists; Wally Westmore, Paramount Make-up Director; Bud Westmore, Universal Make-up Director; Frank Westmore, Hollywood make-up stylist.

GLAMOROUS stars asked for it . . . an easier-to-apply, longer-lasting make-up that would give them the very same complexion glamor on the street that they have in close-ups on the screen!

And the Westmores gave them fabulous liquid TRU-GLO! A make-up that *flows* on your cheek.

You just dot it on, blend evenly with fingertips, and pat off excess. Presto! Your complexion takes on a luminous, petal-soft freshness that lasts all day!

Tru-Glo hides tattle-tale lines . . . draws a sheer veil of color over blemishes . . . gives you a truly poreless look and a radiant natural glow.

Satiny Tru-Glo never streaks. Never looks "masky." Not greasy or drying. Magical Tru-Glo gives you truly breath-taking loveliness!

Perfect for all types of skin. In shades for every skin tone. Available wherever good cosmetics are sold.



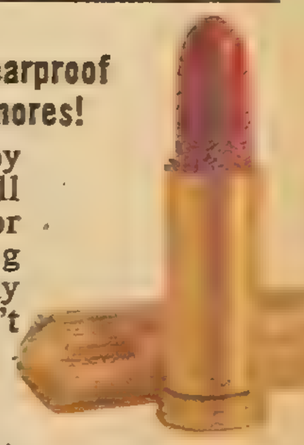
Acclaimed by Hollywood

Tru-Glo

LIQUID MAKE-UP

ONLY 59¢ plus tax

(slightly higher in Canada)



Now! A new creamy, smearproof lipstick . . . by the Westmores!

Hollywood Lipstick by the Westmores! You'll love its intoxicating color richness and exciting sheen. Feels wonderfully creamy on the lips. Won't smear. Non-drying.

ONLY *59¢ and 29¢ plus tax*

(slightly higher in Canada)

WESTMORE *Hollywood* COSMETICS

COLOR
Glorifies Your Hair

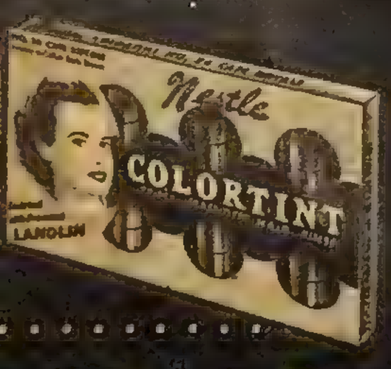


Color-Highlights
with Nestle COLORINSE

Color-highlights sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film — also makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo — or whenever hair looks dull and drab. 10 shades that rinse in — shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Richer Color Tints
with Nestle COLORTINT

Richer color tints glamorize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to enhance natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye! 10 shades. 6 capsules 25¢, 14 capsules 50¢.



Lighter, Brighter Color
with Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Lighten your hair as little or as much as you choose in one application—with Nestle LITE. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick—easy—contains no ammonia. $1.50. Retouch size 79c.



Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

(price plus tax)

that Lucille's maturity came into play.

"I knew," she has since confessed, "that if we both stopped being trigger-tempered and really worked at the marriage, we could make a go of it." Had Lucille been as young and impetuous as Desi, the marriage would have been ended right then and there. Instead, Lucille suggested that they try it again. Both soft-pedaled their tempers and then two years ago, rather than have their separate careers keep them apart, decided to pool what money they had on a series of TV films to be entitled *I LOVE LUCY*.

Many friends in show business told Lucille that she had rocks in her head, that she might be saving her marriage, but would be ruining her bank account. Lucille paid no heed. She and Desi went ahead with their plans. "We decided," she says, "that instead of divorce lawyers profiting from our mistakes, we'd profit from them." And they have, too. Lucy has coined money and brought new stability to the Arnaz household, and this newly secure union has been blessed with one child, and another is on the way.

Patti Palmer, Jerry Lewis' wife, is another girl who has used her edge in years in an attempt to stabilize her husband, an almost impossible task with Lewis. Jerry, for example, never would go to bed unless he had a loaded revolver under his pillow. This was an offshoot of the insecurity and loneliness he felt as an adolescent when his parents, vaudevillians, would leave him alone at night while they entertained in neighborhood clubs for a few dollars. One afternoon when he was in his teens, Jerry walked into a pawn shop in New Jersey and bought a revolver. He slept with it each night because it made him feel secure. It was only a few weeks ago that Patti convinced him to give it up.

As a matter of fact as recently as a year ago, Jerry was afraid of entering any of the well-known restaurants in Hollywood unless he knew someone inside. He refused to attend parties unless his sidekicks went along. He was fearful of any sort of social life not in line with his Borscht Circuit upbringing. Patti has changed all that without nullifying his wild, slapstick spontaneity. She knows very well how to act as a straight man for his various routines.

A few evenings before they left for the Texas State Fair last October, Jerry and Patti were strolling along Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. Suddenly, as they approached a crowded intersection, the 26-year-old Lewis turned on his attractive little wife.

"Now you get away from me," he screamed. "I don't care how much you're asking. The answer is no."

"Please, Jerry," Patti protested, playing it straight. "People are looking."

"How dare you attack me?" Lewis demanded. "Get away from me before I call the police."

Pedestrians began gathering around the couple. "You should be ashamed of yourself," Jerry shouted, wagging his index finger at Patti's poodle cut. "A nice clean-living boy like me." He crossed his eyes and stuck out his tongue. Then indignantly he whirled upon the crowd. "Come on, now," he bellowed, brandishing an imaginary nightstick. "Beat it. Break it up. This dame stole my watch. I'll run her in." And with that he grabbed Patti under the arm and hustled her down the street as the crowd roared.

If Patti were younger than Jerry—they were married when he was 18—she would certainly be incapable of handling this mercurial, talented, zany neurotic.

She is as perfect for him as Sue Carol is for Alan Ladd, and these two are the last word in perfect mating. When Sue first met Alan she told him quickly that she was two years older than he was. She'd been married twice before. She'd had a successful motion picture career, a child by a previous marriage, and she was running a talent agency because she knew the motion picture business from A to Z.

Ladd at the time was a monumental failure, but he had enough common sense to put both his head and his heart, figuratively speaking, in Sue's capable hands. She really went to work for her man. She started him in at Paramount on *This Gun For Hire* at $150 a week. That was in 1942. A few weeks later she married him, loving the frightened young man from Arkansas, mothering him, protecting him, guiding his career, watching over his money, educating him to the ways of the big time.

Today, some ten years later, Alan Ladd receives $100,000 and up per picture, plus a share of the profits. He owns the Alsulana Ranch, 25 acres worth $150,000, a Holmby Hills mansion worth another $200,000, and what is best, doesn't have to bother about taxes, contracts, details, or expenses. Sue sees to everything.

If Alan Ladd were older than his wife he might resent her pre-emption of the ordinarily masculine domain of the household, but under the present setup, he's only too happy to let Sue take over.

"Let's face it," he says. "She knows more about finances and money than I'll ever know."

It was Sue, for example, who saw the wisdom in their going over to Europe for a year and a half. If the Ladds remain abroad 18 months they will have to pay no tax on their income. In a year and a half abroad, Alan can earn more money and keep it than he could in the U. S. A. in ten years. In the Ladd setup, Alan is the breadwinner and Sue is the banker, and each loves the other for his virtues.

WHAT conclusions may be reached from this study of Hollywood wives who are older than their husbands?

One almost inescapable conclusion is that older actresses should not marry younger actors. Annabella lost Ty Power, Barbara Stanwyck lost Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford lost Phil Terry, Ann Sothern lost Robert Sterling, Greer Garson lost Richard Ney, and so on down the line, one of the few exceptions being Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, and Desi wasn't really an actor when Lucille married him. Gary Merrill and Bette Davis constitute another exception. But in this one it's really too early to tell.

Actors, however, are wise in pursuing Benjamin Franklin's advice, just so long as the older girls they marry are not actresses. Somehow actresses are not particularly appreciative of younger husbands when they themselves have to pay most of the bills. END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—J. B. Scott, 29—Cronenweth of Columbia Pictures, 32—Beerman-Parry, 33—Beerman-Parry, 34, 35—Beerman-Parry, 38, 39, 40—Beerman-Parry, 41—Herb Ball, 43—M.G.M., 44, 45—Beerman, 51—Parry.

I sing for st. jude

(*Continued from page 41*) time I heard it.

"God's test of love and mercy," she replied.

"What do you get if you pass?" I wanted to know.

"*His* love and mercy," she told me.

We lived in a part of Toledo, Ohio, that people in other parts stayed away from if they could. We were many families, of all religions, who filled those big, dilapidated houses on the edge of the downtown business district. You have seen houses like this in your city probably, cut up into small apartments, yet with rooms strangely large. In our dining room you could play basketball, and it was all right to play basketball because our folks could never afford to furnish it. Yet whenever there was an occasion for a holiday or a feast somehow something good would happen about it. Broke or not we could celebrate, because the mothers all saw to it. For instance they would all exchange dishes. There were holidays in which we ate Polish dishes, Italian or Irish. There were high Catholic Fridays when we had nothing to cook, yet a neighbor would see to it that we got our fish . . . gefulte fish. So much warmth we had, we whom the rest of the city thought were such a wretched group, that whenever I got a cold look from some rich kid I used to wonder whether it was because none was left for him and his kind.

ACTUALLY we never saw the really rich. A rich man to us was anyone who had a steady job. We were so poor that none of us ever had the attention of a family doctor; mother, father, eight brothers and a sister, we got treatment only in the public clinic where you had to sit around so long you often forgot what ailed you. Clothes? By the time a pair of pants came down the line to me from my older brothers it was always short a very important part; I didn't dare turn my back to anyone. In fact, in winter time I learned to face the wind—like cattle do—to keep from getting "keel-froze." My brothers and I worked through our play ages. In order to earn as much as 30 cents selling newspapers, I had to take a chance of being mobbed and robbed by other kids—and I was mobbed and robbed.

One of my favorite memories of that period centers about a mackinaw coat which belonged to my brother, Bill. In the daytime he wore it to work. At night he stuffed it into a broken window pane to keep out the winter. One night it was so cold that when he put on his coat in the morning the part that had been exposed all night was frozen solid. We all laughed because Bill looked as if he had a hump on his back when he left for his job that morning.

Yet, when there wasn't much food in our house, there was always love and mercy. When there wasn't enough heat, there was love and mercy. When there wasn't anything to support us in goods of the world, there was always the strength of our faith which at first came to us from our mother, and then, when we got older and learned for ourselves, direct from where she got it—the church. To the church I have gone since that time. To the church I will go for the rest of my time . . . and beyond.

It should not be thought that we kids were not often tempted from the straight path. We were more than once. Standing in the corner grocery store waiting for the old proprietor to cut me ten cents worth of lard, I used to let my hands

Rabbit eye tests prove

ZONITE'S absolute safety to body tissues in feminine hygiene



You OWE IT TO YOURSELF to compare these wondrous benefits of ZONITE against any other product for the douche

Every woman should realize how necessary a *cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing* douche solution is for vaginal cleanliness—for feminine charm and health. All we ask is that you please read *all* these facts about ZONITE—a product of proven quality for the douche. Then judge for yourself!

ZONITE'S miracle-action

The great ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist (two men held in the highest esteem by the medical profession).

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved *so powerful* yet *absolutely safe* to body tissues as ZONITE!

ZONITE is *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. In fact, it's a wondrously soothing and healing agent. Because of this, women can use ZONITE as directed as *often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH external and internal protection

ZONITE gives BOTH external and internal protection. (Full directions with every bottle.) It *completely* deodorizes. It leaves no lingering strong tell-tale odor in your bathroom or on your person.

ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ. ZONITE leaves the vaginal tract *so clean* and *refreshed*. Costs only a few cents per douche. Worth a fortune to women who value their daintiness and health.

Tests made under method devised in a Government Research Laboratory

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than found in the vaginal tract. ZONITE douche solution was put *twice daily* into rabbits' eyes for *three months*. Not the slightest irritation appeared. Mr. Bunny didn't feel the slightest discomfort—he lived like a king all the while he happily proved ZONITE is *absolutely harmless* to you. Enjoy ZONITE's *completely safe* qualities. Buy it today.

Zonite

THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST



FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. MR-33, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

©1953, Z.P.C

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

The Most Powerful Story of Love and War Ever Told . . .



Ernest Hemingway's ACROSS the RIVER and into the trees

"THE BEST . . . THAT HEMINGWAY HAS DONE"
N. Y. Times

"BARRING A MIRACLE NO AMERICAN NOVEL WILL TOP IT"
Christian Science Monitor

This is the tense, emotion-charged story of Colonel Richard Cantwell, a lonely, battle-scarred man . . . and of a beautiful, young Italian countess who offers him love, tender yet passionate. It is the poignant, powerful story of the few rich hours they share . . . of his fight against the enemy that threatens to separate them . . . of savage war, torment, and elemental courage. If you've enjoyed "The Old Man And The Sea", "To Have And Have Not", "The Killers", "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro" and other great Hemingway hits, then you can't afford to miss one of the greatest of them all . . . "Across The River And Into The Trees".

Ask for this outstanding Dell Book now. . . .

DELL BOOK **35¢ at all newsstands**



stray. They would pick up an egg or two, cookies, maybe a can of soup. Then in order to bring these home I'd have to lie to my mother. I'd say I'd been junking, picking up pop bottles and the like, and selling them. Otherwise the food and I would go flying through the window.

One afternoon I was passing an alleyway when I heard my name called in a fierce whisper. I turned and there was a whole gang of kids in a huddle. They were listening to a cousin of mine proposing a great idea. All that he was putting over was a scheme to clean out the whole neighborhood of its valuables.

"We all know where our parents, and our uncles and aunts keep their rings and their watches and their earrings and all that stuff," he pointed out. "We know all the hideaways. It'll be a cinch. We'll cop it all, sell it, and be rich!"

Caught by the excitement of the planning and stirred by the daring deeds involved I agreed to get in on "The Big Haul." Everybody knew I was a favorite of my Uncle Tony, who ran a coffee house, and he and his wife, my Aunt Julia, were assigned as my victims. But when I began to think of Aunt Julia, who practically adopted me for a couple of years, and my uncle who was my greatest fan when I started out singing Syrian songs in his place, my enthusiasm melted. And when I looked ahead to the day I would be confessing my crime to the priest I knew it was no go.

Some of the other kids went through with it. One who was caught blabbed the whole story and there was a mass meeting of horrified parents. But what sticks to my mind is the tragedy which closed the affair. In the midst of all the furore my cousin, the ringleader, ran out from his house into the street to be killed instantly by a truck. The mass-meeting ended. No kids were punished. The sorrow that fell over everyone took care of that . . . took care of everything.

THE understanding I found in my own home and in my neighborhood I also found in the outer world. When my brother Ray was 12, and I was only 10 years old, we got a job selling pop and candy in the Empire theater in Toledo on Sunday afternoons. This meant getting out of Sunday School early and sometimes missing it altogether. This in turn meant showing up mornings in the office of our parochial school principal for fitting punishment. But invariably, as we stood in line with 10 or 15 other boys guilty of the same offense, our teacher, Sister Mary Elizabeth of the Ursaline Nuns, would sweep into the room looking for us. She would take us both by the ear and announce, "I'll take care of these boys myself."

The principal would nod assent and she would lead us from the room with such a severe look on her face that the other boys would all feel sorry for us. Downstairs we would march to the school kitchen where she would turn on us and demand to know what we had for breakfast. We'd tell her . . . generally it was coffee and a slice of bread. Shaking her head indignantly she would fill two big glasses with milk, get a plate of doughnut-sized cookies and plank them down on a table. "Now," she would order, "you boys sit down and meditate. And when you are through come right up to the class!"

Sister Mary Elizabeth knew what our home life was like and that we had to work whenever we got a chance. She also knew that the Empire theater was a burlesque house and, I think, regarded it as a source of possible evil influence on us which she must fight off by special means. This took the form not only of

milk and cookies, but of all sorts of efforts to get us to like our studies and our school relationships. She encouraged the dramatic instincts she knew Ray and I had and helped us to persevere in this direction. When I was chosen for a principal part in a city-wide Catholic schools play she was so delighted you'd think she herself had won the victory . . . and maybe she had. Years later it came to me that Ray and I were privileged pupils in St. Francis, but that this was no compliment to our personalities or anything like that. Sister Mary Elizabeth and all the others who helped us acted merely on precedent set by One whom they followed. We were privileged only because we had nothing. I say this realization came to me . . . I should add where. It came to me as I knelt in church, where all good thoughts have come to me.

THERE was a day in my life when, thus kneeling, in a Detroit church, I faced a vexing problem. My wife Rosemary was expecting our first baby (now our oldest daughter, Margaret). The doctor had said he would wait for his money but I knew the hospital would require $70 in advance. In my pocket was exactly $7.70—seven one-dollar bills and the change. I don't know what prompted me, but when the collection basket was handed around I put in a dollar and when I left my pew I handed over the other six as a contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, then conducting a drive for its missionary work. Now I had 70 cents left. In front of the altar I said a prayer which in part went:

". . . I have given my last seven dollars but I need it back ten times. . . ."

It was perfectly true that my wife could go to the county hospital and have her baby without charge. But if you'll forgive a young husband, I wanted her to have the cheer and uplift that might come in a nice room—even if it was to be not a fully private room but a four-bed one. And there was another reason. I was by now an entertainer in Detroit's beer-gardens and night spots. Many people knew me . . . yet they didn't know I had nothing. I was someone who told jokes, sang funny songs. The jokes might not sound so funny, nor the songs, if they heard that my wife was a charity case in a public ward. The effect might be disastrous on my work and on my income at a time when I needed it most.

That night I was in my dressing room at the club when I was called to the telephone. It was my agent. The Jam Handy Films, a commercial motion picture company, wanted me to play a short part in a commercial production. Rehearsal would be the next day, the scene would be shot the day following, and on the third day I would get my salary—$75! Here it was—my money back tenfold, just as I had prayed! On the fourth day Margaret was born—her tiny basket-bed paid for, if not the hands which delivered her. That was taken care of later.

It was funny but after this I seemed to go on a "Ten Times Kick," as I called it. If I gave a quarter to a beggar I'd have $2.50 thrown to me on the stage right after my first song (in those days it was not yet an insult to throw money to an entertainer in a night club, it was part of your pay). I think I used to go around looking for people who wanted money, supremely confident that it would come back to me 1,000 per cent.

I know this doesn't make sense but I had a special background for feeling this way . . . and again, it leads back to my upbringing, and to my mother. She, too, "planted" good deeds when there could seem to be no return, she too gave when

Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps me keep my extremely sensitive skin looking smooth and unblemished*!" says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa.

Dry Skin: " 'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin; helps it look much softer, smoother," Marjorie Weir of Huntington, L. I. says.

How you, too, can

Look lovelier in 10 days

. . . or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier —and helps *keep* it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

Different! This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it brings such thrilling results.

Quick! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:



1. 'Cream-wash'

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and *wash* your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. **externally-caused*



2. Night cream 3. Make-up base

Noxzema works or money back!

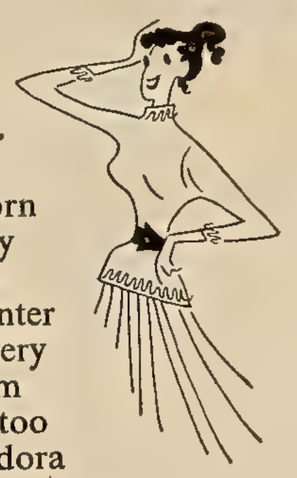
In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Special Trial Offer: For a limited time, you can get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax—at drug or cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream



by **REGIS PAINE,**
beauty consultant



New look for tired sweaters.
The magic of a steam iron works wonders on often-worn woolen sweaters. Just gently press with stamping motion and watch your favorite winter wear come to life again. Every sweater girl knows underarm daintiness can't be guarded too carefully. This calls for Yodora —the sure beauty-cream deodorant that keeps you wonderfully fresh and oh, so comfortable.



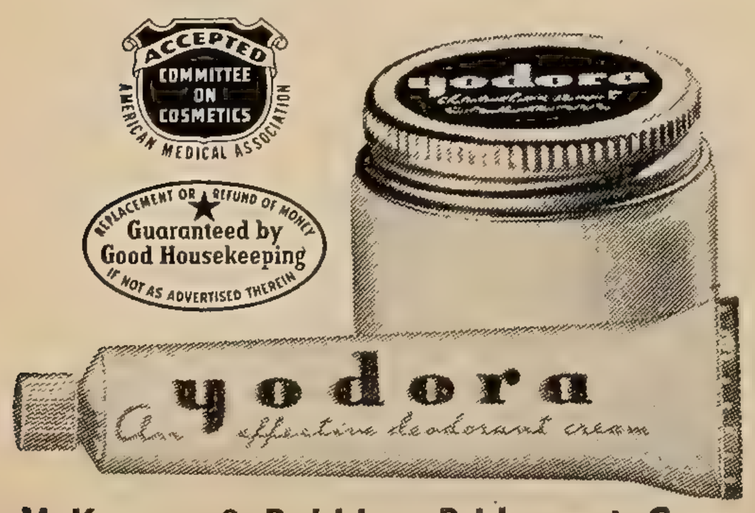
Good form for formals.
White shoulders and white ties demand perfect grooming and, above all, smooth underarm loveliness. In shaving under arms be sure your blade is new, your razor clean. Shave downward, slowly and gently, to avoid unattractive scratch marks. Then apply Yodora, the deodorant beauty cream that soothes and beautifies your underarms—keeps you dancing fresh, sweet and glamorous all through the night.

Scat to mid-winter blues.
Change your outlook with a new hair-do. Beat the season with a bunch of gay artificial flowers pinned to your coat, your belt, or worn pertly on a dress.



One thing *sure* that always lifts the spirits is knowing you're just as lovely and desirable as you can be, because gentle Yodora is safely and surely protecting you from the slightest trace of perspiration odors. You feel so fresh and you stay that way all day through. (Yodora keeps your underarms lovelier, too, because it smoothes and softens your skin as it guards your daintiness.)

Tubes or Jars—10¢, 35¢, 60¢



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

sometimes she had not to give. When anyone came to our door—the gas man, even, the insurance man for his nickel and dime premiums—she would always have the same greeting: "Hello. Are you hungry?" This, as she told us, was the way of her people. For in Lebanon if a stranger came to your door he must have come from another village or town, and if so he must have walked and must naturally be hungry and tired.

And above all she was scrupulous in obeying the Lebanese "Three-day Hospitality Rule." If travelers who were of your people came to your door seeking relatives, you had but one duty, even though you yourself were not related to them. "Welcome and spread your bedding," you had to say, and for three days, by tradition, they were your guests. When they were ready to leave a parting lunch was to be made for them. In my boyhood there were five instances in which such people were welcomed, housed and fed by my mother . . . though we ourselves might not be fed.

I AM pretty sure that anyone brought up in this sort of home would feel about religion as I do, but it is apparent that not all people have had this sort of experience in their younger days. One night I was seated in a Chicago restaurant with a group of friends when one of them challenged the whole idea of church.

"What kind of God do they talk about?" he scoffed. "You and I know very well that there is no God; that when you are dead you are dead!"

There is no point in arguing with a fellow who talks like that and I made no attempt at it. But then he went on. "And all this comfort people talk about geting from their belief, are they kidding?"

About this I could say a few words, I felt. My exact words I don't remember, but in general they were as follows:

"Joe. Let us say that you are dying and I am the last man to talk to you before you go. I can tell you either of two stories, both of them phoney, mind you, but you can have your choice. I can say, 'Joe, old fellow, in a few minutes you will be dead and, as you say, really dead. What is left of you might make good soap, lampshades, whatever can be done with the substances that were organized to make up a fellow like you but now are just a meaningless mass. So, so long Joe. It's no more for you, nothing, the end.' Or, I can speak as follows: 'Joe, you are what people term dying, but when this is over you will really begin living . . . for the first time since your birth. In a few minutes, Joe, just a few minutes, the mystery of eternal goodness will bathe you in a wonderful light and you will be taken up to be with the kind God who gave you thought and feeling that you might use these to help know Him. You remember how music could inspire you on earth, Joe, and how you wondered at its power? Now you'll know. You remember how love stirred in you and you wondered where it came from? Now you will find out. And Joe, only one thing more before you go to your happiness. My time will come too and then I'll join you. I'll be seeing you, Joe!'" And then I stopped for a moment before I asked, "Well? Which story do you want?"

He jerked up straight as if from a trance. "Oh, well," he protested, "if you put it that way!"

"That's the way it is, Joe," I said.

IT's funny. Some people want an affidavit from God that he really exists. They want the sunshine and the rain, the things which grow, the majesty of the earth, mountains and valleys, the beauty of a butterfly's wings and the love that kindles in a mother's eyes to appear before a notary public and swear that there is a purpose behind them.

Other people? Well, they know. I know. Even if I am just a singer, a happy singer. I sing for my people. And, oh, yes, I have picked me a little known saint for whom I sing special songs. His name is St. Jude, and in his name I have started a foundation to build a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. No one will be asked who or what they are when they seek admission. That's another thing those who are supposed to know will know already. St. Jude will know. God will know. Who else's business will it be?

END

(Danny Thomas can be seen in Warner Brothers' The Jazz Singer.)

return engagement

(Continued from page 27) of the Lanza benevolence were relegated to the shadows and into the sun came the rumors, innuendo, and malicious gossip.

PERSONS who had once been employed by Lanza and paid handsomely for their work, began to curry favor by dropping tasty morsels such as, "You know this guy has always been half-cracked, don't you? For years he's had rocks in his head."

One circulating story was that Lanza had engaged in a fist fight with his psychiatrist. Another told that Lew Wassermann, Lanza's agent, came to the house one day bearing a $50,000 check for Mario, only the tenor refused to see him and left orders for Wassermann to "leave the check with the butler." A parking lot attendant said he was slapped in the face by Mrs. Mario Lanza and unfairly fired because of her complaint. A day later it came out that the parking attendant had been dismissed "for an entirely different reason than being rude to Mrs. Lanza." By the time the truth negated the accusation, Betty Lanza was in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital giving birth to Mario Lanza's eight-pound son.

"The way they've been talking about us," Betty Lanza said only a few hours before the ambulance whizzed her into confinement, "you'd think we were a family of insane criminals. For months now we've done nothing but mind our own business. We've had enough to do moving into our new house and getting things settled. We haven't been anywhere. Mario has said absolutely nothing for public consumption, nothing about himself, *The Student Prince*, or the studio. The lawyers have handled everything and yet if you believe what you read in the papers, Mario has been fighting everyone."

A day later when I asked Mario to comment on the constant flow of disparagement his fight with the studio had engendered, all he would say was, "Have a cigar! Have two cigars! What do you think, a boy! My Betty has given me a boy! Isn't that sensational? We've got his second name picked out. Anthony. I don't know about his first name. Betty neither. He's a regular bruiser, weighed eight pounds. How do you like it? Mario Lanza is the father of one boy, two girls. A son. Right now, I'm the happiest man in the world. That's all I can say. The happiest man in the world."

Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film . . .
just soft shimmering beauty

Suave

End dry hair worries
with miracle Curtisol-
Only Suave has it





CREME 60¢ LIQUID 50¢-$1

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey new *soft* way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness, split ends, frizziness after permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

created by Helene Curtis
foremost name in hair beauty

Just how long this state of ecstasy will last for Mario, no one at the moment of this writing can accurately prophesy; it is safe to assume, however, that this April will find him back at MGM, hard at work—in all probability on *The Student Prince*—earning his weekly stipend of $1,500 a week.

MARTIN GANG, Lanza's lawyer, says, "I feel that 1953 will be a very good year for Mario. I hate litigations and long hassels in court and I think everything can and will be worked out to the mutual satisfaction of all parties involved in this damage suit. I have great hopes that Mario will return to work very shortly and on the best of terms with MGM. He is a very talented entertainer, one of the best money-makers the studio has ever had, and well, I'm sure things will work themselves out."

The legal firm of Loeb & Loeb, representing MGM, feels much the same.

"Many people don't seem to understand this," their spokesman, Harry Gershon, points out, "but Loew's has not cancelled its employment agreement with Mr. Lanza. Not at all. What the studio did was to cancel one production, *The Student Prince,* and to sue Lanza for the moneys spent in preparing that production and for the potential profits, $5,198,888 altogether.

"Under the terms of his employment agreement with MGM, and these terms are still in effect, Lanza has to make another film for the studio in 1953—I think it's supposed to start by April—and another film in 1954.

"By cancelling *The Student Prince,* the studio contends that Lanza owes them three more pictures. I have no way of knowing whether MGM will start up *The Student Prince* again in April of 1953 or not. All I do know is that right now no one has ordered us to drop the damage suit against Mr. Lanza, and we are preparing to continue it. This in no way precludes Mr. Lanza from working at MGM. It is my feeling that he'll make several more pictures there, abiding by his employment contract."

I asked Mr. Gershon what would happen in the event Mario began work on *The Student Prince* in April. "How could the studio sue him for damages on the potential profits," I asked, "if he made the picture and it was released?"

The attorney conceded that a portion of the damage suit would of necessity have to be withdrawn, and that under those circumstances Loew's would probably sue only for the pre-production damages of $695,888, the amount listed in the original complaint as the cost of the film's preparation.

What will probably happen is that MGM will continue with the damage suit against Mario. In the event it wins the case and receives a judgment, it will probably not exercise the judgment—that is, attach Mario's salary and royalties—so long as he behaves himself and causes no further stoppage in production. Should Mario become intractable, however, the studio may get tough.

Significantly enough, under the regime of Louis B. Mayer, MGM handled its stars with silk gloves. Judy Garland, it is estimated, cost the studio a small fortune in delays, and yet no suit for damage was ever filed against her, this despite the fact that she was earning $5,000 a week when she was giving studio executives their biggest headaches.

An executive who was asked to comment upon the difference in treatment accorded Judy and Mario, said, "Let's face it. Judy was a sick girl at the time. You'll put up with a lot of nonsense from a woman that you'll never take from a man. Besides, things were different then. Business wasn't so rough. A studio could afford to be liberal. Nowadays we've got to watch every cent."

WHAT caused Mario Lanza's disagreement with the studio in the first place? Why did he back away from *The Student Prince* when camera work was just about to begin?

To date three reasons have been offered: (1) Owing to a disagreement with his sponsor and personal manager, Sam Weiler, Mario found himself on the brink of nervous collapse (2) Mario was unhappy at MGM and wanted to get out of his contract, especially after *Because You're Mine,* a film he violently fought against making (3) Mario did not want to make *The Student Prince* with Curt Bernhardt directing.

Here for the first time is the essential truth about Mario, his relationship with Sam Weiler, his behavior at MGM, and his subsequent nervous upheaval.

IN the Fall of 1945, a mousey, moustached, dark-haired little businessman, named Sam Weiler, was paying a vocal instructress, Polly Robertson, Room 802, the Carnegie Hall Building, New York City, $5 an hour to teach him how to sing.

Mr. Weiler was not a millionaire at the time or even a particularly wealthy individual. He worked for and with his brother, Jack D. Weiler, for many years vice-president of the Federation of Jewish

BE THE GOLDEN BLONDE



who makes him sit up and take notice

Fun to be with, lovely to know! You're *always* in the limelight with your hair's new golden gleam. And it's all your own doing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Not a dye but a wonderful way to be light-headed as you please! To recapture that pure-gold look they loved when you were a tiny towhead . . . or just add a honey-glow.

No extras! New hair-lights all in one pack.

Wonderful for lightening unlovely hair on arms and legs

60¢ and 90¢ *plus tax*



Make Money and Friends as a
PRACTICAL NURSE

LEARN AT HOME—EARN WHILE LEARNING



FREE Nationally recognized resident school of practical nursing now offers approved training at home to women and girls to help fill waiting demand for nurses. Thousands needed at once. High school not necessary. No age limit. **Sample Lesson Free.** Rush name on 2c postcard.

POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL of NURSING
5B3 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO 5, Ill.



TURN SPARE TIME INTO QUICK CASH

SELL 1953 EMPIRE GREETING CARDS

All-Occasion Box assortments—14 cards $1, also 21 cards $1. Many fast money-makers: Easter, Comic boxes—new Golden Cameo notes, children's Paint Sets. Quick repeat sellers: Name-printed stationery, napkins $1. Costs nothing to try. Make $100 fast. Write now for FREE imprint samples & on-trial boxes.

EMPIRE CARD CO., 216 Fox St., Elmira, N.Y.



FREE! FREE!

Photo of Your Favorite
MOVIE STAR

Big Bargain! . . . NOT small pocket size, but LARGER, ACTUAL PORTRAIT. Also FREE! Beautiful Catalog. FREE! Many additional pictures of popular stars on cover. FREE! Tells how to get HOME ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and PHOTOS of STARS HOMES. Send only 15¢ for handling (2 photos for 25¢). Rush to:

HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309, Dept. L-3 , Hollywood 28, California

***Lovely used* DRESSES**



The biggest bargains we have ever offered. Prints, solids, rayons, cottons, etc. Assorted styles and colors. Sizes 10 to 18, 10 for $4.95. Larger sizes 6 for $4.95. Some of these dresses were worth up to $30.00 when new. Send $1 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Your $4.95 refunded if dissatisfied, or merchandise exchanged if desired. Many other clothing bargains for entire family.

10 for 4.95

POSTCARD BRINGS FREE CATALOG
Allied Mail Order Co., Inc., Dept. 103-A
162 Christopher Ave. Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

Philanthropies of New York, and his annual earnings ranged from $20,000 to $40,000. He owned a profitable boys' camp in Pointelle, Pa., the Echo Lake Camp, and with his wife Selma, he lived a good and charitable and comfortable life. He rented an apartment on one of the streets in the east 90's; he worked hard as a realtor for his brother, and he spent the winters in Miami. "Taking singing lessons," he says, "was just a pleasant hobby with me."

One afternoon, after she'd finished giving him his instruction, Polly Robertson turned to Sam Weiler and said, "Some day I'm going to let you listen to a voice greater than Caruso's."

"Fine," Sam Weiler said.

Two days later, Mario Lanza walked into Polly Robertson's studio. "Here," said Miss Robertson, "is the voice greater than Caruso's." Weiler and Lanza shook hands. This was the first time they met.

Mario sang a song for Weiler. Sam was mesmerized. "As God is my witness," he recalls, "it floored me. I fell on my nose. I had never in my life heard anything so naturally brilliant. I went home and I raved all night long to my wife about Mario. 'This kid,' I told her, 'has the greatest voice in the world, barring none.'"

When Weiler met Lanza, Mario was neither broke nor starving. He was substituting for Jan Peerce on the Celanese radio program "Great Moments In Music" and earning $500 a crack which was incredible in view of the fact that he had known little or no formal voice coaching.

In December of 1945, Lanza met Weiler in the lobby of the Carnegie Hall Building and invited him across the street for a friendly cup of coffee. A gallon of coffee later Weiler had agreed to dine with Mario and his bride, Betty, in their fourth-floor walkup at 8 West 49th Street.

That evening, Betty and Mario Lanza asked Sam Weiler if he would help them. Mario was smart enough to realize that his voice needed training, careful training, that if he sang on one program after another, "just to earn a buck," he would eventually abuse his voice.

"How much do you think you'd need to live on?" Weiler asked.

Betty and Mario talked it over. "If we could be sure of $70 a week," Betty Lanza said, "I think Mario could do it."

Weiler thought for a moment. "Tell you what," he said, "I'm going down to Florida for my winter vacation. You let me think about it for a few weeks."

On February 1st, 1946, Mario Lanza and Sam Weiler signed the original contract whereby Weiler agreed to pay for Lanza's vocal instruction and give him $70 a week in return for 10% of Lanza's eventual gross earnings. Weiler was also to pay off any existing Lanza debts. These consisted of fairly sizable bills at D'Andrea Brothers, a clothing establishment where Mario had gone to outfit himself with day-time and formal clothes, and at the Park Central Hotel (now the Park Sheraton) where Betty and Mario had lived for a short while.

Lanza at this time was under contract to Columbia Concerts, so Weiler went down to see Peter Herman Adler, chief of that outfit, and together they decided that Mario should be taken off all work and put in the hands of Enrico Rosati, the great vocal teacher of Benjamino Gigli.

This was done. Weiler paid for the lessons and saw to it that the Lanzas got their $70 a week. In September of 1946 when Columbia felt he was ready for some good concert experience, Lanza and two other singers were formed into the Bel Canto trio, booked at $800 a performance, and sent on the road.

The trio did fairly well, and the Lanzas spent that winter with Sam Weiler in Florida. Between Weiler and Lanza there gradually developed an almost father-and-son relationship. Each had unlimited faith in the other and complete trust. Lanza who has no money sense whatever, relied upon Weiler for professional and financial guidance While Weiler knew precious little about the music or entertainment world, he was shrewd enough to know that Lanza was following the shortest and most direct path to fame.

A writer asked Frank Sinatra's okay to compile all the Sinatra gags in a joke book. Frankie came back with a grim NO.

In 1947 Mario Lanza hit the road again, and here for the first time, he actually began to make news. Following his appearance as soloist in Chicago's Grant Park on July 20th, 1947, Claudia Cassidy, the arts critic of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, among other things: "Mr. Lanza was something approaching a sensation. . . has a superb natural tenor which he uses by instinct . . . He needs work but he does amazingly well right now . . . His 'Celeste Aida' was beautifully done, and the crowd roared with delight."

With notices like that, the word soon spread throughout the entertainment world that Lanza was "a natural." A month later when he arrived in Hollywood and sang at the well-publicized Hollywood Bowl, the house was almost full. When the concert was over, a hive of talent scouts made a bee-line to his dressing room door.

Besieged by many studio offers, Mario didn't know what to do. He turned to Sam Weiler, who was still working for his brother in New York. "Sam," he said over the long distance phone, "they're making me one offer after another. What'll I do?"

"Listen to all of them," Weiler said, "but sign nothing."

Lanza did exactly that until Weiler arrived in Hollywood. Once Sam checked in, a new agreement was drawn up between these two in which Mario agreed to pay Weiler 20 per cent of his gross earnings in return for Weiler's services as agent and personal manager. This agreement meant that Weiler had to abandon his business affiliations back East.

The basic employment agreement that Weiler negotiated with Metro on Mario's behalf shows how worthwhile this move was for everyone concerned. For signing with MGM, Lanza was given a flat $10,000 as a bonus. His starting salary was to be $750 a week for 20 weeks; he was to work only six months a year, make one picture a year, receive a rising bonus starting at $15,000 for each picture, receive subsequent yearly raises of $250 in salary.

When he finished making *That Midnight Kiss,* Mario was given a bonus of $25,000 which was $10,000 more than the studio had agreed to pay him. When he finished *Toast Of New Orleans,* he was given a bonus of $50,000. This was $25,000 more than the bonus the contract had called for. When he finished *The Great Caruso,* Mario was gifted with a $100,000 bonus, twice what his agreement entitled him to. In a sentence, Metro more than compensated for Lanza's relatively low starting salary.

Moreover, Metro was extremely courageous in taking a chance on Lanza in the first place. Anyone who has seen the screen test he made will testify to that. He photographed so poorly that some of the technicians were certain something had gone wrong in the lighting. Eventually when he went before the cameras for his first film, his hair had to be tinted red

his swarthy Italian skin powdered pink.

Lanza's relationship with the studio, other than for a few minor peccadillos, was excellent for his first three pictures. Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew's, was leery about making *The Great Caruso,* but L. B. Mayer insisted it would be a hit, and he was right. *The Great Caruso* has earned more money for Metro than any other film released within the past decade.

LANZA first began to disagree with MGM when the studio presented him with the script of *Because You're Mine.* When Mario finished reading the story, his first words were, "This is a piece of junk." Sam Weiler did not want Mario to make the picture, either. He, too, was certain it would turn out to be a lemon.

When Lanza is emotionally disturbed, he, like many other people, finds relief in food. He began to eat. The more the studio insisted upon his making *Because You're Mine* the more he ate. Week after week he grew fatter and fatter. He had once tipped the scales at 280 lbs., and it looked for a while as if he were determined to beat this record.

Before Lanza agreed to make *Because You're Mine,* there were many arguments at the studo, many heart-to-heart talks, a long, arduous dieting session and, worst of all, the development of bad blood between various factions.

Lanza was accused of being an ingrate, of biting the hand that had fed him so magnanimously; he, in turn, pointed out that he earned quite a few bucks for the studio, that there was no point in ruining a valuable property by placing him in a series of potboilers.

While relations with the studio deteriorated Lanza witnessed several gradual changes in his other relationships. Sam Weiler, for example, hired MCA to represent Mario and relinquished 10 of his 20 per cent. Weiler also formed a corporation, Marsam, Inc., in which he and Mario were the principal stockholders. Mario assigned to Weiler the power of attorney, and Weiler became the moneyman in the outfit, subsequently hiring a business manager, Noel Singer, to disburse money for Mario's constantly expanding expenses. Mario also signed a radio deal with Coca-Cola and a new recording deal with RCA. He became so busy he had very little time for his wife and two small daughters.

HE was happy at home, however, deeply in love with his wife, paternally proud of his little daughters, and while he had no idea of how much money he was worth, he felt certain that Sam Weiler was overseeing his financial interests in a shrewd and sagacious manner. His masseuse, while rubbing him down, had told him about a gold mine, and Mario had asked Sam to investigate, to see whether he should invest surplus funds in oil, tungsten, and light metals as well as gold.

He was particularly proud of the fact that he had earned a million dollars in 1951, and while his expenses had been tremendously high, he had paid his state income tax, a Federal income tax of $425,000, all his commissions, and he owed no one a cent.

Two things did nettle him from time to time. He disliked intensely the house he was living in, a French chateau-type he and Betty had rented on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, and he also disliked the fact that so many people had come to rely upon him for a living.

With a shrewdness never attributed to him, Mario realized that if ever he should want to quit, just stop cold, gather his family, and go to Italy and study at La Scala for a year or two, the resultant hue and cry from the army of people who had latched on to him would be so great that he would either have to go back to work or face violent censure.

That, of course, is what happened.

In March last year, Betty Lanza became pregnant for the third time. She was none too well at the outset, and this disturbed Mario. He was overworked and upset about the contract negotiations regarding a new recording deal with RCA. He had quarreled with Nicky Brodsky about some new songs for *The Student Prince.* The operetta was of such high standard Mario felt the score should not be tampered with. In the end, however, he gave in and agreed with Joe Pasternak that the new songs would help modernize the old musical score. When Curt Bernhardt was assigned to direct the picture, no objections were forthcoming from Lanza. Bernhardt had done a workmanlike job in re-making *Le Bleu Etoile,* a French motion picture classic, into *The Blue Veil* for Wald and Krasna; he had done a good job in remaking *The Merry Widow* for MGM with Lana Turner. Lanza had no complaints until he and Bernhardt were closeted together for a story conference. It was then that word leaked out of Lanza's refusal to do *The Student Prince.* He and Bernhardt had disagreed about several important story points, and Mario "wasn't buying another *Because You're Mine.*"

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Mario asked Sam Weiler for a look at the books of the Marsam Corporation. When he saw how much money had gone out, how little remained to him after earning approximately $1,500,000 in six years, he blew his top. He knew that Weiler had earned more than $150,000 in commissions, and somehow, he could not reconcile himself to the figures in front of his eyes. There were words, harsh

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!



Softer Skin—Mary Chabot, Univ. of Miami, says: "I count on proper cleansing with 100% mild Palmolive Soap to give me softer, fresher skin! I use no other product."

100% Mild—Lois I bender, Northwes says: "I use no beauty aid for my plexion. Palmolive 100% mild and gives gentle beauty care."

Smoother Skin—Pretty Jane Hord of Central High, Kansas City, says: "My skin always feels so much smoother and fresher after using Palmolive Soap."

More Radiant Ann Carmich Univ. of M "Since I Palmolive' my skin ha and far m

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Lovelier Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it. 36 doctors proved it in tests on 1285 women. These doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is *unquestionably* better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, fresher looking skin! You need no other beauty aid. Let 100% mild Palmolive Soap help you guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

Nature's Chlorophyll*

Is In Every Cake Of Palmolive Soap . . . That's What Makes Palmolive Green!



100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA

Mabel Jones' jellies always go first!

Her name on the label tells you these preserves were made with care and presented with pride!

You have to get to the bazaar early to get a jar of Mabel Jones' grape jelly—and her rose geranium is out of this world.

Her fame as a jelly-maker goes back many years, to the time she won first prize at the fair. It has been growing ever since.

Mabel says, "I know folks count on my things to be extra good, so I just take a little extra care before I put my name on a glass of jelly."

Isn't that how any reputation is built?

The maker takes a little extra care before he puts his name on his product, and people recognize the difference and tell their friends. Soon his brand name becomes known as the symbol of a product proudly made, a product you can have confidence in.

You'll see many such fine brands in the pages of this magazine. Think of them when you shop, and name your brand—to better your brand of living.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

words, between Betty Lanza and Sam Weiler. "Listen, Sam, I don't see why you should have the key to our house without our having the key to yours." Recrimination, accusation, and counter-accusation.

Weiler resigned and turned the books of the Marsam Corporation over to Lanza's attorneys who are currently having them audited. According to his contract with Lanza, Weiler will continue to receive 5 per cent of the singer's earnings for 11 years.

Lanza also grew heartsick. He had broken with the man who had sponsored him, who had come to his help, who had taken a chance on him. At the same time, Kitty Rightsel, an old and faithful friend who had acted as his secretary, packed her bags and announced that she'd had enough of Hollywood. She was going back to New York. Metro said that if Lanza insisted upon his refusal to act in *The Student Prince,* the studio would pull him off the Coca-Cola program. It controlled his radio appearances. True to its word the studio yanked him off the show. Betty announced that she wasn't going to live in that house on Whittier Drive another minute. She began negotiating with Nancy Sinatra for purchase of the Sinatra mansion. The deal soured, however, when Nancy asked a price the Lanzas considered a little out of line. Another project gone wrong. The obstetrician also warned Betty to be careful or she might lose the baby. Betty's mother and sister came out from Chicago. Mario's parents went to see Dore Schary and asked him to be understanding. Schary said he would be as understanding as he could, but the picture had to get under way. The studio called MCA. Lew Lindsay and Lew Wassermann of that organization were asked to talk to their boy, to get him into line. Mario kept looking at the books of the Marsam Corporation and wondering how he could have spent so much money. For the first time in his life he tried to delve into what for him was the unfathomable maze of high level finances. All he could determine was that after six years of intensive work, he was worth a little more than $100,000.

He was upset, and that's putting it mildly, but he knew he must take decisive steps. He abandoned *The Student Prince* temporarily, he closed his office; he hired the best lawyer he could get; he found a new house for himself in Bel-Air; he bought himself a new car to bolster his sagging spirits. Then he took his family and his belongings out of Beverly Hills.

Once in Bel-Air, he regained his composure. When Lew Wassermann suggested that a psychiatrist might help calm his nerves, Mario was most amenable to the suggestion. Immediately word was circulated throughout the movie colony that Mario was being psychoanalyzed. "He's going to one of those head-shrinkers," people were told. Lanza was never psychoanalyzed. Neither did he fight with his psychiatrist. That was just part of the slander directed at the tenor. After a few sessions he had no need of the doctor and let him go. It was all pleasant, and professional.

After his legal hassels with Sam Weiler and Metro are straightened out, he hopes to return to the studio and star in *The Student Prince.* Presently, he will make two or more films and then, circumstances permitting, take off for Europe and operatic study in Italy. After that he hopes to become the foremost tenor the Metropolitan Opera in New York has ever presented to the world.

All this lies within his ken and his capabilities, and as far as he's concerned Mario Lanza is on his way back . . . to the top. Of that you can be certain. **END**

french without tears

(Continued from page 47) in Austin, Minnesota, George A. Hormel & Co. with current assets of $24,000,000—and you've got copy. Hot copy.

That's why you can read almost any day that Leslie and Geordie will obtain a divorce before he joins the Coast Guard in April. Or that Leslie is pregnant, which is why George won't divorce her, and why MGM is keeping her out of dancing parts and giving her dramatic roles as in *Lili* and *The Story Of Three Loves.* The story might be that there will be a separation but no divorce since Geordie doesn't want to give up half of the $8,000,000 he supposedly has in his own name. Another might announce that language difficulties are causing all the trouble .

However, George has deduced the source of one story. He says, "I did it myself. Listen. Leslie likes to paint, you know. I don't know why, but she does. It relaxes her and let's face it—anything is better than ballet. At least for my dough.

"Well, Leslie has signed up with an art class out at the Palos Verdes College. Every now and again they take field trips. A few weeks ago her class went down to Ensenada in Mexico. I think to paint a fishing scene, something like that.

"The way Leslie looks with that hair-do of hers and her funny little face, you can't miss her. Somebody saw her in Mexico and told a radio commentator about it.

"This radio commentator specializes in Hollywood gossip.

"This guy phones me one afternoon and says, 'I understand your wife's in Mexico. What's she doing down there?'

"I have a funny sense of humor and just for a gag I said, 'She's down there for the divorce, of course. Didn't you know?'

"'That's right,' this commentator said. 'I forgot all about that.' A few hours later friends started phoning me, telling me they'd heard a news broadcast in which Leslie and I were getting a Mexican divorce. A day or two later the items started appearing in the gossip columns."

"It's so silly," Leslie explains in perfect English. She speaks the language extremely well. Her mother was an American chorus girl who married a Parisian pharmacist in France. "We really pay no attention to rumors. Only last week a friend of ours in San Francisco, she's married to the columnist, Dean Jennings, she said to me, 'Leslie, I've read so many items about your pregnancies—you must be some relative to a rabbit!'"

WHAT then is the truth about this sloe-eyed dancer and the man with whom she eloped to Las Vegas on September 23rd, 1951?

In marrying Geordie Hormel a month-and-a-half after she first met him, did Leslie Caron really marry a millionaire as so many envious Hollywood females jealously commented? Was it really love or just an infatuation that has burned itself out?

To begin with they are completely, madly, and tempestuously in love, as only young people can be in love, young people who realize that in a matter of weeks they will be separated, perhaps for years, and realizing this, live each day as if it were their last, with all the passion and ardor and stamina they can summon.

"In April," Leslie says, "Geordie must report to the Coast Guard. He will have to serve two years. I don't like to think of it, but when he's gone, I guess I'll go back into training again. Since our marriage I haven't been in real training. I mean when you (*Continued on page 78*).

A WARNING!

YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT —A GATEWAY OF INFECTION

KEEP IT CLEAN

One mouthful of Lavoris, vigorously swished and gargled, quickly breaks-up and flushes-out the mucus coating or film—the "bed" where germs propagate and most mouth odors are born

Tangy with Oils of Cinnamon and Cloves



DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY

A CLEAN MOUTH NEEDS NO DEODORANT





Our cards are on the table ...we need help at once! Thousands of customers want to buy our lovely new styles. We need women to take their orders . . . by mail, by phone, any way they desire. So here's the best offer we've ever made for spare time effort! If you're like some exceptional Fashion Frocks representatives, you'll make up to **$100 IN A MONTH,** plus 5 gorgeous new Fashion Frocks worth $6.98 each! No experience needed, no money to invest, everything you need furnished without cost. Don't waste a minute! Rush name, address and dress size at once.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-3054
Cincinnati 25, Ohio
In Canada, write North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Dept. L-3054, Montreal, P. Q.

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimply broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight—check *results* next morning after just one application!

Poslam contains all 9 ingredients well known to skin specialists—works faster, more effectively to help you to a finer complexion. Apply it after washing skin with non-alkali Poslam Soap. At druggists everywhere—costs so little.

SEW FOR CASH
Use our patterns, materials, directions in your own home, full or part time. We buy from you.
Wilson Ties, 402 S. Main, Stillwater (31) Minn.

High School Course at Home **Many Finish in 2 Years**
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H-314, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

SILK FINISH ENLARGEMENTS 5x7 SIZE 29¢ each 8x10 SIZE 59¢ each **GOLD TOOLED FRAMES**



Check number, size and color of frames
☐ 1—5x7 ☐ 2—5x7
☐ Ivory and Gold
☐ 1—8x10 ☐ 2—8x10
☐ Brown and Gold

Beautiful silk finish black and white enlargements made from your favorite snapshots, photos or negatives. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing for having your enlargements beautifully hand colored in oil. **SEND NO MONEY.** Simply pay postman for each enlargement and each frame plus cost of mailing. Additional $1.29 for hand coloring 5x7 size or $1.69 for 8x10 size. Satisfaction guaranteed. Limit 2 to a customer. Originals returned with enlargements. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Prompt service.

Color of Hair.....Eyes.....Clothing.....
Color of Hair.....Eyes.....Clothing.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. NF-57
7021 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.

hollywood report continued

(Continued from page 24)

he owns in Culver City—which may account for his physical breakdown.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Jeff Hunter, by all odds the most circumspect and well-behaved of Hollywood actors, gave away one of his two tickets for the London premiere of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro,* because he wanted to arrive at the theater unaccompanied (wifey Barbara Rush was in Hollywood at the time). Jeff explained to his British press agent that he didn't want to do anything that would make it seem he was "dating" while away from his family. No sooner had he arrived in the theater lobby than another press agent brought Coleen Gray over for a chat with Jeff. A dozen cameramen got busy. Next morning's papers showed Jeff and Coleen arriving together at the preem! . . . Which 20th-Fox's London reps found amusing—all, that is, save Jeff, because his carefully laid plan had gone awry!


Hunter & Rush

Marilyn Monroe's doctor told her she wouldn't have so many colds if she wouldn't run around her bedroom barefooted . . . During his first ten weeks back in Hollywood from Paris, John Barrymore, Jr.— a party-thrower—was asked to move from four apartments . . . Jackie Robertson took off for Oklahoma to tell her troubles to Dale's closest kin, who apparently understand him better than his wife does! Maybe Jackie got some pointers . . . Betsy von Furstenberg long-distanced Hollywood from New York that she's definitely *not* going to marry Franchot Tone, if anybody cares . . . Silliest stunt of the year: co-starring Barbara Payton and Sonny Tufts in a quickie called *Run For The Hills.*

FUNNIES:

On the set of Paramount's *Here Come The Girls,* Tony Martin was kidding Arlene Dahl about her romance with Fernando Lamas. Then Tony was called on stage to sing one of the songs for *Girls* that he had pre-recorded. As he opened his mouth to sing Arlene gave the signal and out of Tony's mouth poured Fernando's voice singing "Vilia" from *The Merry Widow!* Arlene had supplanted Tony's pre-recording with a record of Fernando borrowed from MGM . . . Time, says Danny Thomas, is the stuff between paydays . . . And women and money, says Steve Cochran, are the same—keep 'em both active or they lose interest! . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Wagner were trying to think of a better title than *Nearer My God To Thee,* which is about the sinking of the Titanic. Barbara suggested *Bottoms Up!*


Lamas

Doris Day's son, Terry, is just beginning to realize his Mommy is a big star. He asked her to autograph a photo for the man next door. Doris was signing her name to a head photo when Terry jolted her with this: "But how about a picture of *all* of you—'cause he likes to *look* at all of you, Mommy!" . . . Short Short Story with absolutely *no* moral, from the Paramount Studio Club News: "For Sale, platinum wedding ring with nine diamonds, $150 value for $60. Also semi-modern davenport, excellent condition" . . . Susie Hayward walked under the canvas of a set for *White Witch Doctor,* in which she's co-starring with Bob Mitchum, and said, "Seems funny to go into my tent and not find Greg Peck propped up on a cot in there, listening for a hyena!" . . . Jack Benny was getting a haircut at Jerry Rothschild's barbershop in Beverly Hills. The barber stopped him with this: "What do you want to do today, Mr. Benny, tell stories—or pay cash?" . . . And when Marie Wilson met dignified, dapper Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, she looked admiringly at his luxurious gray thatch and said, "You have lovely hair—who does it?"

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Vera-Ellen gave Dean Miller the sweater she knitted for him and said goodbye to him . . . Wanda Hendrix gifted Ralph Meeker with an expensive silver manuscript holder for Christmas . . . Walton Wickett, an electronics engineer from Palo Alto, Calif., was Olivia de Havilland's first date after her divorce from Marcus Goodrich. This was only a few days after Olivia accidentally ran into Joan Fontaine in front of Romanoff's and made up that long-standing feud right then and there! . . . Craig Hill rushed back from skiing to escort Susan Zanuck, his boss's daughter, to Ethel Merman's white-tie-&-tails farewell-to-Hollywood party . . . Only thing hotter than Rita Hayworth's romance with Count Villapadierna as we went to press was Aly Khan's amour with Gene Tierney . . . There was no honeymoon for Jane Wyman. She went right to work for Warners in *So Big* . . . Tab Hunter wrapped a rich-looking rock (a diamond to you!) around Judy Powell's finger—but not *the* finger! Remember Judy? Used to be Dan Dailey's Gal Friday.


de Havilland

Bob Taylor bought Ursula Thiess some luggage and right away everybody was prophesying they would elope . . . Soothsayers were also predicting that Lana Turner would divorce Bob Topping in California, as well as in Nevada, in order to protect her community property rights . . . Roberta Haynes, Gary Cooper's new leading lady, has been torching for Marlon Brando. But Marlon's 100 percent for Movita . . . I heard an interesting story about Bing Crosby. It's said he patterned himself after three people in his life: hot trumpeter Bix Beiderbecke, hot jazz singer Louie Armstrong, and Dixie Crosby! I had heard about Bix and Louie but never the angle about Dixie. It's news to me, and I'm sure it will be to you, that his unique delivery was inspired by her and patterned after her. Dixie, you know, was in the acting game long before Bing (she retired to become a devoted wife and mother), so this well-authenticated story rings true.

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Rumors were flying thick and fast from Europe that Greg and Greta Peck were fini, kaput, busted up! . . . And ditto—Gene and

Betsy Kelly . . . What a month for that sort of thing—they were also saying it about Dick and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes; about Keefe and Norma Brasselle; about Danny and Sylvia Kaye; and about Mary Castle and Sy Bartlett . . . To kill off that silly feud, Doris Day dedicated a song on her air-show to Peggy Lee (Peggy, you may remember, is supposed to have won the part that Doris wanted in *The Jazz Singer!*) . . . Audrey Totter is a Christian Scientist and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, is an M.D. . . . Scott Brady and Diana Lynn thought they were all set to co-star in *The Moon Is Blue* until producer Otto Preminger changed his mind overnight and decided he wanted Bill Holden and Terry Moore. The roof fell in!



Day

Annie Sheridan carries a vial of bitters in her purse in case her host serves gin but no bitters . . . Phyllis Ferrer, José's estranged spouse, is practicing dancing. And so's Rosemary Clooney, who's supposed to be José's next spouse. But you can rest assured they're not practicing for the same part! . . . Jane Powell got so excited she had to leave the opening of José Greco's dance troupe here. And two hours later her new daughter arrived . . . Liz Dailey was with Bob Neal and Dan Dailey was with Beetsy Wynn, Keenan's estranged wife, at the Greco shindig. Talk about deep-freezers! . . . Craig Stevens wasn't a bit amused that Alexis Smith and Bill Bowers were dating while he was in New York.

SEX APPEAL:

Dennis Morgan reports he overheard his very young daughter in a conversation with her very young girl friend, saying, "Yeah, but *all* men are nice till you marry 'em!" . . . Annie Blyth wears a fur called, oddly, "naked mink" to parties . . . Debra Paget fixed up her new apartment this way: Black walls in the living room, against which is set a 12-foot white couch. And her bedroom walls are covered with white satin . . . One of the most beautiful things about the opening of the Palm Springs El Mirador: Penny Edwards in a sun suit . . . Virginia Mayo wore a fluffy something she described as "Mamie Eisenhower Pink" at the preem of *The Jazz Singer* . . . Wait'll you see Katie Grayson as a blonde in *The Grace Moore Story*. She's soooo easy to love! . . . Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter, shrank her 19-inch waist another inch, and don't ask me how.



Paget

Every time Betty Grable returns to 20th-Fox from suspension she looks younger than the time before! . . . Mitzi Gaynor went back on the payroll, same studio, pounds lighter thanks to something called the "Mayo diet" . . . And Ruth Roman slimmed down to a sleek 119 only two weeks after the birth of Richard Roman Hall . . . Farley Granger developed a tremendous set of muscles for *Golden Blade,* then turned down the picture. Now he's stuck with the muscles . . . Teresa Wright screamed when they made her a blonde for *The Steel Trap*. But most of the newspaper reviewers commented about her new sexiness!

ODDS BODKINS:

They have to paste on false eyelashes to make Peggy Lee's look longer—and powder down Rory Calhoun's natural long lashes because they look too artificial on a man . . . Tony Curtis has turned into a fine magician, thanks to his role in *Houdini.* The kid's good! . . . Jerry Lewis gifted Dean Martin with a child's scooter . . . And this was Pete Lawford's *bon voyage* gift to Cary Grant and Betsy Drake before they took off 'round-the-world: a traveling coffeepot monogrammed "Mr. and Mrs. Beartrap" . . . Faith Domergue swears she got that black eye not from her husband but from her child—insists she was tucking the kid in for the night and his fist shot out from under the covers and gouged her orb! . . . Marlene Dietrich was 50 years old last Dec. 27th . . . Joanne Dru, who handles children so well in *My Pal Gus,* sends her own to a psychoanalyst . . . And Donald and Gwen O'Connor, who got together again after a separation as we were writing this, split up in the first place, in the opinion of their friends, because they went to the same analyst!



Calhoun

Ronald Reagan, the distinguished Screen Actors Guild prexy, walked down the theater aisle at the *Bwana Devil* preem in a tuxedo and carrying a big bag of popcorn . . . Ruth Hussey gave up smoking after the fourth matchbox exploded in her hands . . . After 22 years in Hollywood, Groucho Marx broke down and bought a swimming pool . . . Jimmy Durante learned the hard way that Lily Pons eats garlic before every television performance . . . Van Johnson now wears red suede ankle-high slippers with his dinner clothes. He started the red sox fad, remember? . . . Because of Piper Laurie's unnaturally red hair, Gene Evans, playing the villain who menaces Piper in *Golden Blade,* had to dye his natural red locks and beard a shiny black.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

John Wayne's oldest son, Michael, celebrated his 18th birthday. Are you too young to remember when Loretta Young was Michael's Godmother? *I'm* not! . . . Elaine Mahnken Rooney, the Mick's new wife, wants a movie career terribly much, although she keeps insisting, and very coyly, that she doesn't . . . Most dramatic Hollywood story of the year: Joan Leslie's courageous battle to rid her medico mate of the dope habit . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw put their Valley chalet up for sale . . . And, at British producer Jimmy Woolf's party, Tony Bartley, Deborah Kerr's husband, leaned over me to shout at Angela: "Angie, dahling, you look *divinely* pregnant!"



Lansbury & Shaw

Clifton Webb had the outside of his house painted lavender . . . Gordon and Sheila MacRae are practicing a new nightclub act together, for when, if and *ever* they decide to go out on the road together to turn a pretty penny or two! . . . Richard Todd's new son was christened Peter Grant Palethorpe Todd . . . Slats and Louis Calhern reconciled. There'll be no divorce . . . Mike Wilding's pet name for Liz Taylor—believe it or not—is "Drawers"!

Rationed Kisses?



maybe YOU are to blame!

A peck-on-the-cheek from a distant husband is a mighty poor substitute for the warmth a loving wife has a right to expect. But—*do* you have this right? Have you been really careful about personal daintiness, lately? It's a shame to let neglect spoil your married happiness . . . when effective help is available today, with "Lysol" in a simple douche. It couldn't be easier!

"Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" *does* this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of yourself—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1

over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant has been improved by the replacement of most of its cresylic acid content with ortho-hydroxydiphenyl.



PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST



The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA the EASY WAYNE WAY

● The quick, low-cost WAYNE way to a High School education. No classes; pleasant, spare-time home training; college preparatory; standard texts; credit for past schooling. If you have finished 8th grade and are over 17 years of age, write for free catalog.

WAYNE SCHOOL
2527 SHEFFIELD AVENUE
Catalog HAF-14, Chicago 14, Ill.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER

Temporary relief is NOT enough



Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can you be sure UNWANTED HAIR is GONE FOREVER. Brings relief and social happiness. Do not use our method until you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the MAHLER METHOD safely and efficiently. Used successfully over fifty years.

SEND 5¢ TODAY FOR BOOKLET — NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU

MAHLER'S, INC., Dept. 36-C PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us **10c** and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5387-C, ELMIRA, N. Y.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS AT HOME

Famous Speedwriting Shorthand. 120 wpm. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write, transcribe. Low cost. 150,000 taught by mail. Also typing. 30th Year. Write for FREE booklet to:

Speedwriting®
Dept. 803-3
55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non- - staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 7109, Detroit 27, Mich.

(*Continued from page 75*) are in the ballet, you work all day, all night. You're always rehearsing. You're so tired at the end of a day, you have no time for love, no time for anything but to rest and then dance tomorrow. With Geordie here, all my time has gone for him, for us, for our marriage. But after he goes, I will have to throw myself into my work, dance, dance, dance.

"It's a great pity when our marriage is just getting started, but other young couples have to face the same thing. Maybe Geordie will be stationed around here for a while and maybe I can see him on weekends.

"It is a wonderful thing to have a career and act in movies, but Geordie is really the most important thing in my life. I love to dance, but I want a family, lots of children. Don't be surprised, ten, twelve, as many as that. French women like large families, and I am French, and in Geordie, I have a half-French husband."

THE object of this intense Gallic affection, Geordie Hormel, says, "There have been so many incorrect stories written about Leslie and me, I wish you'd get the record straight. Everytime I pick up a newspaper I read that I'm a millionaire. That isn't so.

"The plain, simple truth is that I'm about $40,000 in debt. I was in debt when Leslie married me, and I told her all about it, so this stuff about her marrying big money is a lot of bunk. I have to pay interest on the money I borrowed, and right now, Leslie has more money in the bank, savings from her own salary, than I've ever had. My grandfather founded the company in Austin, and my father is chairman of the board, but that doesn't mean I'm a millionaire or will even inherit the company. I have two brothers, and besides there are more than 500,000 shares of stock outstanding. All it means is that I can work in a meatpacking company, and that's what I did for three years before I came out to the coast and started to experiment with my recordings."

What Geordie does with music is to record one instrument at a time on tape and then dub the individual tapes onto a master so that eventually 13 to 18 wind instruments are recorded on one tape.

Several of these unusual recordings have been released to the public and while they've sold fairly well, Geordie has yet to earn back much of the $30,000 it has cost him to experiment. Two of his newest recordings, released by Coral, are "Twenty-Five Chickens" and "Sweet Georgia Brown." Recording engineers insist, however, that, "This kid is liable to hit, and when he does, the dough will come rolling in. Like Les Paul, he's got some unique recording ideas and one of them is bound to click."

Oddly enough, while Leslie and Geordie care deeply for each other, they don't particularly care for each other's work. "Leslie is strictly a longhair when it comes to music," Geordie says, "Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven. And quite frankly, I don't enjoy the ballet. I think Leslie is a wonderful actress and will even be more so, which is why I'm glad her studio is putting her in dramatic roles. For years she's wanted to become the world's greatest ballerina, but in order to do that, a girl has to pretty much give up men. It's completely exhausting work, and I think I've talked her out of that. An actress, yes—but the world's greatest ballerina—that's out. As a matter of fact, I had no idea she was a dancer when I first saw her, or that Gene Kelly had discovered her in Paris or that Metro had signed her."

Leslie and Geordie took their first look at each other when Roland Petit, the impresario of the Ballet de Paris, came to Hollywood with his troupe in 1951, was entertained by Howard Hughes, and tossed a swimming party. Geordie Hormel was invited and eventually asked his host to introduce him to the little French girl whose coiffure resembled a rag mop. She was also dressed in a bathing suit that left precious little to the imagination.

Geordie and Leslie said hello to each other, and that was that! No spark, no love at first sight. A little physical awakening, but that's all. Fade out!

Fade in a week or so later. Geordie Hormel has returned from San Francisco to Bel Air where his parents have a man-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While out walking my dog one day, I stopped to watch some ragged youngsters playing football in a vacant lot. The ball they were playing with rolled into the street, and a car, coming along right at that moment, ran over the ball, ruining it. A pretty girl saw what had happened, and going over to the young owner of the damaged ball, she gave him enough money to buy a new one. Who was the girl? Debbie Reynolds!

J. Schultz
Cleveland, Ohio

sion worthy of their position in American industry.

Here Geordie learns from his kid brother, Jimmy, that he and a friend are going out with three ballet dancers, Simon Mostovy, Mireille Lefevre, and Leslie Caron. "Why don't you come along?" Jimmy asked. "We need another guy."

THE boys drove down to Beecher's, a barbecue restaurant on La Cienega and St. Monica Boulevards in Los Angeles where the girls were having dinner.

"Geordie and Jimmy were late," Leslie recalls, "and since they had tickets for *Finian's Rainbow,* we had to be downtown by 8:30. You know what Geordie does? When the waitress brings him his ham dinner, he empties the whole plate in his pocket and says, 'Okay, let's go.' Honestly, I thought he was crazy, crazy but cute. He didn't know I could speak any English, so we hardly spoke at all. He would look at me, and I would look at him, and we said very few words.

"After the show we went backstage to see Ella Logan, and she invited us to a party in Coldwater Canyon. Sometime during the night, she asked me for my phone number, to invite me to another party, I guess, and I said the number real loud so that Geordie would hear it. The next day I wasn't surprised at all when he called me."

According to Geordie's memory, "Leslie was living in a one-room apartment across from the studio at the time. I went down to see her the next day. We drove out to the beach, then to my folks' house, then around town. Then I asked her to marry me.

"'Geordie, she said. You are crazy!' 'No,' I said, 'I'm not crazy! I'm in love.'

"I know it sounds foolish and impetuous to ask a girl to marry you on the second date, but I can honestly say that I've never had a wrong impulse that was important. Instinctively, I felt that Leslie was the right girl for me. I told her about my indebtedness, how I'd borrowed $40,000 from a holding company, how I'd

started to build a house back in Austin and had given it up. I told her how much I'd put into my recordings, but she didn't seem to care at all about money. She'd had very little of it as a girl and she'd developed very well. She and her family were very happy. She knew that while money was important, it could never buy happiness.

"I told my mother and brothers about her. They took to her at once. My mother is French, you know. Daddy met her during World War I when he was a lieutenant stationed in France. Her maiden name was Germaine du Bois, and her father was in the wine business. Mother thought Daddy was a butcher when she married him."

Leslie says it was a strange and wonderful wedding she had. "Geordie's mother, his two brothers, and my brother all flew to Las Vegas. Geordie and I were married, and my father-in-law's chauffeur drove us back to San Francisco for the opening of *An American In Paris*. A week later we flew to Florida, then to the Virgin Islands to see my parents. My mother is teaching dancing down there, and my father is opening a little store in town. We also visited my grandmother on the island of St. Johns."

When Mr. and Mrs. George Hormel returned to Los Angeles they lived for a short period in the Hormel mansion, but not for long. Geordie began reading the newspaper advertisements while Leslie reported for work at Metro. "I must have answered over 200 ads," Geordie recalls, "before I found a place we could afford. It's located up in Laurel Canyon and it costs us $125 a month."

LESLIE and her husband live in a modern house in which the living room and kitchen are divided by a serving counter. They sleep in one bedroom and have two other rooms for guests. Leslie bakes extremely well and does most of the cooking. She has one girl, Boots Sirshing, whose sister works for the Hormel family back in Minnesota, to help her with the house work.

The Hormels work diligently at their respective professions and hardly ever attend social functions of any nature. "We've been to one party in a year," Leslie says. "That was Chuck Walter's cocktail party. Being with each other is really enough for us."

Leslie says that so far she's been able to mix her career and her marriage and enjoy life to the fullest. After he finishes his years with the Coast Guard, however, Geordie will probably return to the family business in Minnesota, in which event Leslie says, "I will go with him, of course, and without any regrets. I can adapt myself to anything Geordie wants and wherever he wants it, because he is a good man and a fair man and an honest man, and such a husband is very rare and very hard to find, and if a girl has one she should hold on to a good thing. I don't know what the future holds for me, but I have tasted a little fame and a little money, and I have lived with Geordie, and I know that for a girl like me, it is marriage and a family that is important. I will try to escape into my dancing and my work while Geordie is gone, but who can run away from her heart?"

As for Geordie Hormel, the brash young hepcat who proposed and was accepted on their second date, he was asked recently to describe his bride in one sentence. "I can tell you very honestly," he said, and his eyes sparkled as he said it, "that I've never been married before but my little Leslie Caron is the best wife I ever had."

END

big noise from winnetka

(Continued from page 32) known as the fellow practically engaged to Vera-Ellen (a romance now over but not forgotten, he tells you in torchy tones) than for any work he had done on the screen. Then, by reason of his physique, which is a spread of masculinity six feet, three inches, now swinging the weight indicator on the scale over to 205 pounds, he got the role of a prizefighter opposite Jeff Chandler in *Iron Man*. The fans had a chance to take a good look at him—that did the trick. In the mail bags delivered to the studio every morning and ordinarily containing hundreds of letters to such stars as Chandler, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis and Shelley Winters, there now began appearing messages to Rock; first by twos and threes, then by dozens, and now at the rate of something like 3,000 a month. The statistically-minded producers didn't wait for the big figures, however; they could tell what was coming by the rate of increase. Rock was away—and running steady.

In the past two years he has been in nine pictures, winding up with *Lawless Breed, Seminole* and *Golden Blade*, all three due to be released this winter. He worked for five months on one picture without a day off. This sounds like the studio is rushing a good thing, and that is exactly what it is doing. But Rock doesn't mind. When he says, "It's better than driving a truck," he means just that. Driving for a down-town Los Angeles produce firm he heaved so many tons of lettuce and tomatoes about in his time that just the sight of a salad used to make his muscles ache. It wasn't so much the difficulty of his work, as the boredom of it that made him look to the studios. "You want to know why truck drivers whistle at girls?" he asked the other day. "Well, sitting up there on the high seat, they are going crazy from nothing to do but steer that big crate on wheels. Why, every truck driver talks to himself, but I got so I was answering myself, and very stupidly, too. That's when I got scared into making a move."

DESPITE his growing popularity, which has given him a sense of security professionally, Rock has still not settled down to his new prominence socially. He does much better with a girl he knows than a girl he wants to know; is more easily a man among men than among women; is a great guy for sticking close to old friends like the Van Johnsons, Piper Laurie (and her whole family), Barbara Stanwyck, his old flame Vera-Ellen and his roommate Bob Preble. When strangers pay him too much adulation he can be at a loss.

Rock finds it difficult to take himself seriously. One day a studio executive overheard him singing in his dressing room. Going back to the talent rolls, the executive checked Rock's record and was surprised to find no mention of any musical ability. He dashed off some front-office memos to the effect that a Rock Hudson who could sing would greatly enhance their investment in him. The production heads all agreed and soon Rock was ordered to report to a vocal teacher. Weeks later a newspaper man lunching with Rock and a member of the publicity department wanted to know what kind of a voice he had. Rock looked puzzled and turned to the publicity man. "What would you say?" he asked.

(Continued on page 83)

This Greaseless

SUPPOSITORY

offers many EXTRA advantages in

FEMININE HYGIENE



So Powerfully Effective Yet Harmless to Use!

Zonitors are being used more and more among intelligent and well-informed women. They offer a far more convenient and effective method for intimate feminine cleanliness. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. So powerfully effective. Unsurpassed for eliminating embarrassing vaginal odors. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective hygienic coating. They assure *continuous action* for hours. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Easy to Carry Traveling



Zonitors help prevent infection and are so *powerfully effective* they kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors instantly kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' *extra protection* and convenience at small cost.

NEW! **Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways**

- *Individually foil-wrapped, or*
- *In separate glass vials*

Zonitors

(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-33, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

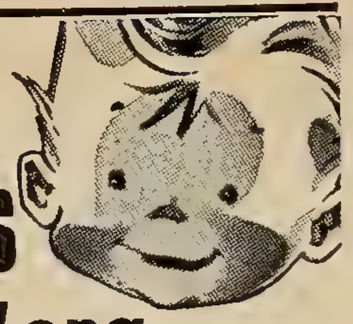
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

NINE MONTHS



Isn't So Long . . .

WHEN YOU SOOTHE TIGHT, DRY SKIN WITH

MOTHER'S FRIEND

Those long months seem to fly by when you relax tight, dry skin and ease cramped muscles by gentle massage with MOTHER'S FRIEND! Rub this scientifically prepared lotion over the abdomen and other parts of the body daily; see how soft and flexible it keeps the skin and muscles—how soothing and refreshing it feels. Used faithfully, it should help you regain natural skin beauty after baby comes. Begin this very night to enjoy the comfort MOTHER'S FRIEND has brought to countless expectant mothers for over 80 years. Only $1.25 at your favorite drug counter.



MOTHER'S FRIEND
FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Amazing New Creme

RE-COLORS HAIR

IN 17 MINUTES

Now change streaked, gray, graying or drab hair to a new lustrous youthful-looking color, try Tintz Creme Shampoo-Tint today. It's a new hair coloring that recolors hair at home as it shampoos. Takes only 17 minutes. No waiting for results. It's easy to use — no messy mixing. Won't wash or rub out. Get your choice of 13 natural appearing colors today at your druggists.



Tintz **CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING**

WALLET SIZE PHOTOS YOUR CHOICE MOVIE STARS



NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL!
For the first time—sensational poses in LARGE WALLET SIZE, printed on heavy high gloss 7 point glo klote finish paper.

SPECIAL 10 for 25c

FREE CATALOG of 215 PICTURES OF STARS with your order — **50$** only

DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 615
Box 947, Church St. Annex, New York 8, N.Y.



THERE'S **GOLD** *IN THEM THAR SIGNATURES*

23-Karat GOLD for personal signatures on Greeting Cards. Exciting! Different! Everyone will want them on wonderful selection of Everyday Greeting Cards for every purpose — 50 assortments. Plus exclusive Party Naps; Other selling aids, Gift Wraps, Gift Items, Stationery, etc. Get Card Assortments on approval, "Write-In-Gold" Kit & Free Party Naps & Stationery samples.

CHAS. C. SCHWER CO., 27C Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

NERVE POWER

Can Be Acquired

FREE BOOK Shows How

You're no better than your nerves. Send for free book that will show you how to build yourself a strong, vital nervous system without drugs, apparatus or psychotherapy; how Nerve Power can stop or eradicate the onslaught of nearly any illness, including nervous breakdowns; eliminate inferiority complex, and other shaming personality defects like timidity, feeble will-power, fatigue; how Nerve Power and brain power go together to make for keen alert thinking; how Nerve Power gives abounding energy and endurance. Send your name today for your free copy of this fascinating book.

THE NEURAVIM COMPANY LTD.
Dept. 10C, 8 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y

"I can't make left turns properly," says Piper Laurie. "That's the side your heart is on, and in anything affecting the heart . . . who knows which way to turn?" This is the eleventh article in a series written by the stars for you, the readers of MODERN SCREEN

Take my word for it

by PIPER LAURIE, star columnist for March



Large earrings are a pet passion.



I love poetry and music and roses



To me, a home is a way of living



A date is a date is really a date!

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO WRITE. Then a chance like this one comes along, to fill up a column with something intelligent, and I'm stuck. I am reminded of a bit of verse by a newspaperman I know, and I feel I'm just the person he had in mind when he composed the following:

Hanging's the thing for the writer,
At the end of a rope let him caper,
Who spoils with thoughts mostly stale,
A batch of fresh, white paper.

Well . . . here goes anyway. But it should be plain that any resemblance between what I write and something new in ideas will not only be coincidental, but accidental as well. The only precaution I can take is to start off unpretentiously; to talk of small things . . . small things, like earrings, fluff and left turns in traffic. After that, if I feel I have gotten away with it, comes the deep stuff, the philosophy.

I don't like to speak over the telephone. Reason? I am always wearing earrings and they hit against the receiver (and hurt my head). Lots of women who wear earrings must have the same trouble. I suppose it would be asking too much to expect the telephone company to make their instruments out of soft rubber instead of the hard rubber or plastic they use? Yes . . . too much. Forgive me. I have hundreds of pairs of earrings, from dime store ones collected when I was a youngster, to good ones acquired in the last few years.

My ears aren't pierced, of course. I don't know of any girl of my generation with pierced ears. Yet men often ask about it. I think it indicates an indifference to what is going on in the feminine world. What if I should ask, "Do you wear a fob on your watch?"

TO GO WITH MY EARRINGED but unpierced ears I generally like tailored clothes and, even for formal evenings, simple gowns. I have a few fluffy things in my wardrobe but there will never be more than a few because I think they are effective only if worn sparingly . . . for special occasions. It's sort of a "making-your-entrance" gown, and if you want it to be effective you can't be dramatic every day in the week. Sometimes like my taste in flowers; I like roses and sweet peas equally, but I prefer the light fragrance of sweet peas most of the time and the scent of roses only on occasion. That way, when I do smell a rose, a rose is a rose is really a rose—which is what Gertrude Stein really meant maybe when she first wrote it that way!

For this reason I don't much care about spectacular dresses . . . or any clothes which overshadow the wearer. I like to have people

notice me before they notice my dress . . . or at least reasonably soon afterwards. You take the hat with the feather in it shooting skywards; it's provocative, all right, catches the eye immediately. But I am also certain that the more intelligent understand it for what it is actually—an artificial way of attracting attention which, in the long run, would be far more complimentary if caught and held by personality. Maybe I have put this too flatly. I'm not against feathers, or any gay eye-catching devices, as such. In a way these are the marks of femininity. But I'm against *just* these with nothing to back them up. You put a feather in your hat and catch a man. But if he's worth anything you won't be able to catch him with just a feather. I'm still not making myself clear, I suppose. Oh, well . . . a rose is a rose is a rose!



SUPPOSING I'VE CAUGHT MY MAN and it is now time for us to get a home (with writers these things happen fast). What kind of home do I want? I have often thought that I'd like a neat but not glittery place, that there must be one spot I can muss, like a den. Size doesn't bother me much except that the more moderate the better, I am sure. I know I don't want it filled with a thousand things that must be fussed over and cleaned and walked past on tiptoes. There is such a thing as being a slave to one's home if it is filled with all the bric-a-brac and nonsense you can get today. A woman should be able to turn to better things, should have the time for it. A home to me is a way of living as much as it is a place to live in. Its material contents are not one tenth as important as the human contents.

But I am outspeeding my column, as well as the imaginative life I am leading in it. I have given myself a husband without going through the trouble of selecting him. How is this done? The selecting, I mean. The way girls complicate their lives achieving this objective reminds me of another verse written by another friend (I hope you don't mind—I think there isn't enough poetry in the world anyway and it should be used whenever possible):

How the gods must laugh
  At their puppets irked,
Who harder jump
  Than the strings are jerked.

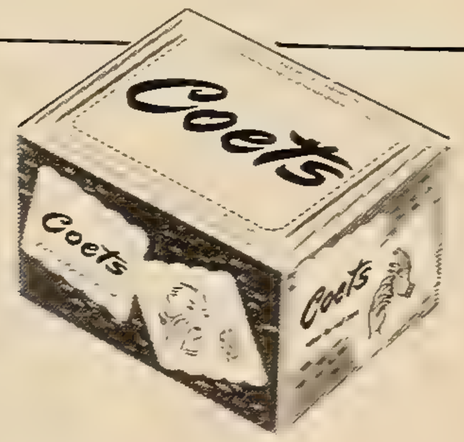


Curls are made—not born—nowadays! To make your next home permanent easier, use Co-ets—handy cotton squares—to apply waving solution and neutralizer. Co-ets are made of finest cotton . . . are just the right size, keep their shape, don't drip! At drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

Co-ets

Handy cotton squares for dozens of cosmetic uses

Wonderful as fresh-each-time powder puffs; for rouge and astringents; removing nail polish, make-up. Use Co-ets for baby, too! Get new beauty booklet, "Head-to-toe Tips on Your Good Looks." Send one Co-ets box top to Box C-33, Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.



19¢ and 35¢ per box

Want him to RAVE about your COOKING?

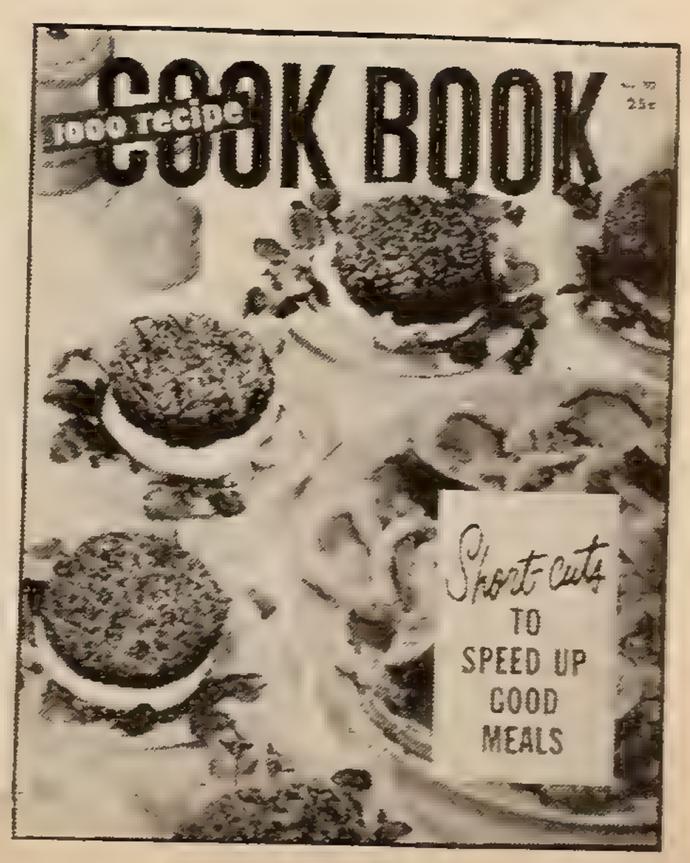
then be sure to get the new

1000 RECIPE COOK BOOK

Here's the latest issue of 1000 Recipe Cook Book, chock-full of delicious, easy to follow recipes that'll really make your man sit up and take notice. Whether you want to tempt him with a tasty appetizer, main dish, or dessert, 1000 Recipe Cook Book has the special cooking know-how to help you prepare it the easiest, quickest way of all.

Ask your newsdealer today for the great new issue of

1000 RECIPE COOK BOOK



BLONDES
Wash Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY!



Bring out that SHINING RADIANT COLOR!

Made specially for blondes, this new 11-minute home shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Blondex alone contains ANDIUM, the miracle ingredient that shines and lightens as it shampoos . . . gives hair attractive lustre and highlights. Gentle and safe for children's hair. Get BLONDEX today! At 10c, drug and department stores.

RING SET *Can Be Yours!*



A VERY beautiful new "heart" design **Engagement and Wedding Ring** to match, made in solid sterling silver, set with simulated sparkling brilliants for selling only 4 Rosebud **Perfume** at 50¢ a bottle. Rings and perfume **guaranteed** to please. If only one ring is wanted, then order 2 bottles to sell. **Order 4 or 2 bottles today.** SEND NO MONEY—We trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 45, Woodsboro, Maryland.

FREE PHOTO



Robert Wagne

LARGE SIZE of your favorite
MOVIE STAR
Direct from Hollywood
GET ACQUAINTED OFFER
With photo, we include FREE CATALOG, decorated with newest stars, lists 100's of names, tells how to get their addresses and home pictures. Send name of YOUR FAVORITE and only 10c to cover handling and mailing.
HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. D-3
Hollywood 28, Calif., U.S.A.

MAKE MONEY
ADDRESSING ENVELOPES
OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW
GLENN GLENWAY 5713 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND 3, OHIO

NEW TOWELS
LARGE SIZE ASSORTED COLORS 12 for $1.00
NEW! Not Seconds
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Order NOW—Supply Limited
Agents Wanted—Make Big Money
TOWEL SHOP
Dept. 203-C Box 881 St. Louis, Mo.

CORNS
also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.
removed by MOSCO



BE A *Nurse*
LEARN AT HOME
Practical nurses are needed in every community . . . doctors rely on them . . . patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. 54th yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women, 18 to 60. Trial plan. Write now!
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 233, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

Take my word for it

continued from page 81

IN OTHER WORDS, how we primp and fuss and rave trying to achieve a very simple goal —happiness. Just happiness. That's all. The blueprint is far from involved. A girl grows up, love is born, there is marriage, she keeps house, has children . . . and there it is. So why does life consist of passing from one problem to another? It starts when you are a child and I don't suppose it ever quits. Young boys don't worry too much, but young girls, I know, grab for their problems way ahead of time. Take my case.

Should I be a manicurist? (This was at ten.) Oh, I had to be a manicurist; how else could I be happy? Should I be a girl jockey? (This was at 14, I think, after riding a beautiful pony and feeling like the tallest girl in the world.) Oh, yes. I was certain that nothing else could give me that same, wonderful, exalted feeling. Should I be a lady gardener and grow beautiful roses and sweet peas and just live a gentle, peaceful life all by myself? (This at 15, when I decided I was through with boys.) On and on I went, going through different phases, being 20 kinds of person and never realizing I was wasting good time and energy just fencing with shadows. Because whether I am a lady gardener or a girl jockey has very little to do with my chances for happiness. I know this because the fact, for instance, that I finished up surprisingly as a movie actress doesn't in the least alter the main problem . . . the problem of setting one's mature life on a socially and emotionally rewarding level. Every angle of the problem remains . . . including a few special ones, I think. I mean I still have to find the man—or he find me—and in Hollywood this is not as easy as other places perhaps . . . not that it is easy anywhere. Hollywood is a place where there is a commercial value put on exactly the thing you first look for in a person . . . his personality. It takes a little longer here, when you meet a person, to decide whether they are for real or for sale. Inasmuch as I wouldn't necessarily want to marry the same man I wouldn't at all mind starring opposite, it becomes a bit of a problem to decide which he is.

I THINK I AM HONEST, yet I know I am not as honest as I could be . . . there are too many chances to hurt the feelings of people here. I have had to learn to fit into the general life of the film colony, just as everyone else has, and very likely a boy, who might otherwise like me, looks upon me with suspicion instead. I have often gone to gatherings where there were mostly non-professionals and noticed men I would like to meet. But it seemed to me they were wary of me. We might be introduced and we might talk, but rarely with any feeling of really getting to know each other.

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY I felt very much like encouraging. In fact, when time passed and I heard nothing from him I played around with the idea of calling him. And this, of course, brings up that old and unfair situation between the sexes. You can't phone such a fellow and say, "Remember me? I met you at Soandso's party. How would you like to do something Saturday night?" You can't do it. I'll break down and tell you that I have even tried it once about four years ago . . . you can't do it! If it didn't scare the guy it certainly puzzled him. I got plain nowhere.

"Who?" he asked.

"Rosetta Jaedos," I replied. "You know . . . I met you . . . (et cetera and et cetera)."

"Oh." (Long pause . . . followed by hemming and hawing followed by embarrassed and unsuccessful attempts on my part to end the conversation without exposing the fact that I felt like a fool.)

Ugh! That's what I thought about myself right then!

There is, besides the boy, the problem of whether you are definitely ready for marriage. For a career girl this becomes a very sharp problem. No, a career isn't everything. But it is something. You can pour a lot of yourself into it and you can get a lot of satisfaction out of it. It is something to think about . . . tossing it aside, or even shunting it to a less important place in your life.

I have a girl friend who thinks everyone is born with a romantic pill in them, and that when the pill breaks they know they are grown up and it is time to marry and settle down. I am partial to another theory, the buzzer theory, myself. I think we all have a buzzer inside of us that starts ringing the moment we are born, so faintly at first we are only partly affected by it (we play with dolls and like bright ribbons in our hair), and so steadily later that we have become used to it. But a day comes when something turns on the volume sharply and you are buzzing all over. I have been conscious of a buzzing for some time now . . . but is it as loud as it is going to get? Am I all buzzed up or just partially? That's what I want to know. Isn't this why a girl isn't sure that the boy she likes today will still be the boy she likes tomorrow?

The problem becomes even increasingly complicated. Girls are supposed to spend most of their time wondering about the boy they like, when and if they have picked one. If the truth were told I think they spend an equal amount of time, perhaps even more, wondering if they like him. To paraphrase the philosophers, the proper study of a girl in love is self. I don't want to go around putting words into the mouths of philosophers but I do have a feeling that if the question, "Do I love him?" were asked more often, the question, "Does he love me?" would be put a lot less. Of course there is a good reason why the second question is asked so many times more. If the answer to that is "yes, he loves you," it is quite a compliment. But the answer to the first question can't mean as much. If it is "no, I dont love him, you're no place. And if it is, "yes, I do love him," where does it leave you if you don't know how *he* feels about you?

Way at the beginning of this column I said something about left turns in traffic. I have finally decided this all is caused by the fact that the left side is the side your heart is on. And in anything affecting the heart . . . who knows which way to turn?

(Piper Laurie is currently starring with Tyrone Power in Universal's Mississippi Gambler.)

Piper Laurie

(*Continued from page 79*) "Why, you're a baritone!" came the reply. "Didn't you know?"

Rock shook his head. "I just do the 'La-La-Las,' and leave," he said. "I didn't know I was anything yet."

ANOTHER thing that puzzles him is the proprietory interest fans sometimes take in stars they like. The first time he ever made a personal appearance a girl in the audience yelled, "Stand up straight, Brown-Eyes!" and Rock reddened, thinking he was being jeered. Later he realized it was earnest, interested advice. He has since been fighting off the tall man's tendency to slouch. When he went to England for a picture the cry was, "Get a haircut!" He wishes there were some way of telling fans that this isn't wise, except for specific pictures. Right after his start in Hollywood he was advised to keep his hair long because, ". . . you can never tell when you might be wanted for a quick Western and no actor with a dude trim would have a chance for a role." Rock stayed away from the barber and sure enough every job that came along for a while required him wild and woolly. "I hate walking around with tassels hanging down the back of my neck but walking around without work is even worse."

None among Rock's forebearers, whom he can vaguely trace back to England, Ireland and Switzerland, were ever actors as far as he has learned. "I'm the first," he says. "or, at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business." Because he figures that everything that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he leaves no phase of his background unmentioned when questioned about it. He counts himself not only a graduate of New Trier High School in Winnetka but also of the pool room in back of Schmidt's tonsorial parlor there, as well. He also knows that because his parents divorced when he was a child and his mother worked at a full time telephone job after a remarriage, leaving him a daytime orphan, a lot of parental supervision was missing in his adolescent and teen-age development. "There wasn't as much law and order as there should have been," he says, "and I guess my favorite hobby was staying away from home." He remembers he used to resort to technicalities about promises to behave. Given a licking once for being caught smoking behind a door he promised never again to smoke . . . adding under his breath, "Behind a door."

To please his mother he joined the Boy Scouts as a lad but in three years failed to rise above the grade of tenderfoot much to her bewilderment. What she didn't know was that on scout nights Rock ran off to his street gang instead of going to meetings to pick up the lore of woodcraft and knot-tieing. It was a sad day for him when his mother innocently bought him a complete scout uniform as a surprise present. Now he had to leave home on scout nights dressed in an outfit that practically made him unacceptable to his favorite cronies. "I had to wear it, of course," he recalls "And there I was on scout nights, walking out of the house in an outfit that I was afraid the guys I ran around with would tear off my back."

ROCK liked his fun as a kid. He had to work all the way through school to help out with the family income but he was also the kind of student who did his homework in study hall not only because he had jobs to attend to, but because he didn't like homework. Running around as he did he not only approached the borderline of trouble a few times but practically stepped over it. One night he went into Chicago with a bunch of kids who invaded Marshall Fields, the city's biggest department store, and thoughtlessly dared each other to make free with the merchandise on the counter. Within minutes they were coralled and herded into the store manager's office. What they had taken were such knicknacks as bobby pins, greeting cards, shoehorns and a Rover Boys book. More annoyed than angry, the store people lectured them severely and sent word all the way to Winnetka for their parents to come and fetch them.

Rock's father had moved to Los Angeles after the divorce and during his junior year at high school Rock visited him, entering high school there to continue his studies. Rock, a good swimmer, and inspired by the successes of Johnny Weismuller, Jon Hall and Buster Crabbe, used to wonder idly about the movies during his California visit but just as easily would forget about it. He returned to Winnetka for his senior year and had to study an extra semester to graduate. He had been tripped up on one subject—history. Right after he got his diploma he set out to help make it; he joined the Navy. Following a preliminary period as a young hopeful in aviation around Glenview Naval Training Station in California he found himself in the South Pacific, mostly in a remote Philippine installation, helping to lick the Japs by stiffening the admiral's linens with the proper amount of starch.

Hollywood made a casual contact with Rock early in his Navy enlistment—just enough to give him a bit of a thrill. He was writing the morning flight schedule on a blackboard at Glenview one morning when someone tapped his shoulder. Turning around he saw, and recognized Robert Taylor, then a flying instructor, with the rank of Lieutenant, (j.g.).

"Hello," said Taylor. "I've just been assigned to this station. Can you show me around?"

"Sure," blurted Rock. Then remembering navy manual . . . "Sorry . . . I mean, yes sir!"

"That's okay," said Taylor. "I often have trouble with my lines, too."

AFTER the war Rock made his home with his father, who had opened an appliance store in Long Beach, while his mother came out to live in Pasadena and join the telephone company there. He tried to get into the University of Southern California under the GI bill, but the entrance requirements were too tough for a guy who had spent an awful lot of study nights not studying. This reduced him automatically to a full loafing membership in the popular 52-20 Club until he got the trucking job. All this time, for nearly two years after he got out of the Navy, people he met would often throw a very unoriginal remark at him which he would dismiss as just talk. It was, "You know . . . you ought to be in the movies." One day he didn't dismiss it. Instead he asked himself, "I wonder?"

"I still think they were kidding," he says, "but, anyway, that's what triggered the idea."

He had no idea of how to go about it and for a starter tried hanging around the gates of the studios on his days off in the hope that some film men would stop and talk. Some did . . . the gatekeepers. They would come out of their little shanties and invite him to take a walk away from there.

By a circuitous route, involving friends, acquaintances, and here and there a friendly stranger, he eventually found himself in front of a talent scout named Henry Wilson.

In the case of great talent discoveries there are always different stories about what was said and done. It is a fact, however, that Wilson did something about Hudson; he failed to interest David Selznick in

New! Amazing Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS



DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE

9 out of 10 cases cleared up

or definitely improved

CLEARASIL—NEW SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE

At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on. *Antiseptic,* stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored. And CLEARASIL is greaseless...stainless.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults found that CLEARASIL works, it's become the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.**

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using CLEARASIL type medication.

GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at druggists.



NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more)

*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne. **According to actual store surveys.



If you want to earn extra money for yourself, your church, your organization, here is an easy and friendly way to do it in your spare time.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. EVEN BEGINNERS MAKE $50-$100 EASILY

We will send samples of our new 1953 all-occasion greeting cards and gifts. Show them to friends and neighbors—take their orders—and earn up to 100% profit for yourself.

REGAL GREETING CARD CO.
Dept. DM-30, Ferndale, Michigan

SEND FOR KIT ON APPROVAL AND WATCH THE MONEY ROLL IN!

THERE'S FUN FOR
YOUR WHOLE FAMILY IN

Walt Disney's PETER PAN Comics



Before your youngsters see Walt Disney's fabulous new movie, Peter Pan, you'll want to treat them to these wonderful Dell Comics . . . everyone of them based on exciting episodes from the Disney hit. Boys will love Peter Pan's thrilling battles with rascally Captain Hook and the adventures with the Indians. Girls will really enjoy Wendy's trips through Pixieland and the story of Neverland's mermaids. Yes indeed, there's fun for everyone in these Dell Comics, especially in Peter Pan Treasure Chest (a giant Dell 50c Comic) which is chock full of extra features, puzzles, cutouts, tricks and games.

Surprise your youngsters today. Take home—

WALT DISNEY'S PETER PAN COMICS

DELL COMIC

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!

him, got only a mild reaction from Walter Wanger, but induced director Raoul Walsh to sign Rock for a picture bit.

"The main thing is . . . can you ride a horse?" asked Walsh.

"Yes," replied Rock, wondering how fast he could learn.

It was all right. By the time the picture was made it was called *Fighting Squadron* and had to do with flying. All Rock had to say his first day was one line of dialogue: "You better get a bigger blackboard." On his 28th attempt he got it right. Walking off the set he approached Wilson, who was visiting, and said, "I was terrible, wasn't I?"

"Awful," agreed Wilson, pleasantly.

Rock stared off disconsolately towards the sky which was appropriately full of smog. "I guess it's back to the truck for me," he murmured.

"It would be, except that Walsh is using that shot he took of you," commented Wilson. "And if he is using that one he'll need you in other scenes to tie up with the story. That means you're going to have a few more chances and you are going to improve."

"I am?" questioned Rock unbelievingly.

"Naturally . . . you couldn't be that bad again."

Rock wasn't. Walsh thought he had a screen personality that would come through sharply as soon as he overcame problems of acting and poise. In addition to ordinary difficulties Rock had some which were peculiarly personal. He was so tall he had a tendency to lean over the other characters, and so generally huge he was practically a background all by himself. And then there's his left-handedness.

In the movies characters are always right-handed—unless the story specifies a left-handed person for plot purposes. Rock has tried to conform with only partial success. You may see him pretend to write with his right hand but he has difficulty even pretending to eat with it or do anything else requiring skill except, maybe, throwing a baseball. If it's a hard ball he throws it right-handed, but a softball he throws lefty. He has no idea why. In his efforts to correct himself he has had many an amusing experience.

But Walsh and Wilson persevered with Rock, keeping him on a $125-a-week salary even when he wasn't working. When Walsh had to sail for England for a film, he sold Rock to Universal-International for $9,500 representing his and Wilson's investment in him. Two executives of Rock's studio discussed him soon after this.

"Do you suppose we'll ever get our money out of this boy?" asked one. "And how will we go about it?"

The other man looked out of his office window to see Rock just passing. Some studio secretaries were on the studio street too. Their faces lit up as they approached Rock. They smiled as one when they drew even with him. And they kept turning around after they had gone by. The producer left the window with a satisfied chuckle.

"We'll let nature take its course," he said.

It has. Rock is helping out by studying diction and dramatic technique besides singing. He is also doing something about his social life. Right now he is "baching" it in a small, sun-drenched house atop one of the Hollywood Hills. He eats a lot, plays a lot, and sleeps deeper than any alarm clock can dig him out. But he feels the need of a better regulated existence. "I bet that's the way you feel when you are starting to think about getting married," he said the other day. For his first step in that direction he planned to turn in his red convertible for a more conservative model. "Maybe a cream-colored convertible," he said. Then, with a frown, "No, that's too flashy, I guess. Say, a dark green. That would be right." END

yesterday's magic

(Continued from page 40) Young Lewis said, "we're living in a beachhouse in Santa Monica."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than Mrs. Tom Lewis realized she had pulled a boner. From the look on their faces it was obvious that she had shaken the Ewings' confidence in her judgment, for the Ewings had seen Santa Monica and while they had liked the community, it had left them cold, particularly the beachfront property which is traversed by a four-lane highway.

It takes time to know about beachhouse living, and Loretta sensed that this particular understanding was outside the ken of Rosalind's visitors. As a matter of fact, few tourists who come out to Hollywood and visit the beach can understand why so many big-name movie stars insist upon having an all-year house on the shores of the Pacific. And yet in the past decade, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Ginger Rogers, Marion Davies, Robert Young, Darryl Zanuck, the Warner brothers, Norma Shearer, the Talmadge sisters, practically any movie star you can mention, has lived down at the beach.

It was therefore inevitable that sooner or later, Loretta Young would join the long list of waterfront residents. She says living at the beach "is only temporary for us." However living anywhere is "only temporary" for Loretta. Like her mother Mrs. Gladys Belzer, a crack interior decorator who buys homes, decorates them, lives in them for a few months and then sells them at a handsome profit, Loretta seems incapable of occupying any one house for more than a few years.

Last year she and her husband began building two homes, one, an eight-room weekend house at Ojai, California, and the other, an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard in which they intend to occupy a duplex.

While construction of these two buildings was underway, Loretta signed a contract with Universal-International (*Because of You* and *It Happens Every Thursday* are her first two films under the deal) and her husband organized a television production company. Since they'd sold their large home in Beverly, they needed another.

"Tom realized," Loretta says, "that because of our heavy work schedule we wouldn't have time during the summer to take the children away on a vacation. He therefore suggested that we take a beachhouse, and I must say things have worked out so well that we're still living in it. After a workday of petty irritations coming home to the beach is like entering another world. On weekends I climb into sports clothes, and I'm telling you I feel so good, no one can induce me to dress up or drive 15 miles into town for a dinner or a fashion show. Actually, by giving the beach house as an excuse I find that I avoid a lot of senseless chasing around."

In decorating her beachhouse Loretta did a job that most professional decorators would be happy to claim as their own. In every other house her mother has helped a good deal, but this time Mrs.

Belzer was away in Europe, and Loretta was anxious to prove that she could decorate a house by herself.

After studying the large empty rooms, she decided to maintain the color scheme of gray-green walls and blue-green carpets which lent a cool tone to the living room. She also took some of her expensive French provincial antique pieces and had them reupholstered in coarse, knubby fabrics that matched the pale walls and seemed suitable for beach living. She wanted to create the effect of walking out of the hot outdoor sun into a cool, informal living room.

Once the room was finished, Loretta wasn't particularly happy with the result. Her sisters and friends assured her it was beautiful, but still she wasn't convinced. Then one evening—it was after a dinner party—she received a gift of bright coral gladioli. The flowers looked so sensational that, "I knew immediately what the room lacked. It needed one large splash of color to give it character."

The next afternoon Loretta rushed to one of her mother's fabric wholesalers and with a gladiolus for a sample, bought a bolt of coral-colored upholstery material. With the help of 67-year-old Mrs. Mason who sews by the day for the family, Loretta covered two chairs and a stool, and only then did she feel "the room was right."

Despite the fact that she may not occupy one particular home for any great length of time, the actress always gives the impression of permanency to her environment. In the beachhouse, for example, she used as many of her priceless antiques as good taste would permit, and when Loretta Young uses antiques—she really uses them. She has no patience with collectors who consider their heirlooms too fragile or rare for practicality. She is one woman who believes in making the old pieces earn their keep. She took a French armoire and converted it to a bar. Her round game table is used for small luncheon servings. Her Chinese tea canisters are lamp bases, and her fabulous collection of white and green opaline boxes hold the cigarettes and candy.

One of her best decorating tricks, and this is worthy of emulation, concerns her three 18th Century English magazine racks which she employs to keep clutter away from her table tops. One magazine rack holds records, another holds magazines, and the third is used to store a varied assortment of portraits and photographs which most families paste in albums.

ESSENTIALLY Loretta Young is a traditionalist in her choice of furnishings, but a few seasons ago, down in Palm Springs, she met the Chicago architect, Sam Marx, and with him began an argument on the merits of modern versus traditional.

Marx is rather eloquent as architects go, and he kept baiting and chiding Loretta for her preference. "I'll tell you what," he said, "I have some water colors down here. You look through them and pick out what you think is best."

Loretta selected a very modern composition. "You see," Marx scolded, "you really like modern design when you open your mind to it. Inherently you have very catholic tastes. Give those tastes free rein and you'll choose good modern just as you choose good antiques."

Months later, Sam sent the Lewises the painting that now hangs in their front hall. "Each time I look at it," Loretta says, "I remember to keep an open mind."

As an illustration of how genuinely broad-minded she's become, Loretta is currently mixing modern and traditional. A few years ago she would have considered this heresy. Now, the dining room table that will go into her new town house is completely contemporary. It's made of painted glass tiles and she plans to use Chippendale chairs around it. Currently she also uses a round black lacquer coffee table in her living room to match a modern black TV cabinet.

In Hollywood it is no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young in order to come home with a fresh decorating trick.

Loretta has developed many of these, but even more emulative than her decor gimmicks is her moving technique. Having had the experience of setting a large household half-a-dozen times in the past few years, she knows the value of foresight and planning, and she's reduced these to a little science all her own.

"I always work out the furniture arrangements on paper first," she explains. "I draw the room and furniture pieces to scale and do all the heavy moving with a pencil On moving day I know just where things should go and, if need be, I give the diagrams to the moving men and let them follow my drawings."

She makes it a rule to settle the kitchen and dining rooms first, "because those are the two rooms that must function smoothly if the family's to be kept in good humor." After that comes her husband's study and then the living room and the bedrooms.

DURING the last move to the beach house, Loretta experimented with a little psychology on her husband. "You know, Tom," she said, "it takes a good two weeks at least before we can get everything settled in this house so that things are running smoothly."

Knowing what to expect, Tom didn't complain or gripe about the confusion.

When the house was running smoothly after one week (which is what Loretta expected originally) Tom came to her and said, "You know, honey, moving around isn't so bad after all."

"Wait until he sees what happens next time," Loretta cautions. "After the beach house, we're moving into two different places simultaneously." **END**

the fighting irishman

(Continued from page 36) truthfully, "Two B's called *Canon City* and *They Walk By Night.*" Then Scott embarked on a talking jag, and for the next two hours recounted his experiences in Hollywood. He told how it felt to go before the cameras, study lines, take direction, report to makeup, live the hectic life of the rising young star. He talked, talked, talked.

The beautiful young girl devoured each syllable as if it were Scott's last. She doted on his every word. She looked at Scott so intensely that finally the actor stopped talking for a moment. He peered at the girl. "Haven't I seen your face somewhere before?" he asked.

The girl smiled.

"What'd you say your name was?"

"Dorothy Malone."

Brady took a deep breath. "You're not the actress, Dorothy Malone, the one under contract to Warners?" Before Dorothy could answer, Brady began laughing at himself. "Of course, you are," he roared. "Gosh! What a jerk I am. I've seen you in at least half-a-dozen pictures."

At the time of this incident, Dorothy Malone had starved in such films as *The*



Figure perfect *with*
ALL NYLON
Lux-eez®
garter brief

LUX-EEZ garter pantie of specially knit nylon tricot has 2-way stretch action. Holds hose up; goes garterless, too. White, blue, pink, maize, black. Sizes 22-30, 9-17. About $2.50, without garters. In Rayon Tricot, $1.50.

at good stores or write us

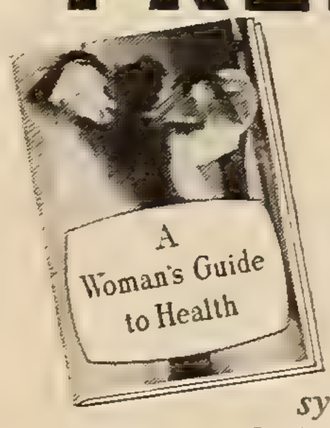
Again Awarded Fashion Academy Gold Medal



Luxite Lingerie

(Prices Slightly Higher in Canada)
® Holeproof Hosiery Company
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
In Canada: London, Ontario

FREE !





ANN PINKHAM BOOKLET
explains the intimate mysteries of female system...reports doctors' findings about how you may

STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS
...even on the First Day!

Regularly priced at 25¢... but easily worth $1. Under limited "first edition" offer, new 24-pg. (over 5000 word) booklet—fully illustrated in color—yours absolutely free! Tells why you menstruate, explains physiology of process. Why do you call it "the curse"? How about regularity—cramps—"change of life"? Scores of other questions answered authoritatively.

New! Easy-to-take Tablets!

Learn, too, how taking Lydia Pinkham's Compound or Tablets gave complete or striking relief of functional cramps and other "monthly" distresses in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors' tests—even on first, worst day of period! That's because of Pinkham's soothing effect on *source* of the pain. Modern in action, you'll welcome new Lydia Pinkham *Tablets* with added *iron*... so convenient, easy to take!

To get a FREE copy of A Woman's Guide to Health, fill out and mail to ANN PINKHAM, 52 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass. Mailed in plain envelope (not sent to children).

Name_____

Address_____

Offer good only until March 25, 1953

UNWANTED HAIR?
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Quick as a wink, superfluous hair eliminated. Completely removes all hair from FACE, arms and legs. Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.

ZIP EPILATOR

Like magic, Milady's skin becomes adorable. For the finest down or the heaviest growth. Seems miraculous, but our 39 years experience proves it is the scientifically correct way. Odorless. Safe. Harmless. Simple to apply. Superior to ordinary hair removers. For 15 years *ZIP* Epilator was $5.00. NOW ONLY $1.10. Same superior formula, same size. Good stores or by mail $1.10 or C.O.D. No Fed. tax. Above guaranteed, money-back.
JORDEAU INC. · Box C-20, SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

Marvel
WHIRLING SPRAY
Syringe FOR Women 3.50
AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE
Free Booklet
MARVEL CO. 603D East St. New Haven, Conn.


June Allyson

FREE PHOTO
LARGE SIZE of your favorite star
Actual HIGH GLOSS PHOTO suitable for framing
FREE!! MOVIE STAR CATALOG listing thousands of poses and containing 55 ADDITIONAL PICTURES of popular stars.
FREE!! A list giving BIRTHDAYS OF STARS. Send name of your favorite star and only 15 cents to cover handling charge.
MORTON STUDIOS
P.O. Box 2430 Dept. MS-3 Hollywood 28, Calif.

WANT TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE?
EASY TO TRAIN AT HOME
ACT NOW - HELP FILL THE NEED
Now you can prepare for practical experience as a **Trained Practical Nurse** in spare time. Many earn while learning. Ages 18 to 55. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Write for **free** information and sample lesson pages.
WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.
2525 Sheffield Ave., Desk K-81, Chicago 14, Ill.

help your HEART FUND
help your HEART
CONTRIBUTE TODAY!

Big Sleep, Janie Gets Married, Night And Day, Two Guys From Texas, One Sunday Afternoon, and she was infinitely better known in the movie colony than Scott Brady, who was usually pointed out as the brother of Lawrence Tierney. But she handled the situation with such aplomb, such good humor, such graciousness that Brady fell head over heels in love with her. And the simple truth is that although he's dated some 200 different girls since that afternoon, Dorothy Malone is still the great love of his life.

"I'd marry her tomorrow," he says, "if she'd have me. Only she has her doubts, not only about me, but about living in Hollywood. She's a Texas girl, and she's really crazy about Dallas.

"I go out with other girls, of course. But that's because Dorothy's in Texas so much of the time. I sure wish she'd make her mind up and marry me. I may look tough on the outside but underneath there beats a heart of gold."

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone have been seeing each other on and off for more than four years now. At the beginning, Scott was in no position to get married. He'd loused himself up with a contract at Eagle-Lion. "It cost me $25,000 to buy myself out. I've already paid them $20,000 and have another $5,000 to pay. Then I'm free and clear." He had no assurance that he could make a go of his screen career. He was only 23, and emotionally an impetuous and immature youngster. He's grown up a lot since then.

IN the past four years, however, Lawrence Tierney's kid brother has come a long, long way up the success ladder. He's under contract to 20th Century-Fox for one picture a year at $25,000 per. He's just walked out of a fat long-term contract at Universal-International. He's wanted for films at Warners, Paramount, and Metro. His agent, Johnny Darrow, the man who discovered Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, June Allyson, Gene Nelson, and Elaine Stewart, says, "It looks very much as if Scott'll soon be pulling down 40 grand a job. More important than the money is the kid himself. He's learning to control his temper. He's keeping his nose clean. He's developing into a man of character and stature. Four years ago he was a pretty wild kid. But even then he had talent. He's got temper and flash, all right, but that's the seat of his acting ability.

"No doubt a girl like Dorothy Malone could settle him down. But he's only 27, and there's always time for marriage. One of the good things about marrying a girl like Dorothy would be that she'd have a good effect on his character. She'd keep him in line. She'd keep him working. There's a girl everyone likes. She's got a wonderful sense of values. The guy who gets her is getting a wonderful wife."

Why won't Dorothy Malone marry Scott Brady? Why hasn't she already? Admittedly she cares for the tall, good-looking Irishman or she wouldn't maintain their four-year relationship. Each time she flies into Hollywood from Texas, Scott is waiting at the airport, and they spend all their free time together. Both are Catholics. Both love each other. Why hasn't all of this been consummated in wedlock?

DOROTHY says, "I just can't make my mind up." She lets it go at that, but a girl-friend who knows her very well and attended Highland Park High School with Dorothy is a bit more specific.

"Dorothy thinks Gerry is a very wonderful guy," this informant says. (Most girls refer to Scott by his popular nickname Gerry.) "But deep down she knows that there's a world of difference between them, a wide gap they may never bridge."

A friend of Brady's to whom I showed the above quotation says, "I agree with much of that, but I don't believe that such a marriage would be a mistake. Right now, Dorothy Malone is a little above Scott in . . . let's call it background. But this kid is nobody's fool. He is ambitious, industrious, and thrifty. No one ever sees him throwing his dough around. He lives in a small Hollywood house, pays maybe $100 or $125 a month rent, drives a Pontiac convertible, and is very good to his mother.

"He's seen what alcohol and dissipation have done to other potenitally good guys. He knows that as soon as he steps out of line he's going to get his ears flattened.

"The kid knows all that, which is why he's become extra careful, extra cautious. I admit that he's been in trouble with dames a couple of times, but what young guy hasn't. They're making a big fuss right now about his leaving U-I. 'Who does this Scott Brady think he is?' they ask. 'A big shot?'

"It's a very simple story. U-I has been putting Brady in a lot of films in which he's played the heavy. Some of these films haven't been too good. They told him that eventually they'd give him hero parts. A picture like *The Golden Blade* comes up. Farley Granger is borrowed from Sam Goldwyn to play the lead. Farley reads it. 'Not for me,' he says. 'Not for me in a thousand years.' Okay, this is Brady's chance. He goes down to Bill Goetz who's in charge of production at the studio. 'Can I play the lead?' he asks Goetz. You know what happened? Goetz says, 'I'm sorry. The part goes to Rock Hudson.' That's when Brady squawked. 'Okay,' Goetz says, 'if you don't like the way we're treating you here, we'll tear up your contract.' 'That's fine with me,' Brady says. And that's just what happened.

"They say the kid likes to fight, that he's got a chip on his shoulder. Nothing of the sort. He got out of his contract at Eagle-Lion because they were putting him in one lemon after another. He realizes that after he finished his contract there, he'd be finished for good. He got out even though it cost him dough. That's the way he felt about U-I. What's the sense of being typed as a heavy? It's a living, sure, but for how long?

"But back to this Dorothy Malone. I know this: If Dorothy has strong doubts,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While on vacation, we stopped to look around historic Hyde Park. In one of the rooms I noticed a tall man standing with his back to us, inspecting the late President Roosevelt's model ship collection. He was attired in spotless white flannels and a pink sport shirt, presenting a sharp contrast to the more conventionally dressed people milling around the beautiful house.

"Jeepers," said a teen-age girl standing nearby, "just look at the white pants over there. Who does he think he is—a movie star or something?"

The man turned around and grinned broadly at her. It was Zachary Scott

Olive Drahos
Glastonbury, Connecticut

she shouldn't marry the guy. But I honestly feel that once he got married he'd settle down. I know he dates a lot of girls. So what? It's a good idea for a young man to sow his wild oats.

"The trouble with a lot of these Hollywood guys is that they never sowed any wild oats. After they got married they began to regret their unspent youths. They felt they'd been cheated. What happens? They get divorces. Look at Kirk Douglas. Look at Robert Taylor. They date a lot of girls, too—only they're about ten years too late. If they'd played the field when they were young, they'd probably still be married today."

THERE you have both sides of the coin. Actually he is a mixture of virility, childishness, good humor, an urbane sharpness, unbridled ambition, and not too much formal education. He had no trade, no occupation to speak of when he went into the Navy, and when he came out, he had some $700 in his pocket. Period.

I remember very well when Hal Wallis saw him in a restaurant after the war and had him tested. Scott photographed very well but he sounded like a Dead End Kid. He was quick to realize, however, that with his mental and physical equipment an acting job would pay off better than practically any other trade. He therefore enlisted in the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School under the G.I. Bill. Ten months later he was under contract to Eagle-Lion.

Fortunately for Scott, he has one of the shrewdest agents in the business. Johnny Darrow has been around a long time, and as long as Brady is tutored by him, his career will go places—that is if he can stay out of trouble; and in Hollywood most trouble begins with a woman.

Not too long ago, Scott was out with an attractive young girl who threatened to accuse him of criminal assault unless he turned over to her a fat wad of money.

Brady was absolutely guiltless. Ann Blyth, Lucille Bannister, Yvonne De Carlo, Shelley Winters, Mona Knox, Piper Laurie, Yvonne Rivero—any of the girls who have dated him can testify to his gentlemanly conduct. Some unknowing, inexperienced young actor might have succumbed in panic to this shakedown, but not the son of a former policeman, not a tall, good-looking kid who used to play end for the Roosevelt High football team up in the Bronx. He marched down to the District Attorney's office, told the city official what had happened, and today that girl and her accomplice are scheduled to stand trial—not on the attempt to blackmail Scott Brady, because Scott wouldn't press the charge, but on another and even more serious charge.

Hollywood and the road to success are beladen with many pitfalls. A man needs a wife to help avoid many of them. With Dorothy Malone at his side, it would be easier for Scott. But Dorothy or not, here is one young actor who will make the top rungs. He has a fighting heart. "Quit" is one word conspicuous by its absence in his vocabulary.

END

Scott Brady can be seen in Universal-International's Untamed Buccaneer.

easy money!

Right here in this little questionnaire is Modern Screen's own answer to that Income Tax report. A real free contribution to you. All you have to do is read all the stories in this March issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Piper Laurie
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Aldo's Dream (Aldo Ray)
- ☐ Rita's New Love (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Older Wives—Young Husbands
- ☐ Big Noise From Winnetka (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ It's Love For Ann Blyth
- ☐ The Fighting Irishman (Scott Brady)
- ☐ Yesterday's Magic (Loretta Young)
- ☐ I Sing For St. Jude (Danny Thomas)
- ☐ "There's No Such Thing As Love" (Lana Turner)
- ☐ He Gets What He Wants (Farley Granger)
- ☐ French Without Tears (Leslie Caron)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Big Star—Big Head? (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

State..... I am.... yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

TUMS

LET'S EAT!



NO FEAR OF ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, NOW!

Eat without fear of acid indigestion. Just take one or two Tums. Gas, heartburn, full feeling go fast. Tums neutralize excess acid, soothe and settle upset stomach. Tums do not over-alkalize or cause acid rebound. Cannot irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.



GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

FOR THE TUMMY

✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

Learn here the TRUTH about

PSORIASIS

IS IT A **SKIN** DISEASE OR **INTERNAL?**

For the past several years a number of Physicians have reported amazing success in clearing Psoriasis with LIPAN—a new medical wonder taken *internally*. LIPAN (registered U.S. Patent Office) is a combination of glandular substances that treat certain internal disorders which many medical men now agree to be the cause of Psoriasis. Clinical results show LIPAN successful in over 90% of the cases treated. Even stubborn lesions are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. *Absolutely harmless!* Ask your druggist for LIPAN, or write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply (180 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $8.50.

SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. DE, Waterbury, Conn.



"DARK-EYES" Dept. A-33
3319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL PACKAGE of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

Check Shade: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

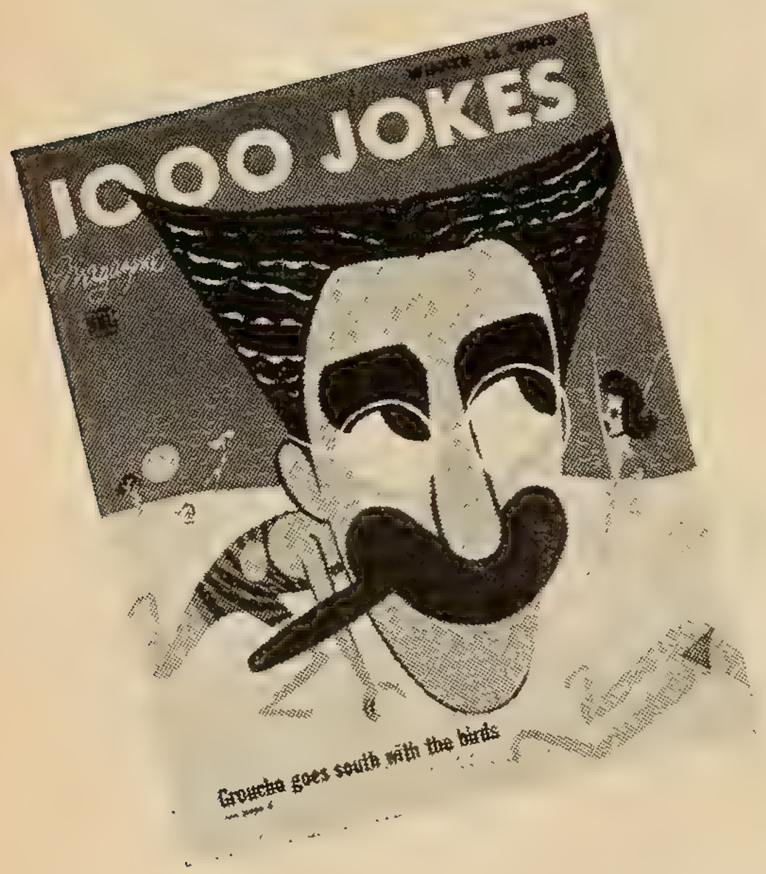
WARNING!

Not responsible if you split your sides laughing when you read...

THE NEW

1000 JOKES

MAGAZINE



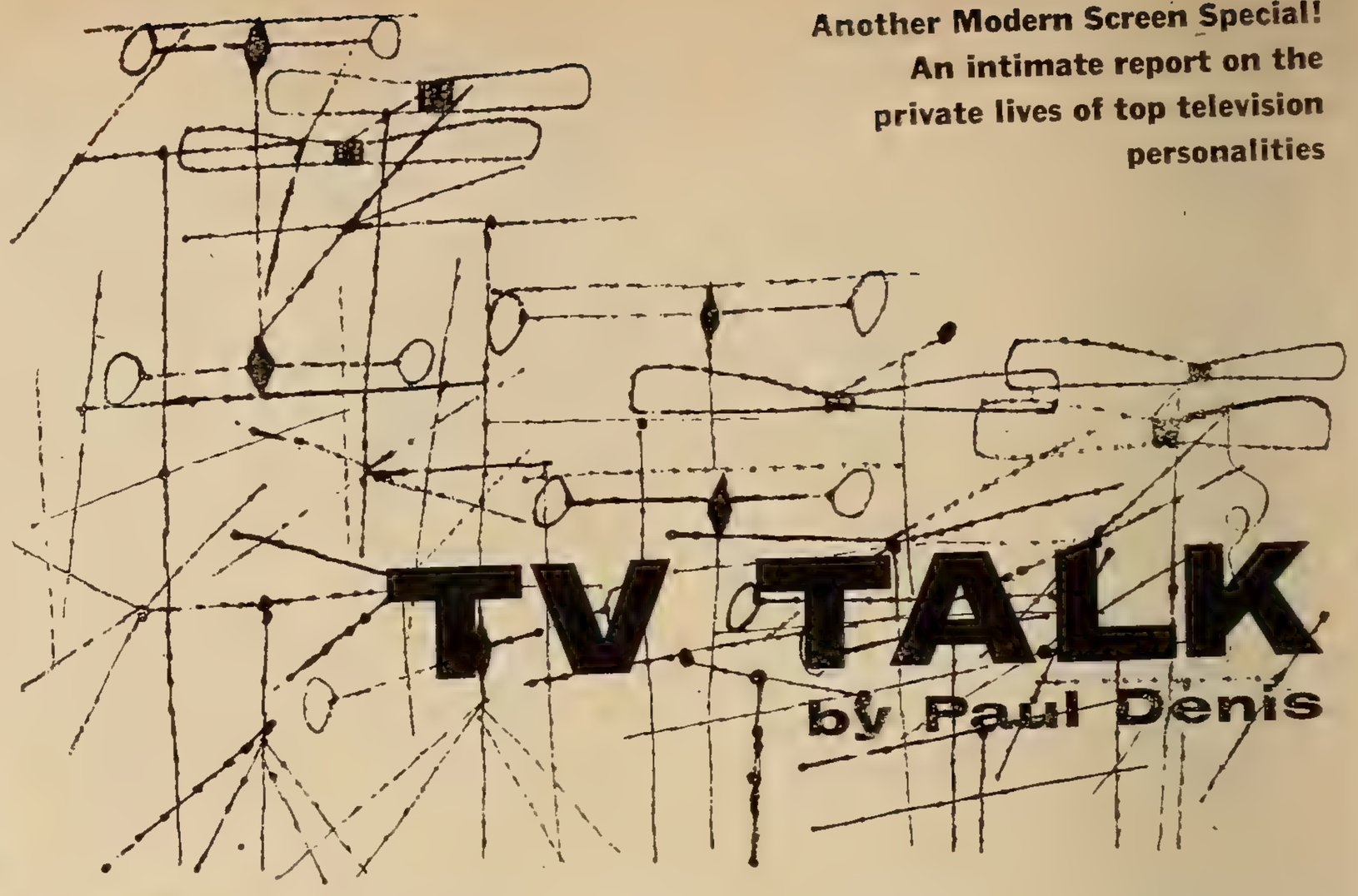
Here's one of the funniest, most riotous issues of the year . . . brimful of hilarious gags, rib-tickling anecdotes, cartoons and features that'll keep you chuckling from cover to cover. You'll enjoy them all, especially 1000 Jokes laugh loaded interview with the zaniest funnyman of all . . . GROUCHO MARX.

Ask your newsdealer today for

1000 JOKES

MAGAZINE

Another Modern Screen Special!
An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities



TV TALK

by Paul Denis



THE WOMEN IN JACKIE'S LIFE: Jackie Gleason, CBS TV's new star comedian, has a wife and two daughters, and practically nobody knows it!

The columnists often noted that Jackie dated this glamor girl and that one, or that he spent his evenings around the bar at Toots Shor's Restaurant—but they forgot that Jackie is still married to his childhood sweetheart, Genevieve. The Gleasons' marriage has been an on-and-off affair for years, and Jackie traveled alone on most of his cafe and theater engagements and during his period at Warners' studios in Hollywood. In recent years, Jackie has tried earnestly to be a good father to his two daughters, Linda and Geraldine, and even had the eldest, Linda, on his TV show when it was on DuMont network. Mrs. Gleason used to come around to rehearsals, too, whenever she had time.

But, despite attempts at reconciliation, the Gleasons are apart most of the time, and Jackie maintains a bachelor apartment in his swanky duplex penthouse office in the Park Sheraton Hotel. Because of their religion, divorce does not seem to be imminent. Jackie, too, is a steady churchgoer, a sincere practitioner of his faith.

In the big money for the first time and with a fabulous 3-year CBS contract in his pocket, Jackie is working hard at making his show a great one. He relaxes by hanging around Shor's and by throwing mad, lavish parties for his pals and gals. And he is down to a snappy 190 pounds, compared to the 240 he used to lug around a couple years ago.



DAGMAR SAGS: *The big bust of the TV season is Jenny Lewis, better known as Dagmar. Her last TV show flopped and she has found it necessary for the first time to hire a press agent. Dagmar, who looked positively immense the last time she was on TV, will have to shed some weight if she expects to rejuvenate her career. She is living quietly in a big apartment off Central Park, with husband Danny Dayton—a far cry from the time she was earning $3,500 a week! The trouble with Dagmar is that she just hasn't the talent to head a big show. She can't sing; she dances only fairly well; and she's not a trained comedienne.*

ROBERT MERRILL IS BACK: Robert Merrill, the handsome young Metropolitan Opera baritone last seen in Paramount's *Aaron Slick From Punkin' Crick,* is making the rounds again. For years one of the nation's most eligible bachelors, Bob surprised his friends when he married singer Roberta Peters. It was a first marriage for both. Their quick break-up was another shock, and Bob disappeared when newspapers broke the story. Now he apparently is feeling okay, and is seeing old friends, but not dating any former girl friends. One thing he is adamant about—he won't discuss his marriage. (My guess: in-law trouble.)



JIMMY'S FAVORITE REDHEAD: *Jimmy Durante may be 60, but there's still romance in his life! For a long time after his wife had passed on following a long illness, Jimmy was inconsolable. His marriage had been a rather unhappy one, due to the demands of his career and his wife's preference for staying at home when he had to go on the road.*

When he was playing the Copacabana night club a few years ago, one of the checkroom girls, Margie Little, became his friend and, when Jimmy had to return to Hollywood, he invited Margie and her mother to come along. Margie, a former model who has a lovely figure, is the closest thing to a steady romance in Jimmy's life.

On TV, Jimmy may be cast as a comic lover to the Amazonian Helen Traubel or the heavyweight Sophie Tucker. But in real life he prefers them young and redheaded—which is exactly what Margie Little is.

GODFREY, FROM ALL ANGLES: The famous redhead, Arthur Godfrey, is seen by millions on CBS TV—his two evening programs being top-rated—but apparently he doesn't see enough of himself. So Arthur has had his New York hotel apartment fixed up with mirrors on the wall and ceilings. Now he can see himself from all angles! . . . Arthur, incidentally, may appear languorous and casual, but he is a demon for work. He is on the radio and TV more often than any other star, and has very little time for relaxing. In New York, he avoids the night clubs, benefit shows, and theatrical restaurants. Instead, he hides out at the Cub Room of the Stork, where he enjoys the company of his pal, Walter Winchell, and other celebrities.

HEART THROB FROM THE PAST: *The next time you see Neil Hamilton on Hollywood Screen Test, ask your mom. She'll tell you about the silent movie days, when handsome Neil was the No. 1 Heart Throb. Neil was the original men's collar ad model, and went to Hollywood to become a big star. He did not do too well in the talkies, so when TV came along, Neil switched. He is now emcee of Hollywood Screen Test, the oldest continuously sponsored drama program on TV. Neil and his wife are now living quietly in an apartment in New Rochelle. Incidentally, Neil is a devout Catholic who attends church immediately after each Monday night telecast.*

Warren Hull, Freddie Bartholomew, Conrad Nagel, Joe E. Brown, Lee Tracy, William Gargan, Roy Rogers are some of the other movie veterans who are concentrating on TV careers.

UNCLE MILTIE'S ROMANCE: Milton Berle, who made such a spectacular comeback in TV popularity this season, is still romancing the attractive RKO publicity girl, Ruth Cosgrove. But I predict there won't be wedding bells—for a while. Milton is still carrying the torch for the beautiful and blonde Joyce Matthews, whom he married twice and from whom he was twice divorced. Not only that, but Milton is utterly devoted to his mother, Sandra, and his little daughter, Vickie. What little time he has to spare, he gives to songwriting and to polishing a novel.

NANCY AND FRANK: *A lot of Broadwayites are betting that Nancy Sinatra will not hurry to wed again. Is it because she hopes that, some day, Frankie will hurry back?*

Frank, meanwhile, has been repairing the damage to his career by his last movie and by his tiffs with the press when he was courting Ava Gardner. He is more approachable now, more conscious of public relations, and has been picking up TV, theater and café work until he can set another movie deal. And, although his voice is holding up fairly well, he is eager to develop into a singing and dancing light comedian, like Gene Kelly, whom he worships. That's why Frank has been taking dancing lessons and working so hard in comedy scenes on TV.

JERRY LESTER AND TV: Another casualty of the TV season has been comedian Jerry Lester, a tremendously talented guy. Lester, under contract to NBC, has been getting more than $3,500 a week when he's not working. It seems he and NBC just cannot agree on the right format for a new TV show. His summer show was a poor one, and Jerry is now playing cafés.

Jerry's marriage broke up, and being away from his three children no doubt made him more irascible than ever. During his peak days, when the Open House show was so hot, Jerry alienated many of his friends by his supreme ego. He used to brag, "Next to Charlie Chaplin, I'm the greatest comedian in the world!"

Despite everything, his talent is so great, he will come back better than ever, I'm sure!

KITTY KALLEN AND BUDD: *Kitty Kallen, the brunette singer touring with Martin and Lewis, manages to find time to be a good wife and mother. She is a Philadelphia girl whose career spiraled until she was starring at the Copacabana. Budd Granoff, young and handsome, was the press agent for the club and, following Kitty's engagement there, they had a date. This was the beginning of a blazing romance that culminated in quick marriage. They didn't plan having a baby right away, but Jonathan came along the first year, and Budd and Kitty have built themselves a charming house in Westwood, N. J., so Jonathan, now 3, can grow up in the suburbs.*

MICKEY AND JANE: When Mickey Rooney married Elaine Mahnken, everybody was surprised, especially TV comedienne Jane Kean. Jane is a pretty, witty blonde, and she and Mickey had been romancing, on and off, for years. Mickey seemed to gravitate back to her between marriages, and he even proposed. But Jane wasn't ready for the Big Step, and stalled. So Mickey wandered off.

MARGARET TRUMAN'S FUTURE: *Margaret Truman's TV career is a question mark. She has a contract with NBC, but everyone's wondering what will happen when the contract expires later this year. Meanwhile, she has made a lot of friends around Radio City. Jimmy Durante thinks she is a "swell guy" and found her easy to work with. The truth is that she has developed a flair for light comedy. So don't be surprised if she does less concert singing and more musical comedy stuff on TV.*

DOMESTIC MARTHA RAYE: Although Martha Raye is pleased that her once-a-month NBC show is such a big hit, the most important thing in her life is her eight-year-old daughter, Melodye. Martha, who did such fine work opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Mons. Verdoux," has quieted down a lot. She is still the raucous hoyden when she works in her own night club, the "Five O'Clock" in Miami Beach. And, of course, she is a wonderful clown on TV. But, after each TV show, she hurries for the train back to Miami (she's afraid to fly), where she has established permanent residence. She devotes every afternoon to Melodye and takes her to Catholic church Sunday mornings—immediately after Martha finishes at the night club. She cooks and she sews, and even husband Nicky Condos dons an apron and presses Melodye's dresses!

BITS OF NEWS: *The Fred Warings have drifted apart, after so many years . . . William Holden's new Paramount Pictures contract forbids TV appearances. Bill says it's okay with him; he never did think much of TV . . . Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have apparently quit making movies for theaters. Concentrating on their films for TV . . . Donald Buka has recovered from a broken nose, incurred when he was smacked hard during a fight scene on "Tales of Tomorrow" . . . Charlton Heston, who is in such great demand on TV, is sentimental about giving up his cold-water walk-up one-room apartment on West 45th Street near 10th Avenue in New York. Stays there when he's in town.*

Corns

CALLOUSES-BUNIONS-SORE TOES

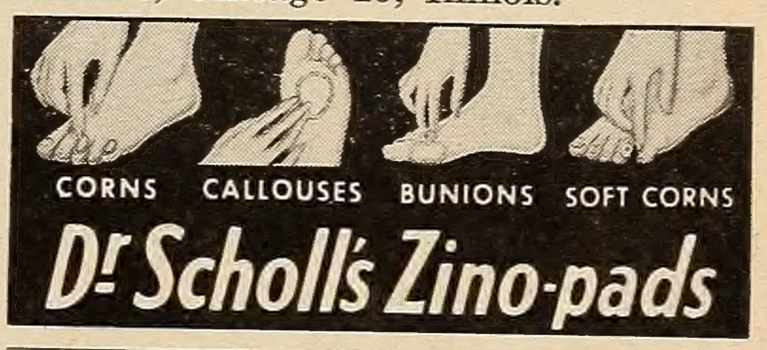
SUPER-FAST RELIEF!



NO OTHER METHOD DOES ALL THESE THINGS

1. Stops Painful Shoe Friction In A Jiffy, Lifts Pressure On The Sensitive Spot
2. Removes Corns, Callouses One Of The Fastest Ways Known To Medical Science
3. The Proved Method That Stops Corns And Callouses Before They Can Develop

No wonder *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads — the *super-fast* relief — are the world's largest selling foot aids, for no other method does so many things for you. Insist on Dr. Scholl's! Sold everywhere. For Free Sample write Dr. Scholl's, Chicago 10, Illinois.





PSORIASIS



doesn't keep me from parties . . . I USE SIROIL

Learn how hundreds of thousands of users have found Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linen. Offered on two weeks satisfaction or money refunded basis.

Write for free booklet

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. D-22 Santa Monica, Calif.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

HERE'S A BOMBSHELL ANNOUNCEMENT from "AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"

9 BIG BEST SELLERS for only $1.49

As Your Reward for Joining The Book League of America

ACTUALLY WORTH $20.50 IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS



Her lips said "no" — but her eyes said "yes"!— from "The Saracen Blade"

ANNE—who learned about love in the most wicked court in Europe—QUEEN'S GIFT

Thousands Paid $20.50 for these 9 Best-Selling Books

—But YOU Get Them for Just $1.49 on This Offer!

MY COUSIN RACHEL, *by Daphne du Maurier* —Was beautiful Rachel an angel or a devil in disguise? How could she try to murder her lover? New best-seller by author of *Rebecca.*

THE SARACEN BLADE, *by Frank Yerby* — Many women loved Pietro di Donati, but the only woman *he* wanted *hated* him!

CAPTAIN MAROONER, *by Davidson and Doherty*—Could the bewitching native woman make him forget the girl he left behind?

WINDOM'S WAY, *by James Ramsey Ullman* —People said Dr. Windom was a fool to leave his rich wife — until she followed him and learned that he found something all her money couldn't buy.

QUEEN'S GIFT, *by Inglis Fletcher* — Lady Anne Stuart learned about love in Europe's most wicked court. But she was no match for her own servant girl!

DANCE TO THE PIPER, *by Agnes de Mille* — The true-life story of America's First Lady of the Ballet . . . from her Hollywood childhood to her success with "Oklahoma."

FETISH, *by Christine Garnier*—Black Magic and hate in a steaming jungle—where a beautiful native girl reverts to primitive ways to get revenge on the man she loves.

DEVIL'S BRIDGE, *by Mary Deasy*—Leo Sanger's wife offered him love, a home and a family. But the "other woman" offered him the realization of a life-long dream.

THE GOWN OF GLORY, *by Agnes Sligh Turnbull* — Delightful story of a "horse - and - buggy" family — their good times, loves, struggles, and triumphs.

Here Is WHY Book League Offers You This Remarkable Bargain:

WE want you to have the 9 splendid best-sellers (shown above) for just $1.49 —to *prove* that you will be delighted with membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Normally, you would get 2 gift books for joining; then you would get a Bonus Book for each 2 Selections — a total of 8 FREE BOOKS during membership. But NOW you get ALL 8 AT ONCE! And you also get the run-away best-seller, "My Cousin Rachel" as your first Selection, at the special low members' price.

You never pay any dues or club fees — and every month you get *your own choice* of fine new novels of romance and adventure . . . best-sellers by authors like Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham, Frank Yerby, etc.

Your Savings are TREMENDOUS!

Although the best-sellers you choose each month may cost $3 or even more in the publishers' editions, YOU pay the Club's bargain price of only $1.49, plus few cents for shipping—a clear saving of up to $1.50 on each book! Just THINK of the great savings you'll make on the 12 Selections you receive during the year. And think, too, of the great pleasure you'll get *right away* and for years to come from your 9 volumes!

No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection

The best-selling novel you receive each month need NOT be the Club's *regular* Selection. You may choose any of the OTHER splendid new books described in the Club's free publication "Review." No further cost or obligation.

SEND NO MONEY *Just Mail Coupon Now!*

Mail coupon today — without money — and receive your BIG package containing the 9 splendid books described on this page . . . books that would cost you a total of $20.50 TODAY in publishers' editions!

WITH them will come a bill for $1.49, plus a few cents shipping cost. This is to pay for your first Selection, "My Cousin Rachel." The other EIGHT books are YOURS FREE! If you don't agree that this is the most generous book offer you have ever received, *return* the 9 books AND the bill and forget the whole matter! **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. DMG-3, Garden City, N. Y.**

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. DMG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me, AT ONCE, all nine of the full-size best-sellers described above (worth $20.50 today in publishers' editions) together with a bill for only $1.49 plus few cents shipping charges and enroll me as a member. This bill is for my first Club Selection, "My Cousin Rachel." The other 8 books (described above) are mine to keep FREE.

The best-selling book I choose each month as a member may be either the *regular* Selection or any *other* popular book described in the Club's monthly "Review." Although the same titles may be selling for $3 or more in the publishers' editions, I am to pay only the Club's special low member's price of $1.49 each plus few cents shipping charges, and I may cancel my subscriptions at any time after buying twelve books from the Club. There are no dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

SPECIAL NO RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I will return all 9 books AND your bill within 7 days, pay nothing—and this membership will be cancelled.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

Offer slightly different in Canada; same guarantee. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U. S. and Canada only.

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

Picture *you* . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . . to see your hair so silky soft, so silky bright . . . to feel the magic of this lightning lather—milder than castile. No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.



New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!



New Drene

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



—And First to Present this Scientific Evidence on Effects of Smoking

A MEDICAL SPECIALIST is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. 45 percent of this group have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years.

After eight months, the medical specialist reports that he observed . . .

no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

CHESTERFIELD—FIRST and only premium quality cigarette available in both regular and king-size.



Buy CHESTERFIELD—*Much Milder*

Copyright 1953, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.